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THE

# Worcester Talisman,

A LITERARY AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL;

CONTAINING ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE FROM TRAVELLERS AND VOYAGERS, SKETCHES OF INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY—POPULAR TALES—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY—MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS AND ANECDOTES.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 1. APRIL, 5, 1828. VOL. 1.

## ORIGINAL TALE.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### THE ORPHAN.

"And I am then alone in the world," said Jane Smith, a solitary unprotected orphan; "Oh my brother! the bitter cup which thy hand has prepared, has been quaffed to the very dregs. Oh Charles—my father, my mother, the grave has closed over you, and I am alone in the world." There was another name entwined with every fibre of her heart, but she spoke it not, and every nerve thrilled as she faintly ejaculated, "Gracious Father!" be merciful to them who go down to the sea in ships.—Hers was a simple tale; perhaps her sufferings did not greatly exceed the "common lot;" but they had followed each other in such rapid succession, that those who now marked her wasted form, her tottering steps and her unearthly countenance felt a mournful conviction, that though the pale messenger who had so often entered her dwelling, had spared the loveliest plant for a while, he would ere long claim her as his victim.

Jane Smith was the daughter of a country Clergyman, who had early in life been united to the wife of his choice, and settled in a flourishing village in Massachusetts. The birth of a son, while it awakened new emotion in their breasts, bound them yet more closely to each other, and when a daughter was added, the good man exclaimed, "Heaven be praised, my every earthly wish is granted." The happy parents beheld in their children a reflected image of each other, and saw with grateful hearts, as their dispositions were developed, the buddings of genius and virtue. Mr. Smith's official duties left him much leisure for social and domestic enjoyment; he therefore resolved to undertake the education of his children. In his son he anticipated a successor to his sacred office, and had only to follow the path which custom had sanctioned. But on the subject of female education, he entertained an opinion widely different from those which but too generally prevail. He wished to see his daughter an accomplished woman, but not a painted bauble; learned, but not a literary prodigy; a good housewife, but not a good housewife only. He viewed her not merely in her subserviency to creation's tyrant, but as a reasonable, an immortal being; he therefore endeavored to blend in her the requisites of female perfection in such a manner as would best qualify her for a dispenser and sharer of human happiness, and an inheriter of eternal life. While a certain portion of the day was devoted to assisting her mother in domestic duties, and another granted to her for relaxation in innocent amusement, the solid branches of English literature were the principal objects of attainment, and while he unfolded to her the principles of such sciences as he considered best fitted to expand and strengthen the female mind, in those branches peculiarly feminine, he found an able assistant in his wife.

But his greatest care was to bring up his children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord;" to impress on their tender minds a due sense of their responsibility to him, and to excite towards him the emotions of love and fear—the love of obeying his law, and the fear of displeasing him. His anxious hopes and fears were realized—his hopes in his daughter—his fears in his son. While Charles remained in the bosom of his family he was a dutiful son, and affectionate brother; his disposition inclined him to virtue rather than vice, but he wanted that firm manly independence which would have preserved him from the snares of insidious profligates, and when his virtue was put to the test, he fell. The only intimacy which he had formed was with a youth two years older than himself, who had been placed by the death of his parents under the guardianship of Mr. Smith. He resided in the family, was the constant companion of Charles, and so firmly were their hearts knit in the bonds of fraternal love, that the name of brother alone was wanting.—But the day of separation arrived. At the age of seventeen Alfred Manton entered Harvard University: the pangs of parting however were mitigated by the reflection that his vacations would be spent at home, and that when one year had expired Charles would again become his companion. This second breach in the little family circle was heavily felt. The parents trembled for the safety of their child, but, as Alfred had escaped from the fiery furnace unhurt, and returned to them after a year's trial with a character yet more decidedly virtuous, hope whispered peace to their bosoms. With implicit confidence Charles committed himself

to the guidance of his friend and passed through the first year with honor to himself and joy unspeakable to his family. But he had now commenced an intimacy from which Alfred dreaded the most fearful consequences; though he still hoped to maintain the ascendancy which he had acquired over him, and preserve him, if possible, from the rock on which so many gallant barks are foundered. Charles's new associate attempted to sap the foundation of this long standing friendship. He ascribed Alfred's brotherly care to the love of power, and rallied Charles on his lack of independence. This last charge he felt to be too just, and though in his better moments he knew that this yielding disposition was all that arrested his wild career in the path to ruin, he, at other times, condemned himself for his want of spirit, and his friend for exerting his influence over him.

Another year had gone, and left him still veering between the two courses followed by his two opposite friends, and they were again to visit the parsonage. It was at that laughing season, when Summer, as if conscious that she must soon resign the sceptre to her sober successor, seems to riot in all the luxury of absolute power. The rich foliage of the season was scarcely ruffled by the breath of heaven; the mid-day 'sun, rejoicing in his might,' darted his fervid beams with intemperate heat into the bosom of the earth. Low in the west, the cloud, 'no bigger than a man's hand,' gave sure indications of the approach of one of those tempests so peculiar to the season and climate. Now the faint moanings of the distant gale were heard; the dense cloud spread itself rapidly as the sailor unfurls his sheet; the thunder reverberated along the distant mountains, and the big solitary drops began to fall with ominous force on the earth's parched surface. In a moment, the sky was involved in gloom; the lightning's flash was followed by the rattling report, and the rain fell in copious showers. But the bolt passed harmless; the blast spent itself, and in one hour no traces of the tempest remained, save the glittering bow in the east, and the cheerful invigorated aspect of the scenery. Jane had cultivated her flower garden, during the absence of Charles and Alfred, with unusual care. It was situated at the end of the house, and in its most retired corner, stood the summer-house, almost concealed by the entwining fibres of the grape and woodbine, and the drooping branches of the willow which hung over it, as if in parental protection. The appointed hour for the arrival of the students approached; and Jane, eager to breathe the pure air exhaled from her flowers in their freshened state, and anxious to pass the intervening time calmly, repaired to her favorite retreat. Her temper was ardent, her feelings intense—but they were under the influence of a regulating principle which prevented them from running to excess. In the pure unsophisticated affections of her heart, she was the child of Nature: In all her actions, she was the child of Reason: In her self-command and quiet resignation, she was the child of Grace. As she seated herself, she perceived from the door of the summer-house, that the cloud still lay black and heavy in the east.—A momentary pang chilled her bosom, as she thought that the storm might even now be spending its fury on Alfred and Charles.—But as the majestic arch of the rainbow divested the cloud of its gloom, so did hope and confidence restore tranquillity to her breast. She did not consider herself a favored votary of the Muses—she had no ambition to be so—but for her own amusement, she embodied some of her present sensations in the following stanzas, according with her favorite air on the guitar:

I.

Why lingers my brother?
Oh! why this delay?
Thy sister impatiently
Mourns for thy stay.
Gone is the whirlwind,
The tempest is past,
Mild beams the sinking sun,
Haste thee, oh! haste.

II.

I've gathered my flowers—
The rich and the rare;
I've woven a garland
To bind in my hair:
I'll bind up another,
Another I'll bring
To thee, my dear brother—
A love offering.

III.

"The last rose of summer"
Shall yield its perfume;
The shade-loving violet,
And daisy, their bloom,
The bright Globe Amaranth,
An emblem shall be
Of my friendship unfading—
My brother, for thee.

IV.

Each delicate blossom
Shall in it unite,
Whether prized for its odor,
Or fair to the sight,—
All the pride of my garden
I'll bring unto thee;
And the band that enwreathes it
A myrtle shall be.

V.

Now as the sun sets,
The moon rises pale—
Shedding her pensive light
Over the vale;
Sweet smiles the evening scene—
Still must I mourn—
Anxiously waiting
My brother's return.

"My Alfred's return would sound more interesting," thought she. But though she loved Alfred as well as Charles, yet when he was at home during the winter vacation, he had treated her with unwonted reserve: when they

parted, instead of the usual affectionate kiss, he had only given her his hand.—In his subsequent letters to her father, instead of 'love to Jane,' it had been 'respects to your wife and daughter'—and now, when his affection for her was evidently declining, should she even give him the preference to Charles? No! Still, his name might have been inserted too. She became agitated—she took down her guitar to compose her feelings. She played her favorite air, and sung the stanzas in a low, plaintive tone. Just as she had finished 'Anxiously waiting 'My brother's return'—"And is there no other person whose return would give you pleasure?" said a well-known voice, at the door of the summer-house. Jane started, blushed at the detection, and said "Yes, I am rejoiced at seeing *you*." She frankly gave him her hand, which was not relinquished until Alfred had permission to make her happiness his study, and to hope that his endeavors might one day be rewarded with herself. As Jane led the way to the house, the bunch of flowers, so choicely culled and bound with myrtle, was claimed by Alfred. "They were intended for Charles," said she, "but you may have them, if you please, and he shall have mine." In return for his warm salutation, Jane presented her brother with her flowers, and learned from him that they had been detained a few miles back by the storm, which had been of much longer duration than with them. "But why did not Manson tell you," added he: "you are so eager to know—he has been gone long enough." "Oh! he was examining the flowers," she answered with great embarrassment, for she was unused to equivocating. Upon their arrival, Alfred, after shaking hands with the good pastor and his wife, had cast his eyes anxiously about the room.—"She is in the summer-house," said the mother, and stepped forward to embrace her son. Alfred caught the sweet tones of Jane's voice, just as she was completing the last lines, and interrupted her in the manner described. The disclosure which followed was unpremeditated at the time, but he had resolved not to pass this vacation as he had the last, and return in a state of anxious uncertainty; he therefore availed himself of this unexpected opportunity for decision. The result diffused over his spirits the same light-hearted gaiety which he had formerly enjoyed. Charles, observing his sister to be silent and thoughtful, proposed a walk. As she took his arm, he thought her hand trembled. "Tell me, sister," said he affectionately, "the cause of this emotion." "Is not your presence enough to cause me to tremble with pleasure." "But your countenance bespeaks care and anxiety: will you for the first time refuse to confide in me." "At another time," said she affectionately, "you shall know. Be satisfied for now with the assurance that it is not grief which affects my spirits." Charles knew that her word was not to be doubted, and he *was* satisfied.

Time glided on—A few weeks saw Alfred and Charles again immersed in college walls, the former to prosecute with renewed energy his studies; the latter to become more and more involved in the mazes of dissipation. His studies were neglected, the remonstrances of his friend unheeded. He suffered himself to be led by his more congenial associate, and congratulated himself on the approach of that period when he should be released from the scrutiny of Alfred's eye. That period soon arrived. Alfred had the most honorable part assigned him at commencement, and left the University honored by the approbation of its officers, and regretted by all who respected his virtues. He deemed it incumbent upon him to inform Mr. Smith of his son's situation. Not like the sudden crash of the first thunderbolt did this intelligence strike on the father's heart—he had long noticed indications of the gathering storm. Charles had written less frequently, and less affectionately, and was spending his vacation with a club of classmates, without visiting his family. These and other circumstances excited a suspicion of the truth. But when Jane inquired with affectionate solicitude, "how could Charles be so cruel to himself and us?" Alfred saw that her guileless heart was altogether unsuspicious; he felt that it would be cruel to undeceive her; but with that true delicacy which shrinks not from the performance of a painful but necessary duty, he gradually unfolded to her the state of Charles. "Be comforted, my dear girl," said he, "In me you shall find a more than brother." "For myself," said Jane clinging to his arm, as her only earthly support, "this trusting heart reposes in you a more than sisterly confidence; on my own account I could bear it, but my poor lost brother, for him my heart weeps bitterly. My dear parents too.—But I will still hope." Alas! she knew not the hopeless state of him who has once given himself up to drunkenness and its attendant vices.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## THE STAGE DRIVER.

SOME time in the year 1821, passing through the town of Athol, in this Commonwealth, an accident occurred to the Stage-coach in which I was comfortably dosing, which rendered it necessary to take another team,—and, as a matter of course, a new driver,—a happy looking fellow, with rosy cheeks, who, to all appearance, was about twenty years of age. The passengers having congratulated themselves on their escape from a vehicle so unsafe, were again beginning to resign themselves to nodding slumbers, when I determined upon another change—of position; and therefore, by the politeness of the driver, who checked the horses, mounted the box, at his left hand.

and as I have sought in vain, the last ten years of my life, to find an heir, in his family, I now, by these papers, leave all I have, both here and in the West Indies, to you—and recollect, you are only a steward under Providence, and while you are faithful, temperate and honest, it will conduce to your happiness and respectability.

Before night, this benevolent woman was a corpse. It is unnecessary to detail all the circumstances of the funeral and astonishment of the good people of N——. George visited Porto Rico, and took possession of his estates, more ample than he could have anticipated.—Two years after, on a return to the United States, he married an affectionate little farmer's daughter, whom he fondly loved while a driver, who was patiently waiting to have her good George lay up a few hundred dollars, to begin the world with—hoping he would sometime become a proprietor.

George G——, is now one of the most wealthy, respectable, and benevolent gentlemen in Porto Rico—a pattern for husbands, and a model for all who desire to be both faithful and honest. Over the door of his principal dining room, are painted these words, for the contemplation of servants and visiters:—

"*Take care of the baggage.*"

AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

## VARIETY.

### GEN. PUTNAM

Is known to have been decidedly opposed to duelling, on principle. It once happened that he grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time, the general went on to the ground armed with sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket, and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun.

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed he—"is this the conduct of an American officer, and a man of honor?"

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed the General, attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder. I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than 'twould take old Heath to hang a tory, by Heaven you are a gone dog;" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place and throwing the breech of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder.

This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood; and our valorous duelist turned and fled for dear life.

It is believed that this was the only single combat in which Putnam was ever engaged—a circumstance the more to be wondered at, as he was exceedingly fiery and impetuous in his disposition. However well his reputation for courage might have been; association with officers of all descriptions, during a war of eight years' continuance, must have brought him into situations in which it required a great degree of forbearance to avoid personal combats.

*Middlesex Gazette.*

---

ANECDOTE.—A pennyless Hibernian stopped at a tavern in Massachusetts, and after much haggling with the landlord, agreed to give a shilling for a dozen of eggs. After receiving them, he apparently changed his mind, and told the landlord that he would give him the eggs for a half pint of whiskey. This was agreed to. Paddy drank his blue ruin, and was marching off. Boniface objected to this, and demanded pay for the whiskey.

"Och, you spalpeen," said Pat, "and did'nt I give ye the *aigs* for the stuff ye call whiskey, which is no more like whiskey than you are like a jontleman."

"True," said the landlord, "but you shall pay me for the eggs."

"By St. Patrick," returned the Irishman with well feigned astonishment, "That's what I call Yankee impudence—I *lave* you the *aigs* and *them* you can't ask pay for: and as for the whiskey, I swap the *aigs* for it; no tricks upon travellers if you plaze."

And bidding the astonished landlord adieu, he left him to speculate upon the profits of his bargain.

---

CURIOUS LAW SUIT.—At a late court a man and his wife brought cross actions, each charging the other of having committed assault and battery. On investigation it appeared that the husband had pushed the door against the wife, and the wife in turn pushed the door against her husband. A gentleman of the bar remarked "that he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife a-*dore*-ing each other."

MISERIES.—To go a sleighing, and freeze your fingers, and find that on account of the small quantity of heat which there was about your face, that the skin is pealing of your nose.

To give a young lady a chaise ride, and just as you are saying, 'no danger my dear,' and making a flourish round a corner, upset.

## THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1828.

The Publishers now redeem their pledge, in presenting to their patrons the first number of THE TALISMAN. Amidst the vast variety of public journals and periodical publications, which are inundating us from almost every village in the country, the introduction of a new paper, appears like a desperate and hopeless undertaking; and the public have a right to demand of its founders, the grounds upon which they rest its claims for patronage. The rapid increase of the reading community has called into requisition the best talents of our land, and faithfully applied them to the improvement of our periodical journals. The dissimilarity of appetites, to which this abundance of literary food is presented, demands a like variety in the manner of serving it up. There is a large class of readers amongst us, especially of the young, who delight in plain and substantial literature, but have little satisfaction in passing their days and nights amid the lofty ceremonial of the North American and Quarterly Reviews,—and whose tastes are not yet so vitiated, as to require the pungent condiments, contained in our Gazettes, devoted to politics and polemical theology: We say nothing of that numerous catalogue of papers devoted to Agriculture, Manufactures, Education, Masonry, Anti-Masonry, &c. because, they are professedly intended for particular classes of readers, and for which, the great mass of the people feel little interest.——A paper then is wanted, in this part of our country, devoted to general reading, so accommodated as to form and price, as to render it accessible to the great body of country readers—a convenient vehicle, to convey the floating literature of the day to every man's home and fire side—to communicate useful knowledge to all classes of the people, and particularly, moral instruction to the young and inexperienced;—to excite the minds of the rising generation to a love of learning, and a desire of improvement;—to persuade the youth of our land to the love and practice of virtue, and the laudable emulation of excelling in whatever is praiseworthy. These are high objects, but much may be effected by humble means, faithfully and diligently applied. It will be seen, that it is not our intention to enter the lists, in competition with any other publication: but avoiding the embittered controversies and learned disquisitions of the day, to travel in a more pleasing, although, perhaps, an humbler path. Our columns will be filled with that variety, usually found in literary journals—such popular tales as inculcate morality--articles of intelligence from travellers and voyagers—sketches of interesting biography—selections of poetry from authors of approved taste—miscellaneous selections and anecdotes. At least, once in six months, we shall present the Village Register, furnishing the names of all persons in active business in Worcester, with a corrected list of the several Stages, that are constantly arriving and departing from our streets. It is also our intention, occasionally to ornament our work with a splendid engraving, of some of the natural or artificial scenery, with which our country abounds. With these views, we submit our project to the public, craving only so much patronage, as our limited undertaking deserves.

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The Plate which accompanies this Number, is an East view of the NEW FANEUIL HALL MARKET, Boston. The Market House stands between two ranges of Stores, at the distance of 102 feet from those on the south side, and 65 feet from the north. The centre part of the building, 74½ feet by 55 feet, having a Hall in the second story. The wings are 231 feet long by 50 feet wide, and two stories high.—The wings have each a portico of 4 columns, 3 feet 7 inches diameter and 23 feet high; the shafts are of granite, in a single piece. The whole is constructed of hammered granite, of a uniform color. In the back ground is to be seen Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," and the dome of the New State House.

## Married,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Bancroft, Mr. Albert Brown to Miss Mary B. Eaton—all of Worcester.

In Providence, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Doct. Edes, Mr. William Brown, of Worcester, to Miss Louisa Gladding, of Providence.

In Barre, on the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Levi Lincoln, of Troy, N.Y. to Miss Ann Louisa Whiting of the former place

## Died,

In this town, on Friday, the 28th ult. Mrs. MARTHA LINCOLN, relict of the late Hon. LEVI LINCOLN, aged 66. Mr. David Clark.

In Athol, Mr. John W. Kelton, aged 39.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A SKETCH.

The sun went down in loveliness, and left
Its farewell beams upon the fading sky;
In all their summer glory; one broad belt
Of snowy clouds was resting, in its pride,
Far o'er the glowing west; and brightly there
The rosy gleams were playing, and that cloud
Seemed a broad curtain with its fringe of gold;
The glorious drapery of a twilight heaven.
I love these sunny twilights—they are hours
When man with nature may hold sweet communion,
And feel his spirit raised above the cares,
And petty troubles of the sorrowing world,—
I went without to ramble—oft I steal
Far from the dense and busy haunts of men,
To taste the sweets of solitude, and mark
The silent, still recesses of the world,
Where nature's silence, unmolested reigns.—
I wandered till the dewy shades of night
Had stolen on me imperceptibly,
The burnished west had faded, and that cloud
Like a still bird had winged its silent flight,
No vestige then remained; nights vaulted hall
Was one pure arch of deep majestic blue,
Save those thick lights that twinkle in the air
Like a broad sea of diamonds.—But the moon,
The crested "Queen of the deep nut-brown eve,"
Came wheeling o'er the mountains of the east;
And as she climb'd the ladder of the sky,
She found me treading with a lingering step
Upon the holy ground of sepulchre—
The sacred mounds of the departed dead.—
'Twas lone, but beautiful, the silken beams
Came down so gentle on the humble graves,
Casting full many a dark, and lengthened shade
From the tall, graved memorials of the dead,
Upon the silent rank grass; I had found
"The grave of one I loved, around whose heart
The twining tendrils of mine own had wound."
The morn of our existence had began
In one and the same season, and we grew
Together through our helpless infancy;
And when bright, laughing boyhood came, it found
Our young arms linked together, every charm
Which he delighted in, I ever loved;
Each thought of mine, was his, and his, was mine.
I sat me down upon a moss-grown stone
That lay beside his grave, and called him back,
In retrospection, through the "vista dim"
Of intervening seasons, such as when
I saw his manly and majestic form
In the high prime of boyhood; when the sun,
The bright sun of maturity had shed
Its first bewitching glance upon his brow,
'Twas then he sunk,—upon his portly form,
Pale, chill disease spread out her raven wing;
Just twenty glorious summer suns had shed
Their ripening beams upon him—his proud bark,
Of snowy sail and well-directed helm,
Was in its gladdest waters—and the bow
Of budding promise, which above him shone,
Was in the hey-day of its loveliness,
The scattering blast came o'er him and he fell,
We saw him slowly fading—o'er that cheek
The icy hand had hovered long, before
It left its palled print, and whiteness there.
He sunk not like the feeble twelve-hour'd rose,
But, like the withering lily, pale decay
Stript of its loveliness by slow degrees.

I lingered by him, watched his every look—
Supplied his every want, and strove to smooth
The waning path which led him to the grave;
'Twas a bright summer morn, the laughing sun
Came through the festive heavens, and the breath
Of all the flowers was on the atmosphere;
The choristers of morn, were on the wing
Chaunting the joyous song of jubilee.
I sat beside his death-bed—they had thrown
The window open—and had parted wide
The snowy curtain, that he might gaze out
Upon the smiling summer;—he looked forth
And marked its beauties, his young soul was wrapt
In deep and holy feeling—but he turned
And waving out his long enfeebled hand,
White as the linen drapery of his couch,
He placed it within mine, and casting up
A glance—a glance I never shall forget,
He said, "'tis hard to leave so bright a world;
Yes, it is painful: when so pure a thing
As this fair earth, is putting forth its charms
In all their loveliness; and luxuries
Are showering down around us—when the sun
Of life is shining sweetly; and the rose
Is quickly opening; when no lowering cloud
Is in our azure Heaven, and all things
Invite the traveller to linger long—
Yes,—it is painful then to go away.
But I have conquered this, and star ey'd Hope
Points to a brighter; an eternal world.
And O! 'tis sweet, 'tis soothing to my soul,
To know, that when the current that now warms
This flesh, has ceased its motion;—there are friends,
Who oft shall linger at my marbled grave,
To think of him who slumbers "neath its sod."

He lingered a few days—the vital spark
Went up to Him who gave it, and we wept—
The big tears of affliction, wet his bier
From many an eye, for *all* had lost a friend.

P.

**THE TALISMAN**

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This paper will be forwarded to some of our friends, who otherwise would not know of its existence. If it is received however, by any one of them who does not wish to become a subscriber, a return of this paper, directed to *The Talisman*, Worcester, by mail, will be a sufficient intimation of the same.

THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 2. APRIL 19, 1828. VOL. I.

## ORIGINAL TALE.

### THE ORPHAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

But there was one secret which Charles did not reveal, even to her. Constitutionally delicate, his intense application had undermined his health; he felt it to be declining, but hoped that after having made his last great exertion at Cambridge, the change of air, the society of his friends, and the season of relaxation which he should allow himself, would restore it, and he should be able to commence the study of law agreeably to arrangements. But his manly countenance faded with the fading beauties of the season, his secret betrayed itself to his watchful friends, and, after lingering for a time, he yielded to their earnest solicitation, and took passage in a vessel for New Orleans, as a last resource for regaining his health. Charles, freed from all restraint, soon became a leader in every scene of riot and profligacy. He was goaded by the stings of self-reproach, and he hurried on to drown reflection in the Lethe of dissipation. But his career was soon to close. A few weeks before the period when the fond father had anticipated his sons return, fitted to adorn the station for which he was intended, he did indeed return—the worn out victim of his vices. Unable any longer to endure the stimulants which, alone, had supported him for a considerable time, his decline was excessively rapid. In his person, was seen the wreck of a fine manly form. In his mind, were the remains of affectionate and virtuous dispositions, not wholly extinguished by a thorough acquaintance with all that sullies the purity of the human soul. When again restored to the bosom of his family, when he saw anxiety depicted, where he had been acustomed to behold only smiles and cheerfulness, the upbraidings of his conscience were agonizing in the extreme. Viewing himself as the cause of the change, it added pangs to the just sense, he had of his own state. His father labored without ceasing, to prepare him for his approaching change. He sometimes succeeded in tranquillizing his agitated mind and fixing his attention, and Charles once answered to his earnest entreaties with a look of composure, and even a gleam of hope.—"The Judge of all the earth will do right." When alone with Jane, he dwelt on a most interesting theme—the virtues of Alfred. "Trust him Jane," he would say, "with your whole soul." You shall not be deceived. Tell him of the tribute which I unceasingly pay to his unwearied exertions to preserve me from the snares laid for my inexperienced feet. He will shed tears of brotherly sorrow over my grave, while he, for whom Alfred was forsaken, will remember me only as the pitiful dupe of his artifice. He would then lose himself in a tempest of conflicting emotions. Jane trembled whenever he opened the subject; but when, for the last time, he spoke upon it with unusual animation, and closed with a solemn expression of resignation, she felt that through the remainder of her pilgrimage, this interview would be to her an anchor of hope.

When Mr. Smith had buried his darling hopes in the grave of his son, his attention was turned to another object of tender solicitude. For many years, his felicity had been broken by the consciousness, that the "worm in the bud" was feeding on the cheek of his wife. But the progress of desease had been so gradual, that he had been induced to hope, they might decline along "the down-hill of life" together. But Charles's sickness had called forth all her energies: she had bestowed upon him a *Mother's care*, and when the stimulus to exertion was removed, she keenly felt the effects of her exposure. Jane too was exhausted and spiritless, and the dejection of the whole family was increased by receiving no intelligence from Alfred. Mr. Smith resolved on taking a journey with his wife and daughter, to divert their minds, and restore, if possible, a portion of health and cheerfulness. They proceeded to the West, visiting such places as had been, either from natural or incidental circumstances, rendered remarkable. Mrs. Smith's spirits revived. She grew cheerful and even animated. Her husband hailed these indications with joy, not suspecting that they arose from a conviction in her own mind, that upon her, death had set his seal. She had but recently began to tread upon the thorns of life, but they had pierced her to the heart, and she was weary of the path. Jane was sunk in melancholy. The haunts of gaiety and fashion, and the wonderful works of nature and fashion were alike unheeded.

Charles and Alfred were the subject of her thoughts by day, and her dreams by night.

The certain fate of the former weighed less heavily upon her mind, than the mystery which hung over the latter. But when her father revealed to her his suspicions, that the mother was wasting away, she roused her dormant faculties, and became unwearied in her exertions to render her every service. They now approached the falls of Niagara, and Jane's curiosity was excited, when they came within hearing of its thunders. When they reached the Falls, Mrs. Smith was unequal to the task of surveying them, but she insisted on her husband's leaving her with suitable attendance, and accompanying her daughter. Jane beheld this wonder of the Western world with silent awe and astonishment; she evinced more interest in the scene than in any before visited, and, with eager haste, stepped into the boat which was to convey her to the Canada shore. Here new wonders presented, and wrought her feelings to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Her inquisitive, energetic mind not content with a superficial survey, prompted her to expose its hidden secrets. Upon reaching the vast cavern formed by the projection of the Fable Rock, though its impenetrable gloom, the thundering of the waters in its horrible abyss, and the tremendous rushing of the waters from overhead, struck her with a force terribly sublime; yet they did not dissuade her from her purpose of descending to this dark recess, and venturing behind the edge of the sheet. She did so, and as she tripped lightly along, a spectator might have fancied he beheld one of the Naiades of the St. Lawrence seeking her home in its tremendous bosom. But the next step proved her mortality, for the blast which constantly issues from its depths, met her with great force, and she turned to effect her escape. Deprived of her breath she fell, and in the effort which Nature ever makes to preserve herself, she caught the corner of a projecting rock, to which she clung, though insensible.

"Am I safe?" said Jane, as her recollection dawned, and she perceived that she grasped a pillow, instead of the rock, which was the first image that presented itself to her memory.—"Yes, my child," said her father, "compose yourself, you are perfectly safe." "And how did you deliver me from my perilous situation?" "It is to a lighter step and a firmer hand that we owe your rescue; for, had the little assistance which I could render, been your only safeguard, you would have been lost to us forever. The stranger who restored you, waits to hear of your recovery." "He shall hear it," she replied, "from my own lips." The stranger, having had information of her recovery, and, what he most wished to hear, that she would soon see him, was waiting in the parlor. As they entered, "My daughter," said Mr. Smith, "this is Mr. Montague; the gentleman to whom we are so much indebted," as the salutation passed. Jane recollected having seen him at the breakfast table. Mrs. Smith was unable to travel, and Montague remained with them. The obligation under which their acquaintance had commenced, induced the family to treat him with attention; and this opportunity for enjoying their society was too congenial to his wishes not to be improved. He had first seen Jane at the table.—Her appearance, her amiable manners, and the share which she took in the conversation, rivetted his attention, and he ardently wished for a further acquaintance; but finding they were strangers, who had only called to view the scene, and then to pass away, he tried to abandon the idea. Still, however, when they went out to survey the Falls, he followed in a separate group. When he saw Jane's venturous design, being acquainted with its dangers, he stationed himself near enough to give her his assistance, should she require it, and, thus, was the desired introduction unexpectedly obtained. He found, in Jane's society, a charm before unknown, and much of their time was spent together. In a few days, the family prepared to return, and Montague resolved to deviate a little from his direct route, to accompany them. On the day previous to their departure, he said to her, "Miss Smith, you have treated me with unmerited confidence; but one circumstance yet remains a secret—your dejection—the frequent tear which I have seen start unbidden from your eye, still more than your sable garb, bespeaks no common woe—may I ask who was the object of your bereaved affections?" "A brother," replied Jane, "an only brother,—but my keenest sorrows are for the uncertain fate of a friend—dearer—yes, still dearer to me.—Your tender concern merits my confidence, and my father will tell you all." Jane was relieved, when Mr. Montague emphatically answered, "permit me, as far as possible, to supply the place of that brother." They now felt that they understood each other—all embarrassment was removed, and Mr. Montague, with a painful, but powerful effort, vanquished those hopes which he had sometimes indulged, notwithstanding, that whenever he had betrayed any marks of tenderness, a most mournful expression would suddenly shade his countenance, and dash his hopes to the earth. He accompanied them home, staid with them a short time, and proceeded to New York. Jane's spirits were improved, though the secret anxiety which she felt on Alfred's account, increased. But new trials awaited her.—Her father was attacked by a fever, which soon hurried him to the grave. He died in the full triumph of the Christian. As he expressed himself, "there was but one tie that bound him to the world." The sting of separation from his wife, was removed, by the knowledge that their union would be speedy. But on this occasion, his parting with Jane was embittered. "My child," said he, "could I have you under Alfred's protection, I should be resigned; but should he not return, I trust you will find a protector in your new brother, and He, who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' will not

forsake you." Mrs. Smith did not long survive this second shock. She felt her end approaching without one regret, except for Jane, and committing her to the care of Heaven, quietly passed away. Jane was now quite overpowered, and as she had no motive for action, she fell into a listless stupor. From this she was aroused to a painful sense of her situation, and it was at this period, that she so emphatically exclaimed, 'I am alone in the world.' As she inherited the patrimony, she was solicited by the sympathizing villagers for permission for their new pastor to reside at the parsonage.—She acquiesced in their arrangements, and soon found herself a boarder in a strange family, in her own house. But the attentions of this family, particularly those of the pastor's cheerful, happy daughter, soothed her feelings. Ann Wilson was a girl of great vivacity, accompanied by acute penetration. She felt for Jane's sorrows, and she possessed the happy talent of adapting her remarks to time and circumstances, in the best possible manner, to beguile her melancholy. The youthful heart, like the tender vine, must cling to some object for support. Jane already felt less 'alone in the world,' and when she received a letter from her new brother, Charles, as she loved to call him, informing him that unexpected business would soon call him through the village, she remembered her father's assurance, and thought that the wind was indeed tempered to her.—Hope now took possession of her breast. She felt a holy confidence that Alfred would be restored to her. While reason told her that every day added new causes for doubt and despair, she sometimes endeavored to convince herself of the absurdity of her hopes, but they still remained. "Oh! Jane," said her gay friend, one morning, "I have had the strangest dream—I thought that I was to be married to Mr. Montague, that you were to be bridesmaid, and Alfred, groomsman." "And does this exhilarate you so? you forget that dreams go by contraries." "For my own part," returned Ann, "I should choose they should, but for your sake, I am willing to put faith in them." As spring approached, Mr. Montague again mentioned in one of his postscripts, that Jane might soon expect to see him. She communicated the intelligence to Ann, and added, "will you believe that you have become an object of jealousy? I cannot think his sober affection for me would prompt him so soon to repeat his visit." "Oh, quiet your fears, I beseech you, there is little danger of such a giddy girl as I am, making any impression on such a saint as Mr. Montague; besides, dreams go by contraries, you know." "Well, we shall see," replied Jane; "you are gay, but not giddy, and he is not always so serious as when sympathizing with the child of affliction." When he arrived, Jane rejoiced to find that those affections, which nothing but her superior prudence had prevented from being wrecked, were to be bestowed on her new friend.—Gay as Ann Wilson was, she was pure in thought, word, and deed, and the exuberance of her spirits was so chastened by delicacy and propriety, as to render her a delightful companion. She was not insensible to Montague's virtues, and his offer, though unexpected, was taken under consideration. "May you be as happy as I once was," said Jane, affectionately, "and oh! may you never know the pangs which I have known." "Oh," returned Ann, "I am happy with him or without him; but he has made me believe, that without my favor he should be unhappy, and I could not bear the thought of that, you know." Jane smiled at her sophistry, and thought that Charles had not much to fear.

Her garden now engrossed her care. She was busily engaged in it, when the sudden stopping of the stage coach arrested her attention. She turned towards it, shrieked "Alfred Manton," and sunk to the earth. He did not see her, but went into the house, where, not meeting with one familiar face, a deadly sickness came over his heart, but he durst not inquire the meaning of the change. Jane summoned all her self-control to compose herself for the meeting: she entered by the garden door, and saw Alfred 'mute and motionless.' When their feelings found utterance, they could only learn from each other that both had passed through the furnace of affliction, and come forth with hearts purified, but unchanged. The trials they had suffered were their daily theme of conversation.—And while Alfred's aspirations of praise rose to the throne of Heaven, that utter desolation had not entered the house where he had passed the morning of his life, he mourned the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Smith as the loss of the good are always mourned,—and did indeed shed 'tears of brotherly sorrow' over the grave of Charles.

Jane's trials are already known; an abbreviation of Alfred's shall be given. "Our voyage" said he, "was prosperous and delightful, until one day when off the coast of Florida, we discovered a strange vessel, which whether we sailed fast or slow, seemed to keep at precisely the same distance from us. This alarmed our fears, but when night was closing in, we hoped, by spreading all our sail, to rid ourselves of her unwelcome company. In spite of our efforts she gained upon us, and all our fears were realised when she commenced firing. We defended ourselves as well as we could, but were soon boarded by the pirate's crew, when such a scene followed as I will not attempt to describe. I had charge of a large sum of specie which the Captain had secreted for me. After extorting from him the place of concealment for that and the other money, they murdered him in the most barbarous manner. While the crew were sharing the same fate, I endeavored to prepare my mind to meet death with fortitude. Till that moment, I knew not the extent of your power over me; your immage gave eloquence to my tongue, and persuasion to my lips. I pleaded for life so earnestly, as to awaken the last spark of

pity in the pirates breast. They bound me, took me on board their vessel, scuttled ours and hurried away. "None are all evil."—Though they could not liberate me without endangering themselves, they never offered further violence, nor even suffered me to witness any, but left me concealed in one of the West India Islands, (as I suppose) when they went on their piratical cruises, but so strictly guarded as to preclude all possibility of escape or information. Their day of retribution is come; they have been taken by surprise, and now await the sentence of the law. How are the good and ill of this life blended together. My long residence in that genial climate has had the most favorable effects: I am restored to health, and to you, and I should be ungrateful to repine." Ere the close of Autumn, Jane had exchanged her sable weed for the bridal wreath, and Montague was summoned to share in the nuptial festivities. While he and Ann attended them to the altar, the latter archly whispered, "Dreams go by contraries;" and Jane smiled gracefully, as she answered "The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and I am no longer alone in the world."

## MISCELLANY.

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be.

Somewhere out of the world, and in Vermont, my college chum was christened *Job*. It was the first word I ever heard him speak. He entered the room to my infinite dismay, the evening of my admission, surmounted by a chair, a table and a pine chest, which he deposited with great deliberation; then advancing to the centre, and passing his right foot to the rear, he ejaculated *Job Clark*, and stood *in statu quo* for a reply.

His personal appearance was decidedly Vermontese. He had a huge angular frame, probably seven feet in length; though, from rigidly observing the line of beauty, his perpendicular upon the plumb line would be five and a fraction. His face was large and irregular, and set with a nose like a crude amethyst. There was but one feature of Job's outer man that indicated the vein he afterwards exhibited; his eyes were of a light blue, very deeply seated, and in better company would have been expressive. I am not sure that he was aware of this beauty; or indeed that he had any personal vanity. If there was any partiality in his regard for his perfections, it leaned rather to his hair. Of this I have one solitary evidence. He would raise his hand on Sundays and holidays, and closing his two fingers on the small portion that graced his temples, coax it to an incipient curl. It resumed its position on Monday, and the point was never insisted on.

During the first year, his attention to his studies would have been no scandal to a Cameronian; and of his temper, I need only say, that it was proof against a Freshman ordeal.

His principles too, peculiar though they were, he kept inviolate; and crucifying the passion for variety, he levelled every thesis with exemplary pertinacity, at vice and novel reading.

He had singular misgivings on the tendency of women, and considered poetry as a wile of the devil.

I came in one beautiful summer night, and Job was reading Byron! If he had strapped a razor on his bible, I should have been less surprized. He was sitting bolt upright, gazing with intense eagerness on the book, and rocking to and fro like an incarnate hexameter.

It was indeed a marvel. He had never to my knowledge, committed an apostrophe; he had never outraged the blank leaves of his algebra with a rhyme; and on women and leather shoe strings, he was perfectly incorrigible. From this time Job Clark lived in a new world. He was like a man just couched for a cataract. He had never stopped to look at a glow-worm, nor had women and sunsets ever reminded him of Paradise and the Peris.

He was essentially blind, and now that he could see, his great Green Mountain heart was as full as a toy shop. Every thing was beautiful; and every thing went through his veins like a whole river of electricity.

If the sun came out of a cloud, Job popped into a reverie; and as to the moon, he was a perfect heathen—he worshipped her like an Ephesian.

In the full progress of this vein, he was under the necessity of leaving college to recruit his funds. The situation of tutor in a gentleman's family offered itself and he took up his march on foot for a romantic situation in the neighborhood of the Catskill.

It was the first time he had been abroad since his metepmsychosis; and, of course, it was like travelling in a new star. He treasured up mountains, rivers, and green fields, till his memory was like a painter's port folio.

He would sit down by the way side; and with a mere brook for a thread of association, the whole map of his pocket Arcadia expanded before him, and he revelled in roses like a very Persian.

The new Tutor was soon domesticated.—His duties, were few, and in themselves delightful. A family of intelligent children for pupils, and a gentleman and lady of a high order of refinement, were better materials for happiness than had ever before fallen to his lot. Why did I leave out the beautiful Sophy? Simply because she is a whole paragraph by herself, and because I am not sure that I ought to class her with Job's comforts.

She was just seventeen; and as perfect a litle Venus as ever trifled with Dan Cupid.

She certainly had no more gravity than a child; but her mind was a perfect wonder.

She fairly reasoned Job out of his logic, and puzzled him with problems, and out-flew all his romance, and anticipated all his philosophy.

If she raised her little hand for emphasis, he despaired of his position; and if she looked up at a quotation, he knew it was wrong. She

was a practical botanist; and he followed her in her rambles, and carried her specimens with the obedience of a familiar. He was always ready to attend her; and, when she threw her little figure upon a moss bank after a morning's wandering, and took off her bonnet to let the cool wind play in her hair, he was the happiest of men; for then she would answer all his questions, and explain all feelings, and understand all his unutterables, without once laughing at grotesque earnestness.

One day in the decline of summer, an excursion was projected to the Cauterskill Falls.

They were several miles distant, and early in the morning Miss Sophy's basket was committed to Job, and the family was in motion.

There was not much said by the party; but their faces were all lighted up, and the green path had an unusual elasticity. Miss Sophy tripped forward occasionally for a flower, and then Job made a huge stride or two by way of sympathy: but the rest kept quietly on, content with the joyous leap of their pulses, and the sweetness of the mountain air.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES IN FLORIDA.

'These consist, principally, of natural caverns, sinking rivers, great springs, and natural bridges.'

'The arch cave is situated near the public road, about three miles west of the ferries on Chapola river, in Jackson county. It opens, to the east, by an aperture under a vast limestone rock; about five feet high, and thirty feet wide. This passage descends gently, for three or four rods; the cavern then opens, to the extent of a hundred feet wide, and fifty feet high. A deep channel of transparent water skirts the south side for some distance; it then breaks off in wells, and finally disappears altogether. The course of the cave now turns northwest; it grows narrower, and resembles an arch of the gothic order. After proceeding about sixty yards, the cave is crossed by a stream twenty feet wide, and five deep; in this, numbers of crawfish are seen. After passing the stream, the passage turns north of east and presents a hall, one hundred feet in length; pretty straight, with a very uneaven floor of red clay, covered with the debris of the decomposed rock. A row, or rather cluster of stalactical columns, supports the centre of this hall, while thousands of stalactical stretch down their long tubes towards the white bases, which are growing up to meet them, from the floor. Many large holes, in the rock above are filled with bats, which, on the approach of lights, flit off to other dark recesses, with a roaring sound, like heavy wind.

'The passage now becomes crooked and intricate, for a few rods, and then opens into another lofty apartment, from which there are many avenues, most of which remain unexplored, as well as two water courses, one of which bounds the passage.

'This has been explored about four hundred yards. The congelations, on the sides of the walls, have the appearance of grey ice, th rough which a sparkling crystallization appears. They often project into curls and folds. representing draperies, and mouldings of inimitable forms. The projections are nearly white, but the same sparkling crystalline appearance continues. The regular stalactites are hollow; the outside, a soft chalky decomposition; the centre, irregular sparry crystals, of a yellowish hue.

'In the neighborhood of the Arch cave, Col. Stone attempted, in three several places to sink wells; but in every instance, he came to hollow spaces in the earth; and the well-digger, becoming at length frightened at the danger of entombing himself in some fathomless cavern, abandoned his work.

The following sketch of Lord North cannot be altogether uninteresting to any American, when he remembers, that it was during his ministry, from 1770 to 1782, the American Revolution was accomplished. Those who may have known his political character, only, may be surprised that one, whose errors as a minister were so memorable, possessed so many estimable traits of character as a man.

A very expressive word in our language, which describes an assemblage of many real virtues, of many qualities approaching nearly to virtue, and an union of manners at once pleasing and commanding respect,—the word "gentleman," was never applied to any person in a higher degree, or more generally, than it was to Lord North, and to all he said or did in the house of commons.

His Lordship did not aspire to the higher eloquence, but the house never possessed a more powerful debater; nor could any one avail himself of the strong part of a cause with greater ability, or defend its weak, with greater skill; no speaker was ever so conciliating, or enjoyed a greater proportion of the esteem and love of the house. Among his political adversaries, he had not a single enemy. With an unwieldy figure and a dull eye, the quickness of his mind seemed intuition. His wit was never surpassed, and it was attended with this singular quality, that it never gave offence, and the object of it was sure to join with pleasure in the laugh. The assault of Mr. Adam on Mr. Fox, and of colonel Fullarton on Lord Shelburne, had once put the house into the worst possible humor, and there was more or less of savageness in every thing that was said:—Lord North deprecated the too great readiness to take offence, which then seemed to possess the house. "One member," he "said, "who spoke of me, called me, 'that "thing called a minister:'—"to be sure," he said, patting his large form, "I am a thing; "—the member, therefore, when he called me "a thing said what was true; and I will not be

"angry with him; but, when he added, that "thing called a minister, he called me that "thing, which, of all things, he himself wish-"ed most to be; and, therefore," said Lord "North, "I took it as a compliment."—*Butler's Reminiscences.*

*How to drive a Hog.*—The following story is told by Matthews the Comedian. "When travelling in Ireland," said he, "I met a countryman driving a hog along the highway, and wishing for amusement, I asked him where he was driving it to." "Hush; now, your honor, said he, whist; do, and be aisy." "But," said I, "Pat, where are you going with that hog?" "O! your honor, do be aisy, and if you must know, come closer and I'll tell you; I am going to Cork, but he thinks I want him to go to Killarney.

*Force of habit.*—Many instances of the ruling passion strong in death, "are given by a recent writer in describing New South Wales, which has been colonised by English convicts. The most daring rogues, still retain their pre-eminence over their companions, and exercise that influence which is accorded to genius and talents. There are, always, among a cargo of convicts, a few who pretend to have reformed their lives. Among other instances of their bare-faced hypocracy, the writer mentions one "who, on arriving at Sydney, was in the last stage of consumption, and unable to set up without fainting. This expiring wretch, who grasped his bible to the last, mustered strength enough, while the hospital man was drawing on his trowsers, to stretch out his pale trembling hand towards the others waistcoat pocket, and actually to pick it of a comb and pen knife:—the next morning he was a corpse."

*Quarterly Review.*

*Origin of Newspapers.*—"Renauldot, a physician, first published at Paris, in 1631, a Gazette, so called from *Gazetto*, a coin of Venice paid for reading manuscript News. In more early times the English nobility had correspondents abroad on purpose to write what were called "Letters of News." The first Newspaper ever published in America was the "Boston News Letter," in 1704.

*Clerical Sarcasm.*—In some parish churches it was once the custom to separate the men from the women. A Clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short, when a woman, eager for the honor of the sex, arose and said; "Your reverence, it is not among us." "So much the better" answered the Priest, "it will be the sooner over."

On a recent trial, an Irishman, with characteristic obliquity of speech, after scratching his head, said, 'Plase your Honor, I do not remember—or if I do, I forget it now.

## THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1828.

Our readers may dismiss any apprehensions of being annoyed with the discussion of political questions, although we propose occupying a paragraph, occasionally, with matter wearing an *editorial* dress. We should as soon think of entertaining a refined audience with a bull-bait or boxing-match, as of intruding into a work, like this, the wrangling of political partizans, or the abuse of political opponents, which fill so many columns of our cotemporary journals. Our object is to instruct and amuse, and the most we propose to do in regard to the passing events of our day, is, to give a brief summary, from time to time, of such of them as will be most likely to interest our readers.

The news from Europe has become, of late, extremely interesting, and from the events which have already transpired there, the mind is in suspense in regard to the probable result of the present state of affairs. From the last arrivals, it appears, that although it is uncertain whether war has actually broken out, notwithstanding the report that Turkey had declared war against Russia, yet a storm seems gathering in the East, which threatens to desolate those ill-fated regions. Constantinople has become a complete camp, and the numbers of Turkish troops are daily increasing. The Sultan has addressed a Manifesto to the followers of Mahomet, to rise in defence of their religion, and they are already rallying around the standard of the Prophet. The East seems ready to pour its merciless hordes upon the provinces of the West. On the other hand, the European Powers are not altogether inactive. Russia is embodying her forces, and some of her troops are moving towards the threatened region. The French and British Governments can hardly be inactive spectators of any rupture between Russia and Turkey, and the deep interest which all the European governments must feel in such a contest, must render the result of the present state of affairs of immense importance to the world. We may confidently hope to see Greece delivered from her oppressors, and the cross soon triumphing over the crescent. A crisis in the affairs of the East seems approaching, and the public await the event with deep solicitude.

TO PATRONS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In presenting the second number of the TALISMAN, we have to acknowledge the aid, we have received in the prosecution of our plan. To those who have interested themselves to procure subscribers, we tender our thanks, and hope by unwearied exertions to merit their continued favors.

We have several communications on hand, which we have not yet concluded to use. To our correspondent P. we will say, that "he hath music in his soul," but the "voice of the Buds" is not sufficiently intelligible to ordinary capacities, to induce us to insert it. We would offer a single general remark which we do not apply to P. "that as all is not gold that glistens," so all is not *poetry* that *rhymes*.

## SUMMARY.

The Liberal party have prevailed in the French Chamber of Deputies, in electing a President of that body, from one of their number, who has been approved by the King.

The iron roof of the Royal Brunswick Theatre, in London, recently fell, while the company were assembled at rehearsal, ten of whom were killed, and many others were more or less wounded.

The votes for Governor, in 159, towns, are, for Lincoln 18,483, and for Morton 3350.

The survey of the Western Railway has been commenced at Needham, and will doubtless be completed as soon as possible.

The votes in 40 towns, heard from, on the subject of dividing Worcester and Middlesex Counties, for the purpose of forming a new one, were 649 yeas, and 3536 nays—nearly as six to one.

John W. Lincoln, Edmund Cushing, Joseph Estabrook, and Joseph Davis, have been elected Senators for the County of Worcester—one vacancy.

Jared Weed, Aaron Tufts, William Eaton, and Edmund Cushing, have been appointed County Commissioners for the County of Worcester.

Our summary of domestic occurrences must be both meagre and of little interest.

FIRE.—The dwelling house of Benjamin Snow, in Fitchburg, was consumed with part of its contents, on Wednesday evening last.—The fire was discovered about half past one o'clock, and is supposed to have been accidental. Eighteen hundred dollars was insured on the buildings burnt, by the Worcester Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and is the first loss of any kind that has happened to the Company since its incorporation in 1824.

## VARIETY.

He who has a low forehead, and full of wrinkles, will look like a monkey. He who has a high forehead will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life, and that is infallible.

A great mouth from ear to ear signifies much foam and no bridle; but these are not hard mouthed, but all mouth.

A little mouth drawn up like a purse denotes darkness within, and looks more like a loop-hole than a window.

A watery mouth, that splatters when it speaks, and overflows when it laughs, will have need of a bib.

He that is bald will have no hair; and if he happens to have any it will not be on the bald place.

Women who have curious eye-brows will in all likelihood have eye-lashes under them, and will be beloved if any body takes a liking to them.

Whensoever you see a man who has but one eye, you may safely conclude that he has lost the other.

They that have but small feet will need but little shoes, and will have a light pair of heels.

*Translated from the Spanish.*

*A real* EVERY-DAY *Philadelphia Dialogue.*

*A.* (Advancing) "How d'ye do, Brooks?"

*B.* "Very well, thank'ee, how do *you* do?"

*A.* "Very well, thank'ee; is Mrs. Brooks well?"

*B.* "Very well, I'm much obliged t'ye.—Mrs. Adams and the children are all well I hope?"

*A.* "Quite well, thank'ee."

(A pause.)

*B.* "Rather pleasant weather to-day."

*A.* "Yes, but it was cold in the morning."

*B.* "Yes, but we must expect that at this time o'year.

(Another pause—neckcloth twisted and switch twirled.)

*A.* "Seen Smith lately?"

*B.* "No—I can't say I have—but I have seen Thompson."

*A.* "Indeed—how is he?"

*B.* "Very well, thank'ee."

*A.* "I'm glad of it.—Well, good morning."

*B.* "Good morning."

Here it is always observed that the speakers having taken leave, walk faster than usual for some hundred yards.

An Irishman who was employed on the canal last spring, was observed one day attentively watching a red headed wood-pecker, while it was tapping a beech tree. On being asked what attracted his attention, he said, "I'm speering at the strange *baste* upon yonder tree—for sure enough the silly *crathur* has knocked his face against it, till his head is a gore of *bluid*.

## POETRY.

FROM THE PROVIDENCE PATRIOT.

A Danish Journal offers the following anecdote.

"During several months past, a number of individuals especially young men bewildered by ambition, have thrown themselves from the Round Tower; and to prevent these misfortunes, it has been found necessary to station sentinels at that place. The same precaution is resorted to in Norway, with regard to a lake in the neighborhood of Bergen. In a basin extremely deep, surrounded by projecting rocks, the lake spreads its still and motionless water, so effectually concealed from the light of day, that the stars may be discerned in the fluid at noon-day. The birds, conscious of a kind of attractive power resident in this vast gulf, dare not attempt to pass it.—Whoever visits it, after having, with exertions, clambered up the barrier of rocks around it, experiences a most uncontrollable desire to throw himself into this *heaven reversed*. It may be referred to the same kind of delusive feeling which is suffered when in a small boat, crossing a still water, which is so very transparent, that every stone at the bottom may be seen; it seems to invite the passenger who feels willing to comply. The Norwegians attribute this sensation to the magic power of the nymphs, or Nixes, who are still supposed to people every river and lake in the romantic districts of Scandinavia."

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WILD is the scene—the silent lake,
Spreads its broad bosom to the sky,
And not a wave is heard to break
Upon the damp rocks nigh.
While lonely as the dreary tomb,
Are all that lie within this gloom.

Save rifted oak upon the steep.
Thro' that, the night-winds sadly sigh,
And send across the stilly deep,
A breathing melody.
And hold the heart in which this song
So wildly touching, rests not long;

And brings not the memory,
The scenes of love, the sunny hours,
That, when the heart was young and free,
Pass'd in the green wood bowr's
The soul to fill with tenderness
Impassioned love, and happiness.

In the expanse, so dark, so wide,
The curling clouds in piles are seen,
As thro' the azure vaults they ride
In clusters light and sheen.
Light, they eclipse the mountain snow—
Bright, they are pictur'd deep below.

But gaze not long upon the wave,
Where magic forms in darkness dwell,
For thou shalt find a dreamless grave,
In this cold ocean cell;
And the still waters closing o'er
Thy head—be settled as before.

FROM THE VERMONT STATESMAN.

The sketch below, was written by a young lady of the Troy Female Seminary, when in the fifteenth year of her age, and addressed to another young lady of the same school. The one who wrote it is now dead, and many other parts of the phrophecy are fulfilled with striking accuracy.

### THE PROPHECY.

Let me gaze awhile on that marble brow,
On that full dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow
Let me gaze a moment, that ere I die,
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory awhile,
That cheek may bloom, that lip may smile,
That full dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream—
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrows blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit haughty and high,
I know by that darkly flashing eye,
That, maiden, there's that within thy breast,
That has mark'd thee out for a soul unblest.
The strife of love, with pride, shall wring
The youthful bosom's tenderest string;
And the cup of sorrow mingled for thee,
Shall be drain'd to the dregs in agony!
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye,
A dark and a doubtful mystery.
Thou shalt *love*, and that love shall be thy curse;
Thou shalt know no heavier—thou shalt know no worse.
The tide of sorrow and the sea of grief,
The rushing waves of a watchful life,
Thy bosom's bark on the surge—I see,
And maiden, thy lov'd one is there with thee;
Not a star in the heaven, not a light on the wave;
Maiden, I've gaz'd on thy early grave!
When I am cold, and the hand of death,
Has crown'd my brow with his icy wreath,
And the dew hangs damp on the motionless lip,
And the eye is clos'd in its long last sleep;
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
And think on thy last, sad prophecy!

### CAPT. KIDD'S SUCCESSOR.

I purchased Georgia land as I sailed, as I sailed
I purchased Georgia land as I sailed:
I purchased Georgia land, made up of rocks and sand,
But I paid in notes of hand—*and I failed.*

A person who can live in this world, without suffering slander, must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.

WORCESTER TALISMAN.

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GRIFFIN AND MORRILL....PRINTERS.

THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 3. MAY 3, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

### THE BALL.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Even if I were not prevented by this unlooked-for engagement from accompanying you to the ball to-night, my love," said the honorable Alfred Seymour to his beautiful young wife, "you must nevertheless have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell; look, how the pulse throbs in this little throat, Sophia!"

'So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker, and candle-maker, my dear; however, to make you easy, I will send for Doctor Davis immediately: as to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out for such a long, long time, really I think I *ought* to go.' "You would not leave my boy, lady Sophia, if"—'not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the doctor should pronounce it ill; but I do not believe it is so; I see nothing particular about the child for my part.'

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something, which she felt assured, *was* particular—she saw, moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, 'poor little fellow, I do not think you are quite the thing; and should it prove so, mama will not leave you for the world.'

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed, assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation, struggling for accustomed indulgence; and, as he bade her good bye, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought, on the whole, it was better she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival, and worn the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his wife's blaze of beauty, appearing suddenly before him, after it had so long been withdrawn, should indispose his heart toward a connexion every way likely to prove happy.

Unfortunately, the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in looks and words, and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt for a moment displeased that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to 'witch the world' with her beauty; and whilst in this humor, she called her maid to shew her the turban and dress 'in which she intended to appear.'

"Lauk, my lady! why sure you intends it yet. Did any body ever hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home, when you are all prepared? You have been out of sight ever so long; and you are a thousand times more beautifuller than you ever was. Ah! I knows what I knows. Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume; 'cold broth is soon warmed,' they say."

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the senseless tirade of low flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error—could affect the mind of the high-born and highly educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity; and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others, in a sphere distinct from our own. The new dress was tried on; its effect extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that in the confusion of her mind, during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance, she determined to remain at home; but, unfortunately, she reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor. 'Tis true, she left messages, and various orders, and so far fulfilled a mother's duties; but she closed her eyes to the evident weakness of her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as possible.

Who could return, while they found themselves the admired of all, and when, at least, the adoration of *eyes* saluted her from him, whom she well knew it was cruelty, or sin, to attract. The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks, told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and therefore likely

to be closely watched. She found that in the midst of triumph, we may be humbled—in the midst of pleasure, pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gaiety, more quickly than she had come. But numerous delays arose, each of which harassed her spirits not less than they retarded her movements. She became at length, so annoyed, as to lose all her bloom, and hear herself as much condoled with, as she had before been congratulated. She felt ill, and was aware that she had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself, than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity, was summoned to her carriage by servants whose messages from home increased her distress.

The young mother arrived in time to see the face of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband, anger, reproach, and contempt. She was terrified to witness the death of the innocent being, she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse, which arose from offending him, who had hitherto loved her so fondly, and esteemed her so highly. These emotions, combining with other causes, soon rendered her the inhabitant of a sick bed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death.

Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she left her chamber, she could not help being sensible that her husband's confidence was withdrawn from her, though pity and kindness were shown to her situation. Entire silence about the past, was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr. Seymour could bring himself on a subject which had wounded him so deeply, and which recurred with renewed pain, when all anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, but no longer invaluable.

And all this misery,—the fearful prospect of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress, and an ignorant waiting-maid; a risk so full of danger, and so fatal in effect was incurred, to strike a man already refused, and wound a woman, who never injured her. Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction; and such the deplorable consequences of quitting the tender offices of affection, and transgressing the requisitions of duty.

## MISCELLANY.

### JOB CLARK.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

Early in the day they stood on the brow overhanging the glen. The inconsiderable brook which makes the fall, slide smoothly over the platform of rock beneath them, and was scattered in its descent like an April rain. It was very beautiful. Job admired it because Miss Sophy honoured it with a smile; but when the basket was deposited in the shade, and he stood on the edge to look over the tremendous precipice, his wonder was immeasurable. He spread away his half acre palms into the air; his anaconda sinuosities uncoiled, and he stood on tiptoes, with his seven feet relieved against the sky, like a saint on the eve of translation. He was already beginning to feel very like an eagle, when his liege mistress pulled him by the coat to recall his wing for her accommodation. She leaned on his arm, and to his utter agony, looked over the brink with the coolness of a mountaineer. He died a thousand deaths, before she could convince him that she was safe. Then, indeed he resumed his character. They stood on the shelf which hangs over the head of the glen, like the arch of a huge caven, holding a dialogue, of which Job's part was simply the insertion of his approving guttural in the right places. Sophy was eloquent; and indeed she might be for the scene would hold up its head in Switzerland. The chasm into which the water falls, is an abrupt sinking in of a perpendicular section of the mountain to the depth of three hundred feet. There is no gradual falling off as you approach; nothing to make you suspect you are in such a vicinity, till you stand at a moment's notice, on the very brink. With all its amazing depth, the width of the glen is scarcely more than a gallant stag would leap; and, with the indistinctness of its deep shadows, and the dense mist from the fall, a cooler head than our hero's might have fancied it the "descensus Averni."

The lady Sophy was quite too impassioned. She had kept pace with Job's ideas of the grand, and it was enough to lay her up body and soul, in his heart, imperishable as a mummy. But when she looked up and proposed a descent to the bottom, Job was in a perfect parenthesis. He yielded mechanically to the light impulse of her arm, and they reached the bottom in safety. Job looked up and saw a strip of the blue sky, and the water of this fall pouring apparently from its very bosom; he saw the giant walls piled up around him, and the stream winding away from the basin between the huge fragments of rock, like a vein of silver uncovered by the mighty convulsion of the mountain; he saw every thing but just what he should have seen,—that the lady Sophy had fainted! Her bonnet had been thrown aside; her light hair inclined back from her forehead, and one arm had been stretched towards her companion in a vain attempt to arrest his attention. He discovered her at last, and never was knight in such a quandary. Two minutes were spent in jumping from one rock to another, without any conceivable object; and then making a calabash of his bony hands, with as many holes between his fingers as would have let out the Red Sea, endeavored to get water to the lady's brow. This of course would never do; and with a magnanimous defiance of etiquette Job took her up like a kitten, and dipping her

head the cabalistical three times three, sat her bolt upright on a stone, perfectly resuscitated.

The lady Sophy sat on the rock, winding her ivory fingers in her hair, like the 'Lorely of the Rhine,' and Job stood on two adjacent fragments, with his heart melting within him. One curl after another was put in confinement, and Sophy had raised her hands above her head for the graceful manœuvre of winding up her tresses, when Job felt he must speak or die.

'Miss Sophy!' said the tutor.

'Mr. Clark!' said Miss Sophy; and then Job drew a *de profundis*, and went on.

'Miss Sophy! I feel very—very—,

'Impatient?'—interrupted the lady.

'No, Miss!'

'Romantic!'

'No—not now.'

'Well! I give up! how *do* you feel?'

'I cannot tell, indeed.'

'Can you not? Why, then it's a desperate case; for I'm sure I can't relieve you. Let me see however—where is your disorder?'

Job laid his hand on his heart. It was kicking like a bagged animal.

'In your heart! bless me! have you committed a crime? Love—or murder?'

'I dare not tell you!'

'I don't wish you to tell me. Cross your fingers, and answer my questions. How long did you walk by moonlight after I left you last evening?'

'Until twelve.'

'And how much poetry did you commit?'

'Ten verses.'

'And did you dream?'

'Yes.'

'About Cupid and the angels?'

'About an angel.'

'Bravely! are you feverish? Give me your pulse!' and the beautiful girl laid her fingers upon his rough arm, and looked up in his face with the gravity of a Sangrado.

'Fifty strokes a minute! dangerous! very dangerous! How long since you were attacked?'

'I have felt so for months.'

'Impossible! It's a love case clearly. I must raise the lady. Go and cut me a wand! I will play the wizzard.'

Job did as he was commanded. She then ordered him to close his eyes, and repeating a sentence of egregious Polyglot, struck him smartly on the cheek, and demanded the name.

'Sophy! Sophy! Sophy!'—but she tho't he was remonstrating, and urged him again for an avowal. He was relieved by the mistake; but his courage had flashed.

'Who is it Mr. Clark?'

'I cannot—I must not tell you!'

'But you shall—I insist,'—and she held up her wand threateningly.

'Forgive me! I cannot, you are happy now.'

'Not at all! for my witchery don't work; and besides what has that to do with it?

'Nothing!'

'I thought as much; but I am getting weary—so if you would not have me drop into another syncope, and be hung for intention to drown, tell me the lady, and we'll step out of the charmed ring.'

Job was fearfully bewildered. He twirled his thumbs, and convulsed his button holes, and patted with his foot—but all in vain. The lady put on her hat, and flourished her divining rod over him. 'Allons! Mr. Clark! obstinate creature that you are,' said she, 'do you know whom you have offended?

'A lady who is every thing she should be.'

'No, indeed! but you are bound to believe me an angel.'

If she had told him she was the lost Pleiad he would have believed her. The digression however had given him courage, and he felt as if he could do a hazardous thing.

'Miss Sophy—(there was desperation in his tone)—Miss Sophy! I must speak!'

'I listen'—said the lady.

She resumed her position on the rock, and Job bolted out a declaration, as if the words had been hot lava. She kept her gravity and looked even serious and distressed until he had concluded, when her mirth became uncontrollable. She leaned back against the rock, and her loud laugh went up the glen like the carol of a convulsed bird.

I never could persuade my chum to give me any further particulars; but soon after he has finished the story I am sure to hear him humming

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be.

*The Token.*

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THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.—By reverting to the history of England, it will be seen that a singular fatality appeared to follow in the train of the royal line of Stuarts. History does not record a race that were so steadily unfortunate. Their calamities continued with unabating succession during 390 years.

Robert 3d broke his heart because his oldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest (James) was made a captive. James 1st, after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle;—who was tortured to death for it. James 2d, was slain by the bursting of a cannon. James 3d, when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been taken for assistance. James 4th fell in Flodden field. James 5th died of grief, for the wilful ruin of his army at Solway Frith. Henry Stuart (Lord Darnley) was assassinated, and blown up in his castle. Mary Stuart was beheaded in England. James 1st and 6th, died not without suspicion of being poisoned by Lord Buckingham.—Charles 1st was beheaded at Whitehall.—Charles 2d was exiled for many years. James 2d lost his crown and died in banishment.—Ann, after a reign which, though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a

broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favorite servants. The posterity of James 2d died wretched wanderers in foreign lands.

*Scotch paper.*

## ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

### A SKETCH.

It was in the afternoon of a fine autumnal day, that I joined a party of my acquaintance, in an excursion to an eminence which rises in the fertile valley of the Connecticut, towards the western part of Massachusetts. Surrounded by a delightful region of country, in a high state of cultivation, and commanding an extensive view, the summit of Mount H—— affords a prospect, to which few situations in nature can present a parallel. As you turn to the northeast, Monadnock is seen rearing his lofty head in solitary grandeur, at the distance of sixty miles. To the north and west, the level country is lost, first in gentle undulations and then hills rising above hills in endless succession,

"—— —— —— till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays,"

and leaving the impression that the view is limited rather by the imperfection of our vision, than by the barriers of nature. To the south appears a wide extent of country, sprinkled with villages, from which, with the aid of a glass, we counted the spires of thirty churches. Almost washing the base of the mountain, is seen the Connecticut, gracefully winding along to the south; and as its waters reflect the glittering sun-beams like burnished silver, by turns appearing and disappearing, till it is lost in the far distant ocean: and here and there upon its bosom the boatman, impelling, with nervous arm, his sluggish bark, laden with the rich harvests of a grateful soil, cultivated by freemen.

It was the loveliest season of the year. Nature had put on the livery of Autumn, whose brilliant colors had not yet faded; and as she was yielding up the fruits of the season to the husbandman, we could almost fancy that we heard, from the busy world below, the harvest song of the reaper, and from the adjacent river, the shout of the boatman. Well was it said of New England,

"There is no other land like thee."
And every genuine son of the pilgrims will respond
"No dearer shore."

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still," said a British Poet. *Without* faults, I love thee, *my* country, I almost exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of the moment.

Having sufficiently gratified curiosity, I wandered a little distance from my companions, and seating myself, surveyed the scene before me with less intense, but chastened delight.—My thoughts insensibly wandered back to other times; and imagination presented the picture, when the whole of this wide extended country was a wilderness. Here, thought I, the son of the forest once pursued his game unmolested, where have arisen cities and villages, and where now is heard the busy hum of industry. And here stood the wigwam of the savage, where now appear the abodes of civilization. The canoe of the Indian once floated upon this peaceful stream, where now is seen the whitening sail of commerce, wafting along the rich productions of the soil, and the bark returning laden with the luxuries of the Indies. Where now stand the temples of the Most High, perhaps the priest of the Savage once performed the rite of superstition, or offered up his sacrifice to the Great Spirit.—Surely, it becomes us to remember, that this, our goodly heritage, was once the patrimony of the Indian; and while we blush for the wrongs which we and our fathers have done him, to shed a tear over his misfortunes.

We returned, highly gratified, but fatigued with our excursion, and I soon retired. The vivid impressions of the day lent their influence to my slumberings, and I thought myself again standing upon the summit of the mountain. But a prospect presented, widely different from that which I had before beheld. As I looked to the east, the whole country apeared a vast forest. In the distance was seen the ocean, and a vessel, driven by the winds and tossed by the waves, approached the coast.—I raised my glass to watch her movements.—She approached the shore, and those on board prepared to land. They stepped upon a rock, one by one, and, with the aid of my glass, I had already numbered a hundred, when, as the next and last placed his foot upon the shore, they knelt, and, apparently, offered up their thanksgivings for the successful termination of their voyage. As they were proceeding to erect a habitation, an Indian came out of the wilderness, and approached the foreigners, at first with caution, but perceiving no signs of hostility he drew near; and one of the party advancing to meet him, he first smoked two or three whiffs from his calumet of peace, and then extended it to him in token of proffered friendship.

I was much interested in watching the movements of this little band, when, happening to turn to the other side of the mountain, my whole attention was soon engrossed by other objects. Instead of a circumscribed prospect, a country, in extent like a continent, lay stretched out before me. Cities, towns and villages, appeared on every side; and every thing betokened the residence of an enterprising, a peaceful, and a happy people. In the midst of this delightful country, towered a mighty tree. Its lofty branches gently waved in the breeze, and various groups were reposing beneath its shade. Now and then parties approached, who seemed to have come from foreign climes; and by their emaciated forms, to have been reduced to a state of extreme want and suffering. They were cordially received

by those who were enjoying the luxury of the shade, and welcomed to a participation of their happiness. At length an Indian came up, clad in his war blanket and savage dress, and having in one hand a bow and arrow, in the other, a scalping knife and tomahawk.—Then approached a white man, with a whip in his hand, and leading by a chain an African slave. The hands of the slave were fettered, and the manacles upon his legs made his steps slow and painful. When they had thus met at the foot of the tree, the white man proceeded to knock off the fetters of the slave. He then assisted the Indian in disrobing himself of his savage dress, and putting on the garments of civilization. In exchange for his bow and arrow, he now presented him an implement of husbandry; and the three then united in burying, at the foot of the tree, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the Indian, the whip of the white man, and the fetters of the slave. They then sat down to partake of the fruit of the tree, beneath whose branches they had met. I was so delighted with this exhibition of friendly feeling and good will that I awoke, and—behold, it was a dream. M.

## VARIETY.

Curiosity.—If we ever doubted the fact, that the spirit of curiosity operates powerfully, though diversely, upon all the men and all the women that inhabit the upper crust of this eviscerated globe, we were last evening perfectly confirmed in our present conclusion. A fellow in a brown thread-bare surtout, cowhide brogues, and trowsers home-made of two blue yarns here, opposed to two black ones there, with a visage struggling between wonderment and dirt, surmounted by a *chapeau* that had been felt and flapped for many a season, strolled into the office, and very deliberately engrossed our only supernumerary chair—a very genteel companion forsooth, and a worthy! There he sat, with all the orifices and emunctories that emptied themselves or claimed outlets upon the surface of his noddle, open, wide open, gaping, staring, hearkening, and making wry efforts to think. For the space of an hour he spoke not. There he sat and stared—like the everlasting rat in the mansion of Lord Fitzgallyhogmagaul. Now and then the busy type-setters would exchange shrewd grimaces and winks clandestine. Still the visitor sat and stared. We thought of Blackwood, and all his nightmare themes. The man was perfectly sober, and perfectly at home—he appeared to *voluptuate* in his own amazement. His countenance bespoke a variety of clumsy raptures and terrific enjoyments oddly mixed together; but his tongue lay motionless upon his neither grinders, while he sat, and stared, and seemed to ruminate. The pause was awful—'twas past all endurance—the fidgets were fast taking hold of fingers that rattled among the types, and a sudden fit of cramp crooked our very quill. At length the stranger moved—and sneezed—and coughed: symptoms indicative of speech. He raised his right arm, and the remainder of his body, and stood, and stared again. He spoke! and never did human accent touch the ear of suspense more melliduously.—

"I say, mister, do ye make books here?"
No, my friend, we make newspapers.
"Cause I want to buy a primer."

*Ev. Bulletin.*

Whimsical Interruption.—When Dr. Bradon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from, was, 'Who art thou?' After reading the text, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in a military dress who was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, 'I am, sir, an officer of the seventeenth foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry.'

American Titles.—A man was elected to the captaincy of a troop in Ohio. His children heard of the fact at supper, and after they had got to bed were talking about it. Said one of them "Well but our Josh, I say though, aint we all capun's now!" On hearing this, the mother who lay in a bed close to the boys, called out—"No you fool; only your father an' me's capun's."

A citizen dying greatly in debt, "Farewell," said one of his creditors, "there is so much of mine gone with him." "And he carried so much of mine," said another. A person hearing them make their several complaints, said, "Well, I see now, that tho' a man carry *nothing of his own* out of the world, yet he may carry *a great deal of other men's*."

## LAW.

A Grown Gentleman.—A very precise, well-dressed young man presented himself before the magistrates, saying he had a very great desire to punish a Mr. Bradbury for *extortion*, *abuse*, and *assault*, and he would be particularly obliged to his worship if he would assist him in so doing.

His worship desired him to describe the nature of his complaint more minutely; whereupon the gentleman went into a long and rather melancholy story, from which it appeared—

Firstly, that Mr. Bradbury lives in the Strand, and is famous for teaching *grown* gentlemen to write a fine free hand in six lessons, for the trifling sum of one guinea, though they might previously be only capable of scrawling 'pot-hooks and links.'—Secondly, that the applicant being in this unfortunate predicament, applied to Mr. Bradbury for his assistance.—

Thirdly, that Mr. Bradbury undertook to make him a ready writer for the sum of one guinea; and also to teach him how to make a pen, without any additional charge.—Fourthly, that he went through his six lessons in writing, when Mr. Bradbury demanded his guinea.—Fifthly, that he gave Mr. Bradbury a sovereign and a half-crown, desiring him to take his guinea therefrom.—Sixthly, that Mr. Bradbury instead of returning him one shilling and sixpence, returned him a sixpence only, stating he retained the extra shilling for stationary;—this was the '*extortion*' he complained of.—Seventhly, that he remonstrated with Mr. Bradbury on this stationary charge; and moreover complained to him that he had not sufficiently instructed him in the art of making a good pen.—Eighthly, that Mr. Bradbury replied he would teach him no more, for he had not conducted himself like a *gentleman*.—Ninthly, that he told Mr. Bradbury he should summon him before the Lord Mayor. Tenthly, that Mr. Bradbury replied, that he cared no more for the Lord Mayor or the Lord *Horse* either, than he did for him;—this was the '*abuse*' he complained of.—Eleventhly, that, on his attempting to remonstrate farther, Mr. Bradbury got up from his desk, clenched his fist, and told him if he did not walk off quietly, he would '*bundle* him down stairs;'—this was the '*assault*' he complained of; and having stated all this, he respectfully submitted that he had made out his case.

"And pray, Sir," asked the magistrate, "did he, in effect, '*bundle*' you down stairs?" "No, Sir," replied the gentleman, "but I think he would if I had not walked away very rapidly." "Then, Sir, I am sorry I cannot accommodate you by interfering," rejoined his worship;—"if you had undergone the *bundling* operation, something might have been done, perhaps; but as it is, I don't see that you have any redress for your manifold grievances, except you sue him in the Court of Conscience for the recovery of the *shilling's-worth* of stationary; and the issue of that measure, would, in my opinion, be very doubtful."

The gentleman looked at his worship, then at his own hat, then at his worship again, and then he slowly withdrew; seemingly quite at a loss what to make of the matter.

*Mornings at Bow-street.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

### CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

From the last January number of the North American Review, we select the following outline of the life of this distinguished man, which, imperfect as it is, illustrates the correctness of an eloquent remark, that under our form of government, 'the poor man, while he rocks his infant on his knees, may justly indulge the consolation, that if he possess talents and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition.'

Chief Justice Marshall was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, September 24, 1755, and was the eldest of a family of fifteen children. His father was a planter, of small property, and a limited education, though of superior natural endowments. The son labored under great disadvantages in regard to his early education. In 1775 he embarked in the American cause, when the revolutionary war broke out, and in 1777 was promoted to the rank of Captain in the continental army; and was engaged in many battles, particularly those of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. In 1780, the part of the army to which he was attached, was dissolved, and he attended a course of law lectures, and obtained license to practise law. The next year he resigned his military commission, and carried into retirement the friendship and esteem of his fellow-officers. In 1783, he was married to Miss Ambler, a daughter of the Treasurer of Virginia. He was several times elected a member of the State Legislature, and was instrumental in assembling the Convention in Philadelphia to prepare a Constitution of Government for the Union: and subsequently, in connexion with Pendleton, Randolph, and Madison, he succeeded, in opposition to Patrick Henry, in obtaining the assent of Virginia to the adoption of that Constitution. In 1796 he was invited to accept the office of Attorney General of the United States, but declined it; and soon after declined the appointment of Minister to France. But the following year, he was induced to accept the appointment of Envoy, jointly with Messrs Pinckney and Gerry, to the French Republic. He returned home in 1798, and soon after, at the solicitation of Gen. Washington, became a candidate for Congress, and was elected. In 1800 he was appointed Secretary of War; and shortly after, on the rupture between President Adams and Col. Pickering, he was appointed Secretary of State. In January, 1801, he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States, and has ever since held that office, performing its duties with increasing reputation and unsullied dignity. Although in the seventy-third year of his age, his intellectual powers are unimpaired, and his robust constitution yet seems fresh and firm in a green old age.

## Married,

In this town, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Henry Parker, of Millbury, to Miss Matilda, daughter of Dea. Moses Perry.

In Greenwich, by the Rev. Mr. Bladgett, Mr. Gardner Hunt, Jr. of New Salem, to Miss Betsey, daughter of Dr. J. Cobb, of Greenwich.

## Died,

In Pinckneyville, (*Mi.*) March 20th John M. son of James Wilson, Jr. Esq. in the second year of his age.

## THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1828.

Newspapers have so increased in our Country, that he must be fastidious indeed, who is not able to supply every demand of his taste. Every department of science, literature, politics and religion has its journals, and in the gayer works of life, those of amusement and intellectual entertainment, are to be found many *periodicals* of great merit. Our exchange list has already become pretty extensive, and our acknowledgements are due to too many to mention them all particularly.

We cannot however pass by the "Bower of Taste," by Mrs. Ware, without noticing it, as it deserves. It is published every Saturday by S. G. Andrews at $2,50 per annum. The reputation of the *Editress* would be enough of itself to recommend it to patronage, even if its intrinsic merits did not entitle it to favor. It is a Bower where many a flower blooms, and many a rich cluster tempts and gratifies the taste.

We are glad to see the character which similar publications are assuming. They seem to evince to the world, that tho' of a more delicate structure, woman is in fact a rational being, and has intellectual powers to be cultivated and refined by the ordinary means of communication and instruction. The time has been when a Lady's Magazine, like most ladies Albums, was the most silly thing imaginable. Their editors seemed to imagine that, in order to win favor, they must treat their readers like Sultanas of the East, and feed them with sweet meats, and lull them to sleep on a couch of roses by the dulcet notes of music, or please the eye with a painted bauble. The ill success of such publications, and the success and reputation of that of Mrs. Ware, and of the Ladies' Magazine in Boston among others, show how mistaken were such estimates of female character.

The desideratum which was supplied by those and similar publications, furnished to every age, sex and condition its appropriate vehicle of information and amusement, except that odd unassimilating class of beings—the Bachelors, who seem to stand like the lookers on at a country ball, wondering and envying, while happy faces and light hearts are dancing before them. And now even they are no longer destitute. We have received the first num- of the Bachelors Journal, a weekly paper printed by a singular kind of coincidence, at the very office of the "Bower of Taste." It is a neat well printed sheet, and contains much original matter. We wish it great success but are apprehensive that it must soon be as harmless as a cannon without ammunition, or a camp equipage without an army—Desertion will we doubt not steal away its ranks, and their arch enemy, Cupid, will soon march into its dismantled works with flying clolors.

## SUMMARY.

Russia has declared war against Turkey, and we may expect much hard fighting, and a good supply of news for the Papers. Russel Jarvis recently committed a disgraceful outrage upon the private Secretary of the President, in the Capitol. The President has sent a message, and Col. Jarvis has written a letter to Congress on the subject. Congress had better meet like the old Polish Diets, armed; for as things go on there, they will need their arms soon. Gen. Macomb has been appointed Major General of the U. S. Army, in place of the late Gen. Brown, deceased. The Tariff bill has passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of 105 to 94. It is said, the Senate will pass it in its present form. An attempt to limit the session of Congress to the 19th of May, was not sustained, but the constitutional limits, viz: the 4th of March, 1829, must end their discussions. A family of eight persons in Dutchess County, N. Y. arose one day last week, all in a state of mental derangement. A *black* man who has turned *white*, is exhibiting in Charleston, S. C. as an object of curious speculation for naturalists and medical men.

*A most distressing accident* occurred on Wednesday last, at the laying of the corner stone of a Methodist Church in North Bennet street, Boston. A floor had been laid over the cellar, and during the services, a brick pillar, which supported a part of it, gave way, and precipitated about two hundred people, who were upon it, into the cellar: this was fifteen feet deep. Twenty or twenty-five persons were very badly injured, and some of them, it is feared, mortally. Fifty or sixty were slightly injured.—Some had one, and several both legs broken, and the death of one woman and child are already reported.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE TALISMAN.

### TO A SPRING FLOWER.

Whence dost thou come?—It was but yesterday,
And the brown field was clad in cheerless gloom;
And winter lingering hush'd the jocund lay
Of early birds;—and flowers forgot to bloom,
But now 'tis changed,—beauty is in the vale,
And Meadows smile in their grown drapery,
The robin's note is heard, the balmy gale
Bursts the swoln buds on every forest tree.
And yet, what magic touch has wrought this change!
The frost that sear'd thy leaves, and dimm'd thy bloom,
Has melted in the sunbeams; but how strange,
That thou shouldst start to life, and burst thy tomb!
Is it the breathing south wind, that recalls
Thy wasted beauty; or spring's morning beam,
Or song of feather'd choir when evening falls,
Or the wild murmer of the gushing stream?
It is not thus with man.—The wasting form,
And fading blush of beauty may, in vain,
Court the wild breeze. The winter's chilly storm
That freezes life, yields not to spring again.—

——I saw her droop, and like a lovely flower
Nipp'd by untimely frost, she sunk to rest,
And mid December's snows, when tempests lower,
They heap'd the clods above her infant breast.
And spring came back, and o'er her little grave
The breeze of evening sighed, and the wild bird
Did carol o'er it, and the grass did wave
In rich luxuriance—but 'twas all unheard,
The flower I loved to tend—it came no more,
And years have spread oblivion, where 'twas laid
Yet shall it bloom upon a happier shore,
Where an immortal Spring shall never fade.

X.

FROM THE LONDON "WORLD."

### THE DYING BLIND BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

Mother, I am dying now,
Death's cold damps are on my brow!
Leave me not—each pang grows stronger,
Patient watch a little longer.
Sweet it is your voice to hear,
Though dull and heavy grows mine ear:
Wait and take my last adieu,
Never mother lov'd like you!
Though your form I ne'er might see,
Your image was not hid from me—
Stamp'd on my adoring mind,
Beautiful but undefined;
Ever fair, and ever bright,
That vision fill'd me with delight.
Well I knew, what'er might be,
Those oft prais'd forms I could not see;
Might I all their beauty view,
None of them would rival you.
Life to me was sweet and dear,
While I liv'd thy tales to hear,
Told by you on wintry hearth,
All to make your blind boy mirth;
And I lov'd my voice to join
In chorus of those hymns divine,
By which you fondly taught your boy
To look to heaven with hope and joy.
Sun or moon I could not see,
But love measured time for me:
When your kiss my slumber broke,
Then I knew the morn had woke:
And when came the hour to pray,
Then I knew 'twas close of day;
When I heard the loud winds blow,
And I felt the warm fire glow,
Then I knew twas winter wild,
And kept at home—your helpless child!
When the air grew mild and soft,
And the gay lark sang aloft;
And I heard the streamlet flowing,
And I smelt the wild flower blowing,
And the bee did round me hum,
Then I knew the spring was come.
Forth I wandered with delight,
And I knew when days were bright;
When I climb'd the green hill's side,
Fancy trac'd the prospect wide;
And 'twas pleasant when I press'd
The warm and downy turf to rest.
Now I never more shall roam,
The many paths around my home:
And you will often look in vain,
Nor hail your wanderer o'er again;
Never more on tiptoe creep,
Where he lay as if asleep;
Or with a low and plaintive moan,
Humming to himself alone,
On a bed of wild flowers stretch'd,
Starting when a kiss you snatch'd,
Till nature whisper'd 'twas my mother,
And affection gave another!
But 'tis sweeter thus to die,
With my tender mother by,
Than to be in life alone,
When she and every friend were gone.
Mourn not o'er me broken hearted,
Not for long shall we be parted,
Soon in vales which ever bloom,
Which unfading flowers perfume,
In realms of life, of light and joy,
You will meet your poor blind boy!

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Men of genius make the most ductile husbands; a fool has too much opinion of his dear self, and too little of woman, to be easily governed.


## WORCESTER TALISMAN.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 4. MAY 17, 1828. VOL. I.

## ORIGINAL TALE.

### PEQUASSETT.

On the morning succeeding the bloody conflict with the Aborigines, and the conflagration of their fortress by Capt. Church, commonly designated by the appellation of the "swamp fight," one solitary Indian, who had escaped the almost universal destruction, came forth from the ambush to which he had fled for shelter, and was seen slowly and solemnly walking amid the remains of the carnage of the preceding day. The sun had just broken the dim gates of the winter morning, and looked out upon the still smoking embers with a feeble eye. He looked coldly upon that scene—when he saw the mangled and burning remains of a thousand beings, who but two short journeys before, were revelling in supposed security, mingled together, in one unsightly mass. Rivers of blood had flown from hearts beating high in youthful vigor and in aged enjoyment, and lost themselves in the "bowels of the earth." And yet, farther down towards the blaze of the knoll, where the fervid heat of the conflagration had not mingled it with its native waters, the deep piles of crimson snow still retained but too deep a memento of the havoc which they had seen. Pequassett looked mournfully upon the theatre of destruction, where friend and foe, Christian and Indian, countryman and alien, lay slumbering in ashes, undistinguishably blended together. He was sorrowful. It seemed as if the manly spirit which had burned within him had been uprooted by the tempest. His dark brow was covered, the bow had fallen from his sinewy arm, and the quiver had been unstrung and taken from his shoulders. He slowly paced among the relics of the departed, as in search of some hidden treasure. His melancholy demeanor depicted the feelings of his heart. There was a torrent of grief overflowing his bosom, and no longer capable of quelling its troubled waves—he gave loose to them in words. "Pequassett is mournful; the joys which cheered his days have departed. He is alone, like the stricken deer in the forest. But where is she of the Raven Hair? she whose dark eyes were shielded with the silken lash? she whose hands wove the shells of Pequassett's wampum, and dressed the beaver which fell before his arrows?—The maid has departed as the summer dew flies before the burning sun, and the smoke which now rises over the forest, is wafting her home to the Great Spirit. She shall chase the deer no more, nor bring back the barbed arrow to Pequassett's faithful bow. Her nimble fingers shall string the beads no more. She shall not sharpen his arrows nor weave the quills of the quiver and the moccason. But is he still alone?—Where are the tendrils that had sprung from the parent tree? they whose tracks were fleeter than their father's to tire the roe-buck? Where are they who were coming up in strength? whose arms were to be mighty against the Yangees? They too have gone from their father. They shall lie down with the Raven Hair in their long homes. Their feet no more shall press the forest. Their bows shall no longer be drawn with Pequassett's. The rabbit shall not start before them, or feel the might of their little arms. But why are they gone?" The fiery spirit again began to arouse in his bosom. "Have not Pequassett's foes sent to the Great Spirit those who were his life? Have not the Yangees come from the rising sun to destroy his brethren?... But, shall he slumber while the foe is at work? Shall the lion sleep while the tyger is destroying his young? No, the children of Minquesha's son call for revenge. The sinews of this arm shall bring atonement for their blood. The wolf tires before the hound, and the tyger itself sinks exhausted in the chase, but these limbs shall not weaken, nor these feet flee away." He stooped to the ground, and slowly lifting the slight remains of a victim, whose ornaments were like those of her for whom he mourned, he exclaimed, "she has gone, and shall Pequassett go forever unrevenged?" He dropped the scorched arm, and assuming the defying position which is taken when the shrill war-whoop is given, he continued; "No, I swear by the blood of her whose heart was once with this, to dip my feathered arrows in the hearts of the Yangees. Their blood must heal these wounds.—These arrows shall mock the flight of the eagle, and this arm the strength of the Big Bear beyond the waters. Pequassett's life is worthless—a grain of sand mingled with golden dust.—He has no friends to secure, or by whom to be succored, and while the blood of his veins continues to warm him and to give him strength, the foe shall feel

that he is mighty. He shall be a rankling thorn in their side; a wolf among their lambkins." He paused, and searching out a well-strung bow, and replenishing a stately quiver, he hastily swung them across his shoulders, and bounding off this scene of devastation, was quickly lost in the adjacent wilderness.

Soon after the commencement of the campaign the succeeding season, a company of militia were upon the march, to aid in protecting a fortress, towards the south western boundaries of the Massachusetts. Fatigued with the length of their march, and the roughness of their route, they were travelling, carelessly and unguardedly along, unmindful of their situation, and thoughtless of their safety. The sun had passed his meridian; they were passing a dense ravine, when the shrill war-cry resounded through the forest, and a large party of the enemy rushed from ambush, and attacked their rear. All was bustle and perturbation with the English. Many of them, half stupified with the suddenness of their surprise, rushed, they knew not where, and many were killed before the commanders could rally a sufficient number to form any defence against the lawless foe; and even then they composed but a frail front against a much greater number of exasperated savages..... There was a master spirit seen among the tawny foe. Soon after the first onset, his erect and stately form was seen hurrying through the promiscuous ranks of his party. In his strong and muscular arm he brandished a ponderous tomahawk, whose sides glistened like crystal, and high upon his dark-hair'd brow it was shown that the eagle had yielded her plumage to a more destructive being. Bounding forward he rushed into the broken front of his enemy. Death waited at every blow of his hand; carnage and devastation marked his reeking path. He raised not his arm in vain; beneath each stroke a being groaned his last.—It was Pequassett. He was seeking that revenge for which the blood of his kindred had called. In the heat of the action, the Indians were reinforced by a small scouting party, which had followed the trail of the whites. This unexpected addition turned the balance of the battle. After a short fight the whites were overpowered, and the Indians left in possession of the field. But it was a dearly bought victory, for many of the flower of the enemy had fallen. While Pequassett, with his brethren was reconnoitreing upon the field, an Indian at his elbow discovered the lifeless and bloody body of a stately youth, which he recognized. The Indian had loved the youth, and uttered his lament to Pequasset. "He was a glorious child. The vulture spirit was in his bosom; his sinews were like the Leopard's. He never drew his bow in vain. The Yangees have seen his power. His father, slain by them, called for revenge. He obeyed the summons. He has wet his sure arrows in their veins. Like the hawk, he has smeared his talons with blood." The name of "father" called back to our hero's bosom, the feelings which had long lain dormant. He raised the fallen youth, and wiping away the thick blood which smeared his cheeks, he beheld a well-known face. It was his son? his Owcenascow! The dark visage of the stately warrior was disfigured with conflicting emotions. He had the passions, the sensibility of a *man*, and a tender fibre had been touched. He had almost forgotten the image of his offspring, and when brought so suddenly and unexpectedly to view, it recalled all the sorrows and vicisitudes of the past, in freshness to his memory. He stood in silent woe, till the Indian who had discovered to him his son had gone, and then, dropping in silent agony his lifeless load, he too turned away. But a stranger's hand was upon his arm. He looked, and the dark eye of another whose glance had often been a cheerful draught to his bosom in other days was fixed firmly upon his countenance. He saw that his own spirit was in the youth, and that he bore the inherited resemblance of the Raven Hair. Again did his big heart wish to burst, for one whom he deemed had long been suffering with his forefathers stood before him in the full strength of youth, and another endeared spirit had winged its flight beyond the cloud-capped hill. Pequassett found that his blood still run in another's veins, and he was *not* without a friend to succor. When the first deep flood of feeling had subsided, he spoke, but that warrior strength which had filled his bosom, and given him such might against the Yangees, had subsided. "Minquesha's son had lost his friends; he had lost them all. His children were no more, and their mother had gone away. He went to battle to revenge his wrongs. But he has found them for whom vengeance was partly due. While he was revenging the death of his offspring, his offspring were revenging the death of their sire. They believed each other with the Great Spirit. But now, my boy, we will battle no more. Thy dam has ceased to call for revenge. Our thirst is quenched, our hunger is satiated. We will bury the tomahawk, we will smoke the calumet. Owcenascow sleeps, but he has been worthy of his tribe. Then let us hie to our resting place. We will still hunt the deer, and the beaver shall still fall before us, come! away!" They separated from their party, bounded into the thicket, and travelled toward the rising sun.

The sun had reached his meridian the second day succeeding their departure from the battle field. They were walking together through the forest, when the sudden report of a musket rung in their ears, and a ball cut the dark plumes of Pequassett. The person who fired upon them was out from a neighboring fortress attended by some women, gathering roots. He had taken the precaution to discharge his piece in such a manner as to kill them both, if either. But, his attempt proving unsuccessful, the Indians turned;—they drew their deadly bows, and the white man fell. But, not him

alone ! an arrow, as if unsatiated with tasting the blood of one being, passed along and a female fell. The Indians sprang forward and the blood was flowing from one of their tribe. Pequassett gazed a moment and then rushed to grasp the gory body of the Raven Hair ! Silence was around them. No one dared to speak, but the boy ran instinctively to a pool and brought some water to sprinkle the face of his mother, while Pequassett staunched the wounds,applied the healing balsam, and bound them up with leaves. They were not mortal, and the Raven Hair soon revived, to discover her situation. The Indian's cup was now full. He and his faithful son carried their wounded burden until able to walk, towards their place of destination. They went far down the Narragansett, and building a rude hut upon the rocky shore, they dwelt together, until Pequasset joined the spirits of his brethren and slept with the ashes of his father.

CLARENCE.

## SELECTED MISCELLANY.

### THE TRIAL.

REBECCA HARMON (we choose to give her real name, and not that by which she was arraigned) was charged with feloniously stealing "three silver table spoons of the value of nine dollars,and one gold mourning ring with a cyper in hair of the value of ten dollars, of the goods and chattels of one George——, Esquire, in his dwelling house being found, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth and the form of the statute in such case made and provided."

When the voice of the presiding Judge in harsh tones of official formality, which did not proceed from any hardness of heart, directed her to throw back her head-gear, and shew her face to the jary, her trembling and delicate hand hardly was able to take off the faded silk cardinal which had concealed it. This being removed, displayed around an expressive face of small features which settled into a deadly paleness, after the momentary blush of shame had faded away. A profusion of light hair fell in disordered ringlets round her neck and still partially shaded a deep blue eye, from which slowlybut constantly tear after tear-drop silently fell. Her lips and teeth were both of the whitness of marble,and at times there might be traced in her manner an abstraction of thought, an indifference to the matter on trial which gave her more the appearance of a statue from the hand of some celebrated sculptor, than a living being who had at issue even more than her life. A deep red shawl rolled round her neck, concealed her throat and most of her figure, and it was evident that the order to remove her head covering was wholly unexpected ; and that she had calculated on passing through the forms of the trial, without being subjected to the scrutiny of spectators.

When the clerk had read the indictment, he proposed the usual question—Are you Guilty or Not Guilty ? Witn an effort that seemed intended to conquer some great difficulty of giving utterance to words in a place so imposing, she cast her eyes to heaven, and raising up one hand in solemn adjuration she slowly and in a voice thrilling from its clearness,distinctly answered, I am not guilty, so help me God. The action unfolded the shawl and exposed her person as far as the bar in which she stood would permit, until it was almost immediately again hastily wrapped around her, but not until the symmetry of her form had been seen to be of delicate proportion and beauty.

To some this action appeared the natural impulse of a strong consciousness of innocence —but others considered it theatrical and affected, and argued from it the existence of that cunning and artifice which is not unfrequently the evidence of guilt. The trial did not afford much incident. Mrs.——the lady of the prosecutor, testified that the prisoner had been in her family three years as a semstress—during which time she had conducted with perfect prudence, propriety and integrity, that recently she had exhibited appearances of dejection and melancholy ; she had no suspicion however of her intending to leave the family, when one morning it was discovered she had flown—and the spoons were also missed at the same time. The prisoner, as the witness believed, had no money ; her wages having been expended on necessary apparel. The ring had been in the toilet in the chamber to which the prisoner had free access and was placed there the evening before by the witness herself. It was a family ring and from that circumstance very much valued, and was so known to be by the prisoner, who had often before seen it and was acquainted with all the circumstances connected with it.

A young man, clerk to Esquire——was the next witness called. He deposed that when Rebecca's absence was discovered, the spoons which formed part of the usual breakfast service, were missed—that his suspicion immediately fell on the prisoner—that he inquired if any other things were gone, and was told no —that he again particularly inquired and received the same answer—that at the request of the prosecutor he obtained an officer, and followed the prisoner—that he found her at a small house on the road to Providence about nine miles from Boston—that she had with her a work basket which contained some linen and other articles of apparel, and that the spoons and ring were at the bottom of the basket. The testimony of this witness seemed to fix the charge according to the forms of the law. The goods were identified by their owner, and particularly the ring that had not been missed till it was recovered. The stolen property was found in her possession. She gave no account where she got it. She had fled from her residence and without money. These articles were probably intended to pay her expenses on the road. This witness was corroborated by the officer of the law who went with him

and arrested the prisoner at the place mentioned. There was yet something in the manner of this evidence, which made a reluctant way to the conviction of the jury—a kind of lingering suspicion that although the common form of proof had been supplied, something yet remained untold which might present the transaction in a different aspect; or perhaps the pause which ensued at the close of the government's testimony, was the evidence merely of that unwilling effort of the mind which hesitates to decide upon any painful operation as well as to perform it.

Some expectation indeed had been excited from the appearance of a young counsellor as the advocate of the defendant, who had then just commenced his professional career; and of whom the public had formed that favorable prediction which the maturity of his reputation has if possible exceeded.

This gentleman had been called into the cause by the humanity of Mr. Hartshorn the well remembered superintendent of the jail, and a perfect contrast to the common pictures which had been drawn of the hard heartedness and cruelty of similar officials.

Mr. Hartshorn was the only friend of this unfortunate defendant. Her conduct under his care was so different from the common class of felons—there was such a calm resignation, such a shrinking from the company and association of the inmates of the prison, and such utter friendlessness towards her by all the world, that his good feelings triumphed over the habit of apparent severity which was his ordinary seeming. He appropriated to her, at the only request she made, a separate room which soon assumed more neatness than any other apartment in the prison, and he called to her aid the young gentleman who had given promise of his future eminence at the bar.

His efforts however in this respect seemed altogether in vain. With him she would hold no communion. She refused to tell why she had left the mansion of the prosecutor or how the goods came into her possession. Indeed she avoided all explanation and replied to his professional inquiries with a monosyllable or a tear. Something beyond the great calamity which hung over her seemed to weigh down her spirits and absorbed all her melancholy reflections, and the young counsellor after two or three useless interviews declared that if her appearance satisfied him she was innocent, her conduct left no doubt she would be declared to be guilty.

He had however taken his place at the bar, and when the pause which followed the conclusion of the government's testimony was interrupted by a call from the bench for the prisoner's counsel to proceed, the young advocate seemed to be in as great a dilemma as his interesting client. He remarked that he had no testimony to adduce in her behalf, but that with permission of the court he would propose a question or two to the witness last on the stand.

The cross examination established no point favorable to the defendant. There was a moment indeed when the sharp eye of the advocate seemed to flash with a belief that he had found some inconsistency in the story of the witness, who at first said he himself had taken the articles out of the basket, but afterwards that he had seen them taken out by the officer when the basket was handed to him for inspection. Once also it seemed as if the witness faltered on the question how he knew the road she had taken or the house at which she had stopped, and when he answered that he had only traced her by inquiries on the road, a suppressed moan from the prisoner drew upon her the eyes of the jury and the court.

There seemed to be little ground for the young counsellor to stand upon in defence, but he was not wanting in justice to his own reputation, nor in the duty that a richer client might have required at his hands. His address to the jury was one of those brilliant pieces of poetry, which when argument or evidence may be wanting, an ingenious and artful advocate knows so well how to lay before his auditors. The severity of the law, the consequences of the verdict, the excellent good character of the prisoner, the inconsistency and even the folly of the conduct charged upon her, her friendless and forlorn situation formed the principal topics of his speech, while with an address and ingenuity that has been so peculiarly the characteristic of his professional career, he intimated the insufficiency of the evidence to support the inference of her guilt, and seemed to hint without asserting that although no explanation could legally be given of the manner in which the articles were found in her possession, it might be possible they came there by accident or mistake. The cup of Joseph, said he, was of old time found in the sack of Benjamin, and the money of the children of Jacob, every man's money in his sack's mouth; and the orator followed out the idea which his prolific imagination had suggested, by drawing a contrast between the kindness of the father of Benjamin and the unfeeling neglect and forgetfulness of those who ought by nature to have assisted the beautiful and drooping flower that was bending like the rosebud in a storm. Every body was affected but the unhappy object for whom this useless eloquence was exhausted.

The officer of the Commonwealth said but few words in reply. The presiding Judge remarked to the jury that they were to settle a fact and not gratify their humane or charitable feelings, and the verdict was in a few minutes recorded by the clerk that the prisoner was guilty.

The rest of the judicial proceedings were soon finished. Not a whisper was audible in the crowd of the court room while the clerk pronounced the following sentence.

"The court having considered of your offence do order that you be publicly whipped on the naked back, ten stripes, that you pay

to the party injured twelve pounds ten shillings and sixpence, which with the articles restored is treble the amount of the articles stolen, and if the same is not paid in thirty days, that you be disposed of in service to any person whatever for the term of six months, and that you stand committed until sentence be performed."

The prisoner waited a moment. An officer opened the door of the criminals' bar in which she had been placed during the trial, and as he reached out his hand to lead her from the court house she fell senseless on the floor.

Preparation had been made for the infliction of the sentence, when the fortitude of the sufferer failed. The impenetrable silence which she had preserved gave way to the kindly admonitions of the worthy clergyman who had prevailed on her to listen to his instructions; or more probably to the awful apprehension of public exposure. She disclosed circumstances which induced the sheriff on his own responsibility to suspend the execution of the sentence, and finally prevailed on the supreme executive to grant her a free pardon. She had been pronounced guilty, and was pardoned; but she was in truth innocent of the crime. A single word put the excellent superintendant on an inquiry which terminated in the perfect satisfaction of those friends whom Providence raised up for her that she had been wrongfully condemned. She heard her discharge pronounced with less fortitude than her conviction. Her senses had been benumbed with the rudeness of the blow which assailed her, and she bore without being sensible of them, the rapid movements which succeeded it.

She had now awoke to all the horrors of her situation. She had escaped ignominy as a thief, but her character could not be preserved. She had been deceived, ruined and betrayed. She pined for a few months in a melancholy depression of mind which bordered on fatuity, and died in becoming the mother of a lifeless child. A scheme had been contrived by the reckless villain who had been the cause of her misfortune to destroy her credibility, and escape the consequences which in manliness he ought to have assumed.

It was found that his testimony on her trial adhered in letter to the truth, while it accumulated a weight of crime upon himself which ages of repentance could be barely able to remove. Avoiding the disclosure before the trick was developed, he defrauded justice by escaping beyond its jurisdiction.—*B. M. Mag.*

## A SILESIAN TALE.

On a scanty and bold projection of a rock stand the ruins of the Kienast, so separated on all sides from the body of the mountain by precipitous dells, except where a narrow ledge on the south connects it with the hill, that the rising of a single draw-bridge must have rendered it utterly inaccessible. Enough of the outer wall still remains, to preserve the memory of the fair Cunigunda, equally celebrated for her charms and her cruelty. She was the daughter and heiress of the lord of the Kienast, and the most blooming of Silesian beauties. Her wealth and charms attracted crowds of knightly wooers to her father's castle; but the maiden, like another Camilla, was entirely devoted to the boisterous exercise of the chase, in which she excelled many of her suitors; she would listen to no tale of love, and dreaded marriage as she did a prison. At length to free herself from all importunities, she made a solemn vow, never to give her hand but to the knight who should ride round the castle on the outer wall. Now, this wall is not only too narrow to furnish a secure or pleasing promenade in any circumstances, but, throughout nearly its whole course, it runs along the very brink of hideous precipices, and, in one place, hangs over a frightful abyss, which till this day, bears the name of hell. The number of the lady's lovers rapidly diminished. The more prudent wisely considered, that the prize was not worth the risk; the vain proposed themselves to the trial, in the hope that their presence would mollify Cunigunda's heart, and procure a dispensation from the hard condition; but the mountain-beauty was proof against all arts, and, when the moment of danger came, the courage of the suitor generally gave way. History has not recorded the precise number of those who actually made the attempt; it is only certain that every one of them broke his neck, (as he well deserved;) and the lady lived on in her wild and virgin independence. At length, a young and handsome knight appeared at the castle gate, and requested to be admitted to the presence of its mistress, that he might try his fortune. Cunigunda received him, and her hour was come; his manly beauty, the courtesy of his behaviour, and his noble spirit, made her repent, for the first time, of the price which she had set upon her hand. Having received, in presence of the inmates of the castle, her promise to become his bride, if he should return in safety from the trial, he rode forth to

the wall, accompanied by the tears and wishes of the repentant beauty. In a short time, a shout from the menials announced that the adventure had been achieved; and Cunigunda, exulting that she was conquered, hastened into the court, which the triumphant knight was just entering, to meet his ardent caresses. But the knight stood aloof, gloomy and severe. "I can claim you," said he; "but I am come, and I have risked my life, not to win your hand, but to humble your pride, and punish your barbarity"—and thereupon he read her a harsh lecture on the cruelty and arrogance of her conduct towards her suitors. The spirit of chivalry weeps at recording, that he finished his oration by giving the astonished beauty a box on the ear, sprung into his saddle, and gallopped forth from the gate. It was the Landgrave Albert of Thuringia, already a married man and who had long trained his favorite steed to this perilous exercise.—*Russell's Travels.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

The following sketch of the life and adventures of Crichton, may appear fabulous to those readers who are not familiar with his history, or the sources of our information. He blazed like a meteor for an hour, but was eclipsed too early to shed any lasting light on the world, and his history is read as a matter of wonder and astonishment, rather than useful information or improvement. He received in his own day the epithet of "*Admirable*," and posterity have never been disposed to deny his just claim to that distinction.

James Crichton was born in the County of Perth, in Scotland, in August, 1560, and boasted that he was sprung from the race of Scottish Kings. He had scarcely arrived at the age of twenty years, before he had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and could speak and write, to perfection, in the different languages. He had also become highly improved in riding, dancing, singing and in all kinds of instrumental music. Thus accomplished, he went to Paris, where he caused placards to be fixed upon the gates of the University, inviting all who were skilled in any art or science to dispute with him in the College of Navarre, that day six weeks, in any of twelve languages (naming them) and this either in verse or prose. In the mean time, he employed his time in field and military sports, or in balls and musical parties, or cards and other games. The disputation took place, and continued from nine in the morning till six in the evening, in which, in the language of his biographer, "he acquitted himself beyond expression," and received a diamond ring and purse of gold from the president and professors. The next day he engaged in a tilting match and won the prize fifteen times in succession. From Paris he went to Rome, where he gave a similar exhibition of his wonderful powers of mind. From Rome he went to Venice, where he received the thanks of the Doge and Senate for a speech of surprising eloquence which became the theme of admiration in the whole city. From thence he went to the University of Padua, then in great reputation. A meeting of all the learned men in the city was held, and Crichton opened it with an extempore poem, after which he disputed six hours with the most learned of the professors, and closed with an extempore oration in praise of ignorance. He here also continued a dispute upon scientific subjects for three days without fatigue, and won immense applause from crowded assemblies. From Padua he went to Mantua, where there happened then to be a famous gladiator, who had foiled the best fencers in Europe, and lately killed three eminent fencers in Mantua. Crichton offered to fight him for 1500 pistoles, and to drive him out of Italy. The Court attended the performance. Crichton at first stood upon the defensive, but soon pushing his antagonist with vigor, he ran him through the body in three places. He bestowed the prize, he had thus won, upon the widows of the three men who had been slain by the gladiator. He became tutor to the Duke's son who was of a dissolute habit of life.—While thus engaged, he wrote a comedy of great merit in the representation of which he performed fifteen parts, and in such a manner that in every instance he appeared to be a different person.

During the Carnival in Mantua, he was attacked one night in the street by six persons in masks, all of whom he repelled, and disarmed their leader who begged his life and informed him that he was the Prince, his pupil. Crichton begged pardon of the prince, and presented him with his own sword, which he took, and thus disarming Crichton, he ran him through the heart. The cause of this murder was never known. He was killed in the twenty second year of his age. From the portraits which remain of him, he appears to have been beautiful and elegant in face and form: his body and limbs though not muscular and athletic, were well proportioned and fitted for feats of agility.

## VARIETY.

The influence of affection and propensity on opinion and belief is finally illustrated by the following story. A fine lady and a curate were viewing the moon through a telescope. I perceive, said the lady, two shadows inclining to each other; they are certainly two happy lovers. Not at all, replies the curate, they are two steeples of a Cathedral.—*Kasmes.*

ARTFUL QUESTION.—Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The King who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges too sire?" Louis penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was of gold.

DANCING.—When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the ship Centurion gave a ball. While they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the company, "why don't you let your servants do this?"

WHITEFIELD.—Dr. Franklin, in his memoirs, bears witness to the extraordinary effect which was produced by Mr. Whitefield's preaching in America; and relates an anecdote equally characteristic of the preacher and of himself. "I happened," says the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home; towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "at any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

Some years ago, when the famous Dr. Leib was figuring in political life, prejudices were strong, and party feeling ran high—application was made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania to incorporate a "Life Insurance Company" for the term of fifty years. A zealous member rose and addressed Mr. Speaker with "Sir, I dont't like this bill, and I shan't vote for it. The petitioners have asked to be incorporated to insure lives for fifty years, and what will be the consequence of granting their prayer? why, the first thing you'll know that devil of a Dr. Leib, will get his life insured for the whole time, and we shall have him tormenting us for a half a century to come."

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1828.

So little of interest has occurred since our last that we have preferred occupying the space usually allotted to a summary of events, with miscellaneous matter selected from works of a popular character, rather than with any speculations of our own. Had we been inclined to annoy our readers with politics, the contest for the next Presidential election would furnish a constant supply of inflamatory materials. But as we disclaim any such intentions, we presume our readers will be pleased with the substitute we have made.

## MORAL SENTIMENTS.

To insinuate a thing prejudicial to another, which we are not willing openly to avow, is a kind of mental assassination.

He is a brave man who dares to meet himself alone in the open field, to examine his heart, uninfluenced by the world.

The love of money is an opiate, that often lulls conscience asleep, and binds the judgment in chains.

They who are the least apt to offend, are the most ready to forgive.

In religious disquisitions, the tongue does not always represent the mind.

A man without discretion is like a ship without a helm.

## Married,

In Lancaster, Mr. Joel Wilder, jun, to Miss Deborah H. Whitman.

In Oxford, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Maynard, Mr. Charles J. Westcott, of Cranston, R. I. to Miss Melina Stone, of the former place.

In New Braintree, on the 5th inst. by Rev. John Fiske, Mr. George Merriam, of Brookfield, to Miss Abigail Little, of New Braintree; Mr. Augustus Makepiece, of Brookfield, to Miss Nancy M. Gleason, of New Braintree; Mr. Charles Wetherbee, of Brookfield, to Miss Abigail H. Bartlett, of New Braintree; Mr. James Joslyn, to Miss Francis Pierce, both of New Braintree.

In North Brookfield, by Rev. Thomas Snell, Mr. John Weston of New Braintree, to Miss Adaline Tidd of North Brookfield.

## Died,

In this town, on the 28th ult. Mrs. Dolly Chadwick, wife of Mr. Isaac Chadwick, aged 61.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 22d ult. Ephraim Wilder Fairbanks, of Oakham, aged 24.

In Grafton, on the 1st inst. Mrs. Lucy Wheeler, wife of Martin Wheeler, aged 31.

## POETRY.

### A MOTHER'S GIFT.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember; twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd died to save.

The mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son,
*And* from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one.
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy,

And bade him keep the gift,—that when
That parting hour would come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she had loved him best.

A Parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing:
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—Remember, boy!

### THE SKY-LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee.

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

### DRUIDICAL CHORUS

*On the landing of the Romans.*
From the "Welsh Melodies," by Mrs. Hemans.

By the dread and viewless powers,
Whom the storms and seas obey,
From the dark Isle's mystic bowers
Romans! o'er the deep away.
Think ye 'tis but nature's gloom,
O'er our shadowy coast, that broods?
By the altar and the tomb,
Shun these haunted solitudes.
Know ye Mona's awful spell?
She the rolling orbs can stay,
She the mighty grave compels
Back to yield its fetter'd prey.
Fear ye not the lightning's stroke?
Mark ye not the fiery sky?
Hence, around our central rock
Gods are gathering, Romans fly.

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A Terrible Disease.—" 'How do you do, Jack?—What ails you man?" inquired a friend of Banister. 'Oh? my dear fellow I have got a terrible billious disorder.' 'Indeed? I did not know before that you were subject to the bile.' 'Bile? oh no, but I am so to a heap of *bills* which I can't pay, and if this be no *billious* disorder, pray what is?' "

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DORR & HOWLAND.



## WORCESTER TALISMAN.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 5. MAY 31, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

### THE STRANGE COMBAT.

It was during the last war of this country with Great Britain, that circumstances led me to be a passenger on board of one of our large merchantmen, in which I had embarked what little property I possessed; our seas were at that time covered with small privateers belonging to both belligerents, who did more mischief to the commerce of both nations, than the several public armed vessels of either.—They almost invariably eluded the pursuit of the large frigates and ships of the line, by hauling sharp on the wind, when they discovered an enemy; and their peculiar schooner-rig, and being built expressly for sailing, would give them a distinct advantage over their square sailed enemies, in beating to windward. Again their lighter draught of water, when near the shore would frequently enable them to run so close in, that they could not be attacked unless in boats; and every one who has ever read the account of that attack upon the privateer Neufchattel, by the boats of the Endymion (I believe) which engagement happened near Nantucket, will easily see how little force it requires to beat off boats, or sink them previous to boarding. Be these things as they may, I return to my story. We had been sailing for two days with a good breeze, though now and then it would lull, and then we sagged heavily along through a fog, almost as dense as the waters which bore us.

We were not far from our port, and our captain was willing to crowd sail night and day, as the risk of capture was superior to that of shipwreck, or disaster from a crippling of our spars. Our ship was of about 400 tons, heavily laden and not a swift sailor. Her captain was a man of shrewd judgment, of inflexibility of purpose, and rather given to taciturnity.—He was of a slight figure, gentlemanly to his equals, decided and prompt to those under him in his orders, and in exaction of their fulfilment. His keen dark eyes, and naval officer gait, showed a kind of courage, which one would call daring, if they had watched his countenance on particular occasions. Yet at other times, he seemed rather to be the careful mariner who would reef for safety, when safety apparently did not require it. He was one of those kind of men, who seemed to be inclined to bend the purposes of others to his own, while they were kept in ignorance of his views. I have seen him fix his eagle eye upon a sailor, and require of him to look him steadily in the face for five minutes, and then dismiss him without a comment or a reason for so doing: but I would bet my life almost that he had one.

After skimming through the mist for two days, (of which I have spoken) I happened to be on the deck with Capt.—I was in conversation with him, as to the probability of reaching our port free form the enemies cruisers.—He replied with his usual brevity 'the fog and carrying sail, alone will save us; I am a made man if we escape; if not, I am ruined.' He said this in the same tone of voice that he would have a common order—he looked up and said, sternly, there is a fog eater—at this moment the sun seemed to flash upon our deck and the fog rose from the sea like the hoisting of a curtain at the Theatre,—a smart breeze took us back, and before an order was given, we saw directly under our lee, a little black looking, sharp built, tall rigged, port bearing schooner, whose decks were crowded with men,—'I know her,' ejaculated our captain: the next thing, there came a ball dancing across our bows in imitation of a distracted porpoise. Our captain took the helm from a sailor, and gave orders to lay to.—Another shot came within a few feet of the captain's head, and passed through the main-sail, which he seemed to regard as little as he would the flapping of the wing of a sea-gull. But his countenance grew dark and terrific—he had not a gun on board. The privateer braced sharp on the wind, and at the second tack came within musket shot; a boat came on board and we were ordered under the pigmey's lee, in the style of an admiral in the British Navy. In the mean time the wind had freshened, and the captain had privately given orders to have every sail in readiness for instant setting. The boat left us, and we bore down apparently for the purpose of fulfilling the command which had been given us. To secure and pack my papers was but the work of a moment, for an anticipation of the event of capture had placed me on my guard in this particular. When I returned on deck, we were almost within hail of the stranger, under a flowing sail;—which, in order to bring us to a proper luff un-

der the lee of the privateer, would seemingly require to be immediately taken in. The captain was still at the helm, and he was intent, apparently, upon coming as near the stern of the opposite vessel as was possible, though at times he seemed to grasp the whole of the little privateer at a glance; his brow was knit, and the veins on his forehead seemed to be swollen—he heeded nothing around him. At this moment he gave the word 'square away,' which brought our bows on the centre of the vessel of our enemy—'luff' said its captain; at the same moment, the flash of a gun and its ball were both seen and heard from the port holes of our antagonist—it raked us 'fore and aft,' cutting every thing before it; another moment, the bow of our heavy vessel struck the quarter of the privateer with a tremendous crash—another moment and she passed over her, and nothing was to be seen of our capturer but a few floating barrels, some spars, and human beings who had escaped for a few moments the yawning deep. Never shall I forget the cry which came from that vessel, as our own was passing over it: it was allied to nothing human; it was of such shrill distress, that a maniac's imagination alone could grasp its dreadfulness. Our vessel was immediately laid too, and our boat was out to pick up such as survived. Our captain gave the helm to the mate, and went to the bows to ascertain our own damage, which was found not to be excessively severe; though our bowsprit, figure head and cut water, were carried away, and a leak was sprung but yet not such an one as would be of serious inconvenience.—Among those who were so strangely precipitated into the caverns of the sea, one alone was found alive who had risen to its surface.—It was the captain; he was the commander of the privateer, of six guns and fifty men, in the British employ. When taken up he was insensible, and remained so for a long period; after a while, when he found himself in a strange vessel, all seemed to be as a dream to him.

On a recovery from his trance, and when the facts flowed like a dark flood upon his memory, he seemed to recollect the consequences of his adventure with our clumsy merchantman. He stated that he was leaning upon the taffarel, when our vessel struck his privateer, and that when he ordered the gun to be fired, as we came suspiciously near, it was his first intimation of the intention of our commander. Still he declared it to have been a dastardly act, that previous to our understanding whether he was friend or foe, and when, from the act of our pretending to obey his order, he might have presumed there was no treachery intended him; for us, without moving, without even a hint of resistance, to bear directly upon his smaller craft, and by the weight of our ship and not by the bravery of our sailors, to sink as fine a crew as ever manned a privateer's deck—to send, not in open contest, but by assassin, and viper-like guile, to the mercy of the deep, and of God, so many unprepared souls, was an act unworthy of a mortal. He even regretted that he was left alone to mourn over them. He insisted that their ghosts would haunt him in sleep—and he prayed that the thunders of eternal vengeance might visit the head of its infamous projector. He described the terrific shrieks of those who went down with him—the rattle in the throats of the drowning—the crush which laid open his favorite vessel's side, even below her water mark—and yelled out anathema's upon its heartless author.

Our captain had been standing a little distance from the birth of his foe, but now walked up and placed his keen dark eye upon him, and asked, 'do you not know me?' He replied, 'I must have seen you before, I know not where.' There was one of those pauses like lulls in a gale at sea. 'Your privateer was stationed at Gibraltar, by the name of ——, in February 1812, was it not?' A groan succeeded, from the shaking auditor. 'I know you and your vessel then—you spoke wrongfully of my sister—Henry struck you and you stabbed him with your dirk—he recovered, and he challenged you—you fought and killed him—I was on the battle ground—you afterwards and there, repeated exultingly your charge, when he was a corpse—I then challenged you and you sneaked off to your ship and did not meet me—I knew your vessel, for its form was graven on my brain—I have rewarded your treachery, and when we reach our port and you cease to be my guest, I will give you an opportunity of righting yourself from this charge, viz: *You were an American, fostered by our family, have turned traitor to your country, aspersed a female who rejected your suit, are a murderer of her brother, a villain whose only absence from meanness is a passing show of courage.* The first thing you have to do, sir, when you land, is to meet me in what is termed an honorable way, and that too sir, before our sails are taken from the yards. This cabin is yours and the steward will do your biddings until then.'

We sailed on heavily without falling in with another vessel for some days. The moon came up one night in remarkable splendor, and as I was leaning over the bulwarks, I saw the captain of the privateer come from the gangway, and as the moonbeam fell on his countenance, I observed it was peculiarly wild and sad. I endeavored to engage him in conversation—in reply to some question, he observed, 'I have been a black hearted villain.' Sharks were playing around us as if revelling in the flood of the lunar ray. I passed from him to our captain, who seemed lost in deep and bitter contemplation—the very sound of my voice seemed to startle him—before I had uttered a sentence, we heard a splash in the water and saw distinctly our former foe on the sea—he raised his hand as if bidding us farewell, when a shark of uncommon size turned on his back and with one snap of his e-

normous jaws, divided in two distinct parts, the unhappy sufferer. A tinge of red on the waters, as our ship glided past, was all that was seen of the lost commander, and thus perished the sole survivor of one of those pests of the ocean, called a privateer. In a few days we reached our port; but since our arrival, and even to the present hour, I cannot forget the going down of the privateer, over which our vessel boomed as if but a floating stick of timber was in its path. That death shriek will visit me in dreams, and scare sleep from the 'still watches of the night.' ICHABOD.

*Bachelors' Journal.*

## AN ADVENTURE.

'What mighty contests rise from trivial things.'

During the year 182– I set out in the steam boat F——for Louisville, the boat at that time was considered the finest on the river; the number of passengers was great and were for the most part acquaintances. There was one, however, who had the appearance of being a stranger, not only to the passengers, but also to the country; his questions concerning which and its inhabitants were numerous; nearly all that were interrogated, took delight in answering his questions, and imparting to him such information respecting the country as they had gained from books or experience, and yet there were a few, (who although addressed by him in a very polite manner,) would pay, or appear to pay no regard to what he said. This singular conduct proceeding from no apparent cause, was noticed by more than myself. This gentleman, for a gentleman he appeared to be in every particular, was addressed by the captain as Mr. Bertrand; he was intelligent, agreeable in conversation and possessed of much politeness. We all anticipated a pleasant voyage, every moment some view was presented to the eye, capable of raising in the mind the liveliest and most sublime emotions. So much has been said already respecting the scenery of the Mississippi, and its beauties, that for me to expatiate on the subject would be superfluous. Yet nothing could be more delightful: at one time the river gliding on gently within its banks, the next moment, overflowing the country as far as the eye could extend, had indeed a pleasing effect: here often might be seen, the smoke gradually curling around the summit of loftiest trees, indicating that a steam boat was approaching, which perhaps at the bend of the river would burst on our view. We enjoyed ourselves exceedingly; for our feelings were in unison with the scenes around us, and something remarkable it is, that in so gay a company during the thirteen days we were upon the waters of the Mississippi, a *card table* had not been spread. This trip, which was antcipated by all as a pleasant one, was however, interrupted by an event of the most disagreeable nature.

On the fourteenth day of our passage, as we were about rising from dinner, some person observed that a steam boat was about passing us, having on board an unusual number of passengers. All of us excited by curiosity, left with one accord our seats, and were hurrying out of the cabin, in order to have a view of the passing boat; nor was Mr. Bertrand's curiosity less excited than ours. In making his way out, he accidentally trod upon the foot of one of the gentlemen immediately behind him; turning around he begged his pardon, assuring him at the same time, that it was altogether unintentional. The gentleman replied 'that he knew it was an accident.' —Nothing more that day was said concerning the transaction, nor did any one who was a witness of it, imagine, that any thing more would be thought of concerning it. This, however, was not the case; for on the following morning the gentleman who met with the accident, was seen to call Mr. Bertrand aside and address him in the following abrupt manner: 'Sir, during the past day, I have received from you an *insult* and it is my desire that you make me some raparation.' Mr. Bertrand at this speech expressed his surprise on account of not remembering at that moment, the trivial circumstance that had occurred during the past day. Upon recollecting it he replied, that for a circumstance of so trifling a nature, and an *accident*, he thought he had made sufficient apology, but that if he was not satisfied, he was willing to make him further reparation in any manner he might desire.'—'Well sir, you will meet me at the steam boat's first landing, upon the bank from which

we will not depart till one of us falls!" 'No sir,' replied Mr. Bertrand, 'duelling is a practice which I am much averse to from principle, and therefore cannot meet you on these terms—' But' interrupted the other 'you have said that you would give me satisfaction in any manner that I might desire, consequently, by the laws of honor, your obligation is binding. 'As I have heedlessly promised you that I would give you satisfaction in any manner you may desire, rather than be guilty of the charge of cowardice, or aught that might have a tendency to place a stigma upon my character, which heretofore (thank God) I have sustained unblemished, I will at the time specified meet you; not with the intention of injuring you, unless you cause my blood to flow—but be assured, if you spill one drop of my blood, if life enough is left in me to raise my weapon, you will certainly receive its contents,' upon which they separated. To be brief, it was not long before the steam boat stopped at a landing. The two gentlemen retired to a small grove whither they were followed by several others. The distance was measured—the gentleman took their assigned places. 'Now sir,' said Mr. Bertrand, 'when you are ready, fire—bearing in mind what I have already told you. His adversary, after having taken deliberate aim, fired.—As yet Mr. Bertrand remained untouched; 'are you now satisfied sir?' said Mr. Bertrand, 'if not you are at liberty to try it again; upon which another pistol being handed him, he received it and as before fired. The contents of his pistol passed through Mr. Bertrand's hand. It was loaded a third time, when, Mr. Bertrand addresed himself to the spectators.—' You see gentlemen, that I have done every thing in my power to prevent this affair terminating seriously, but to no effect, and pointing his pistol he said to his antagonist: 'Sir, the last words which I addressed you on board the boat, from which you came, (never to return) are about to be realized! He fired——his adversary fell! words are inadequate to describe the ensuing scene.—Mr. Bertrand was seen to shed tears; his adversary's body, (contrary to the entreaties of his friends, who were the instigators of this unfortunate affair) was interred in the spot upon which he fell.

The next morning we reached our destined port; never was any thing more desired by me. As a steam boat was about leaving the wharf for Cincinnatti, Mr. Bertrand had his trunk put on board and continued his voyage; though I requested him to write me, I have never heard from him since. M.

*Bower of Taste.*

## MISCELLANY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### FEMALE EDUCATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the self-love which pervades every man's breast, and which, in his own estimation, entitles him to the assuming appallation of lord of the creation; yet he willingly submits to woman's gentle authority, and, in view of her physical and intellectual excellence, acknowledges in her a superior. He considers her the noblest, and the most precious work of the Creator, loaned to man, to rejoice his heart in prosperity, to soothe him in adversity, and to scatter flowers in his thorny path—even to the grave.

If woman, then, is the fairest object of animated nature, why is the cultivation of her mind so much neglected? Is excellence in corporeal beauty of more consequence than the refinement of the intellect? Are personal charms of longer duration than a mind replete with knowledge, possessing all the elegance of a delicate taste and cultivated genius? Let reason answer these questions, and female education would assume a different aspect: It would evince to the world that woman possesses other, and far more durable, charms, than that *outside-show*, which first attracts the eye, and which, alone, can retain the respect, only of the vulgar. It would enable her to display those solid acquirements, those high and lofty flights of thought, which, with less advantages would have lain dormant, or been left to "blush unseen."

Mankind in general have a mistaken idea in regard to female talents. It is a maxim too prevalent among men, that the inferiority of female genius renders that sex unfit for any thing but servitude. But, if, in the higher circles, or among the more fashionable, woman is instructed in those superficial branches, which serve only to enhance the external appearance, if not to dissipate the mind, and disqualify it for intense application to more scholastic studies, yet, among those who acknowledge her worth, and who revere those sublime powers of mind, which, by nature are as bountifully conferred on her, as on man, she is not only instructed in the ornamental branches, but in all those parts of classical and scientific knowledge, which tend to enlarge the understanding,

to elevate the mind, and to bring to maturity all the inherent capacities of the soul.

No nation or community can ever experience domestic happiness, till they feel and acknowledge the elevation of female talents, and consequently bestow on that sex their own just share of education. What though, in our Republic, woman does not take an active part in the management of its political affairs; does it follow that she must be entirely excluded from the halls of literature? Must she who is the "masterpiece of nature," the fairest, the loveliest, and the most amiable of all her works, be denied the advantages which our sex enjoy, for the improvement of the greatest of all her gifts, the mind? Must she, who has the power of permanently instilling into the youthful mind, principles of vice or virtue, be left to bury her fine talents uncultivated, and be left on an equal standing with the savage of the wilderness? If we consider woman a mere secondary object, we may, indeed, pursue this course, in some measure, in regard to her education. But if we allow her that exalted station for which she was designed by nature, we must permit her to learn something besides dancing and dressing the toilet. We must extend to her all the advantages, and all the opportunities for obtaining a complete education, which we enjoy. This being done, we shall see females with as exalted and comprehensive minds as *proud man* boasts of possessing: with capacities as able to discover the beauties, and elucidate the mysteries of classic geniuses, as any of that train of literati, who have shone so conspicuously in the literary world, and have charmed, instructed, and astonished mankind with their wonderful productions, and enrolled their names on the deathless annals of fame.

When solid learning is substituted for that countless train of fashionable accomplishments which now constitutes so large a portion of female education, then will woman be to us what she was intended by her Creator—a helpmate instead of a servant. Then will our firesides be cheered with the smiles of the enlightened fair. Then, and not till then, shall we know and experience that true national and domestic felicity, which no nation, or individual can possess but in the circle of female refinement. L***

## LITERARY.

BACHELORS' JOURNAL.—The first number of this periodical, published at Boston, has been received. The manner and matter are both handsomely executed, but their object is abominable. It cannot succeed; as well might they attempt to rival the brilliancy of an Italian sunset, the arched elegance of the rainbow, the fresh odor and beauty of the rose, or the purity of the untrodden snow, as to engage in the preposterous project of decrying an eye, "as when the blue sky trembles through a cloud of purest white," with its beuteous brow; or a lip, which rivals Hybla's bees in sweetness, carries not their sting. Nor can they become such anchorites, or so divest themselves of the feelings of nature, as to view the alabaster, swan-like neck of female innocence, without heaving a sigh for professions too hastily made, and resolutions too carelessly adopted. We will wager, that in less than a year, all the present conductors of that paper are Benedicts—married men. Women cannot be too closely scrutinized; like a tender and delicate flower, her beauties develope themselves only by a minute inspection. They have assumed this task, and have imposed this duty upon themselves, and its performance will have the effect to open their eyes to error, and bring conviction to their awakened senses. What does a bachelor know of happiness? poor devil! his greatest range consists in a segar, his sling, and toasting his feet befor a fire, as dull and cheerless as his own situation in life. Let him compare these with the comforts, the pleasures, the felicities of domestic enjoyment, and how "dull, flat, stale and unprofitable" will seem all the uses of that life. Their sophistical arguments cannot persuade, their spacious advice is not strengthened by their private practice, and we feel bold in making the broad assertion, that not one of all this unholy anti-matrimonial alliance can place his hand where his heart ought to be, and say "I do not love."—They all admire some pretty girl under the rose, but habit, a dread of ridicule and expectation of censure from those as foolish as themselves, induce them to deny it.

No one stands less chance of having the crime of perjury registered against him in Love's Calendar, than what is technically termed an old bachelor. He has been *before* his vow, a thing of art, an article compounded of vanity, hypocrisy and bad feeling—then a new light breaks in upon his astonished senses—he lives in a new world, breathes a new air, inhales a new and invigorating draught from the purest sources of delight, he becomes regenerated—in fine a married man. We think it is for our youthful community to protest against the views exhibited in the Bachelor's Journal; and if its conductors will allow it, fight them on their own ground. Let its colums be opened *pro et con*, and if the battery of female wit (for we are to presume the sex are all opposed to its principles) does not silence the obstreperous pop-guns and squibs of the Journal in less time than the twinkling of an eye, then there is no virtue in what we would advocate.—There is one little fort which has a plentiful supply of cannister grape and hot shot, which will afford protection to Boston, the seat of war. It has a *Hale* conductor, and possesses an elevated command. Its principal officers are those who will be willing, in defence of the "Rights of Women," to shed the last drop of—ink, and whose hearts beat as firmly as any He in

Christendom. Pens of Sigourney, Sedgwick and Muzzy, exert yourselves, and "good Mistress Anne Royal" execrate them in the next edition of the Black Book. The impending cloud which now hangs over the European world is not more portentous than that which will soon burst upon the devoted Journal, and we hope for the sake of consistency they will withstand the contest fearlessly and bravely.

*New York Enquirer.*

## VARIETY.

A PARSON AND A POOR LABOURER.—While a parson was standing at his door, smoking his pipe, in a country village, he was accosted by a poor labouring man. The parson told him he made it a rule not to encourage idleness; but if the man would get into his garden and root up the weeds, he would pay him for it. "That's all I wish," said the poor fellow.—"Well, then, come along with me, and I'll shew you what's to be done." When they were in, the Rev. Gentleman agreed to give the man a shilling for his trouble: however, after the job was done, he thought that sixpence had been enough for the time the labourer had been employed. The poor man being half starved, and wishing to get himself some bread, finding the other would give him no more, agreed to take the sixpence, on condition the Rev. Gentleman would teach him the Lord's prayer, which he consented to do, beginning "Our Father—"What," said the labourer, "both our Fathers?" "Yes, yes; come, say after me"—"Our Father"—when he again asked, "What! *your* Father and *mine* to?" "To be sure," replied the parson. "Well then," said the labourer, "you must be a confounded rouge to cheat your *brother* of a sixpence.

A young gentleman famed for his taste for literature, having some leisure hours, offered his services, '*pour passer letemps*,' to a friend, who kept an English goods store, in Portland. All the young ladies who were not acquainted with him, were (of course) anxious to get a peep at the poet. One fine morning, a fair trio had advanced as far as the shop window, when one suddenly exclaimed—'what *shall* we ask for? do think of something!'—'Ask for pink kid gloves,' said a face looking forth amid the streamers of ribbons and muslin, we have none of those.'

THE DEVIL IN THE TEA.—Friday evening a female purchased a quarter of a pound of tea at the shop of Mr. Carter, on Gabriel's hill, Maidstone. The tea was tied up, paid for, and deposited in the good woman's pocket and away she trudged. She had not gone many steps before she felt the tea move. She fancied that this might be occasioned by her having touched some external object. On she jogged, and every step she took, the tea renewed the jumping fit. At last, when she had reached the shop of Mr. Smith, the chemist, she became alarmed, and began to fancy, the old gentleman," was playing her a trick, or that the tea dealer had put something alive in her pocket. She was afraid to put her hand in her pocket, but ran back to the shop in a state of great agitation, scarcely able to articulate "*tea!—Devil!—alive!*"—On being more composed, and relating the cause of her alarm, it turned out that the person who tied up the tea "*had forgot to cut the string*," and she had been walking down the hill with the tea dealer's twine unrolling itself as she went.

*Curious law case.*—The Court of appeals in Boxdeaux is agitated by a suit of an extraordinary character. A young fellow not long since presented himself to an old burgess of that city, who has a snug estate and no heirs apparent, and claimed to be the old gentleman's son Robert—long before supposed to be dead. The old gentleman put on his specs, and examined him from head to foot; but probably not liking his looks, or suspecting that he was one of those men not born to be drowned and who are not over-creditable as connexions, came to a negative conclusion, and dismissed him. The youngster grew warm—the senior ordered him out of doors—he refused to vanish into thin air and the old gentleman handed him over to the police.—He immediately fee'd a professional adviser, and commenced proceedings to make himself the old gentleman's son, whether the old gentleman will or no. What will be the issue, is yet unknown.

HOW TO PAY FOR A FARM.—A man in the town of D—some twenty years ago went to a merchant in Portsmouth, N. H. who was also president of a bank, and stated that he lived on a farm, the home of his fathers, which had descended to him by right of inheritance: that this his only property worth two thousand dollars was mortgaged for one thousand, to a merciless creditor, and that the time of redemption would be out in a week. He closed by asking for a loan to the amount of his debt, for which he offered to re-mortgage his farm.

*Mer.*—I have no money to spare; and if I could relieve you now, a similar difficulty would probably arise in a year or two.

*Far.*—No: I would make every exertion, I think I could clear it.

*Mer.*—Well, if you will obey my directions I can put you in a way to get the money; but it will require the greatest prudence and resolution. If you can get a good endorser on a note, you shall have money from the bank, and you can mortgage your farm to the endorser, for his security. You must pay in one

hundred dollars every sixty days. Can you do it?

*Far.*—I can get Mr.—for endorser, and I can raise the hundred dollars for every payment but the first.

*Mer.*—Then borrow a hundred dollars more than you want, and let it lie in the bank: you will loose only one dollar interest. But mind—in order to get along, you must spend nothing—buy nothing: make a box to hold all the money you get, as a sacred deposit.

He departed. The note was discounted and the payment punctually made. In something more than two years he came again into the store of the merchant and exclaimed, "*I am a free man*—I don't owe any man ten dollars—but look at me."—He was embrowned with labor, and his clothes, from head to foot, were a tissue of darns and patches. "My wife looks worse than I do." "So you have cleared your farm," said the merchant.—"Yes," answered he, "and now *I know how to get another.*"

Thus, good advice, well improved, rescued a family from poverty, and put them in possession of a competency, which we believe they yet live to enjoy. Thus may any one retrieve a falling fortune, if he will. And by using the same amount of self denial, and making as great exertions to the way to heaven, we may secure an "inheritance incorruptable, undefiled that fadeth not away"

*Advocate.*

## SUMMARY.

FIRE IN NEW YORK.—The Bowery Theatre was entirely consumed on Monday evening last. The fire originated in a Livery Stable near the Theatre, and is supposed to have been set on fire by design—the alarm was given about half past 6 o'clock, just before the play was to have commenced. $60,000 is said to be insured on the Theatre.

THE LEGENDARY.—The first number, or rather volume, of this work, is just published by Mr. S. G. Goodrich, Boston. A few copies for sale by Dorr & Howland, *Worcester.*

NEW POST ROUTE.—A mail route has been recently established between Boston and Holden. It passes through the village of Feltonsville in the north part of Marlboro', where Silas Felton is post Master, Berlin, Jonathan D. Merriam, Post Master, Boylston, Eli B. Lampson, Post Master, and West Boylston to Holden.

Mrs. WARE has offered, for the best Tale which may be presented for the "Bower of Taste," on or before the 15th of June, a volume of approved American Poetry, splendidly bound and lettered with the name, or signature of the successful writer.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We tender thanks to C. and also to L. for their favors this week, and hope they will become regular correspondents.

We have a number of articles on hand which are under consideration—among them are "The Harp," "P."

## Married,

In Southborough, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Samuel Bannister, of this town, to Miss Susan Taylor, of Southborough.

In Salem, on the 27th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cleaveland, Mr. Samuel Henderson, to Miss Frances Brown.

At Clifton, Brunswick county, (Va) on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chesley, Doct. O. H. Blood, to Miss D. W. Blake, daughter of the late Hon. Francis Blake, both of this town.

In Chester, N. H Mr Simon Brown, junior Editor of the *Hingham Gazette*, to Miss Ann Caroline French, daughter of Hon. Daniel F.

## Died,

In Lewisham, near the city of London, on the 2d of March last, James Jackson, Esq. formerly of Coston, aged 93.

In Northborough, 13th inst. Miss Persis Eager, daughter of Mr. Oliver Eager, aged 33.—On the 18th, Lieut. Abraham Munroe, aged 91 years. Mr. Munroe was one of the few survivors of those who bore an active part in the old French War. He was at Halifax, in the regiment of Maj. Rogers, of Londonderry, *N. H.* in the year 1757, and at the taking of Ticonderoga under General Amherst, in 1759. In the time of the revolutionary war he came to this town where he has ever since remained in the capacity of Inn-keeper, sustaining the character of an upright and useful citizen.

In Lunenburg, Olive Brown, wife of Peter Brown, aged 71.

## POETRY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### INTEMPERANCE.

"*As the multitude of sad groups did but distract me, I took a single captive.*"

I stopp'd to take the picture,
The primal curse had almost pass'd it by;
Or rather, Industry's reclaiming hand
Had chang'd the desert to a fruitful field.
Nature, her favors ready to bestow
On those who seek them, with a liberal hand,
Scattered her blessings. Here the rising hills,
Whitening with flocks and herds, the valleys there,
Teeming with golden harvests, to *his* heart
Who called them all his own, gave promise sure
Of a rich competence of earthly good.
Health smiling sat upon his open brow,

That spoke a peace of mind which blasted health
And meagre poverty, alike, know not.
But 'twas not here alone his treasures were;—
Round the domestic hearth a smiling train
Look'd up to him, the husband, father, friend;
And, as he met the warm embrace of love,
Each fond affection seem'd to centre there.
I look'd again.—But ah, how changed the scene!
Where bloom'd the rose, the thorn now rankled high,
Order her flight had taken; and his cup,
With joy so lately fill'd, now overflow'd
With sorrow's bitterest dregs: for in the midst
Of all the blessings Providence bestows,
*Intemperance* came, and soon his serpent eye
Upon him fasten'd with a dreadful gaze.
In vain his victim fluttered round awhile,
And seem'd at times inclined to break the charm;
For still in nearer circles he approached,
Until the monster prey'd upon his heart.
And first life's luxuries he sacrificed
Upon the demon's altar. One by one
Then disappeared his flocks and herds; yet still,
Insatiate as the grave, the monster cried
Give, give; till all that lends to life its charm
Had disappeared,—nor was it yet enough.
I looked upon his children; once his pride,
His hope, and all a father's heart could wish;
Now destitute, forsaken, and the scorn
Of a cold world, which misery here forsakes,
Have no inheritance but want and wo,—
No patrimony but a father's shame.
One feature more the picture dark completes;
I saw his *wife*—his first, his only love,
Whom he had vow'd to cherish and sustain,
Whose warm affections, ardent love, were his;
I saw her drooping, like the gentle rose,
When some cold frost hath stripp'd its beauty down,
On the invidious room hath nipp'd its bud,
The rose of health, so late upon her cheek,
Had turn'd to deadly pale. Now, as she thought
Upon her little ones, despair, and want,
And shame, and misery, star'd her in the face.
She could have follow'd him she once had lov'd
(She lov'd him still; for there's in woman's heart
A fount, the which prosperity's bright sun,
Nor yet adversity's chill blast dries up,)
Down to the grave, and something felt resign'd
To the sore chastening of her Makers rod:
But, to see him thus,—degraded, fallen,
Lost now to happiness, to hope, to heaven,—
It was too much. I saw the bitter tear
Steal down her cheek. 'Twas from a broken heart.
I would have spoke her comfort; but her grief
Refused that last sad comfort of despair,
The soothing balm of sympathy's warm tear.
I turned away; and, as I left the spot,
I paid the silent tribute of a tear
To suffering virtue, love, and trust, abused.

C.

[FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.]

## WHATS THE MATTER? WHY—THE MATTER.

EDGAR—"My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam."—*Lear.*

You may talk of the "Sorrows of Werter,"
And the "devils" of Jean Rousseau;
You may tell of the man that suffer'd thus,
And the maid that suffer'd "so"—
But the sorrows I'm going to tell you of,
Are sadder things than these,
And Job's—but there's no comparison—
Were moonshine to a cheese.

I'm living, you see, in the country—
It's nothing to you—the why;
And I room in a certain story—
It's nothing to you, how high.
I've a bed, and a chair, and a table,
And a fraction of a glass;
And I write for a living, and read for fun,
And my name—but let that pass.

I eat my dinner at 12 o'clock—
It's mostly veal, just now;
And I drink my tea at half past four,
And the tea-kettle is a cow.
We sit till twelve in our quiet room—
My merry quill and I;
And I tell him tales of my busy brain,
That would make you laugh "to die."

(I'll come to my sorrows presently.)
I rise when the robin sings,
I have a slut of a country girl,
Who looks to my bed and things;
I take a bit of a willow switch
To emphasize withal,
And I walk and repeat my poetry,
With the leave of the stone wall.

But when I'm out, the slut goes in,
And she makes my bed—'tis true—
But she does some other things beside
That I would'nt have her do.
I hate to have my papers touch'd,
Or meddled with—a straw—
She calls it "slicking up the room,"
And stuffs them in the draw!

I write upon a slate, to save
My paper, ink, and pen;
And in the ashes frequently
Make "*Chateaux in Espagne*,"
She swept my hearth to day—and there
A blessed dream was gone!
And wash'd my slate, when—hang her soul!
It had a sonnet on!

Oh scrape my boils with an oyster shell—
Bedevil me like Rousseau—
Love me and marry, as Charlotte did,
Who finish'd her Werter so
I'll go on peas a pilgrimage—
Sit all day on a stone—
But when I'm out, you Cicely,
Just let my things alone!

THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 6. JUNE 14, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

### THE ICE SHIP.

FROM AN OLD SEA-CAPTAIN'S MANUSCRIPT.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was placed in that shuttlecock situation of Cabin boy, thereby being the thing on board ship which any and every one had a legitimate right to kick, that our vessel was engaged in a voyage in that worst of wintry seas, the Baltic. The difficulty of obtaining a cargo, had delayed our return until the season had advanced so far as to create peril from the ice, as well as from tempest. The suffering from cold I well remember, though perhaps my young blood and the collective and disjunctive kicks and cuffs aforesaid, served to make its endurance to me less than that of others—but young as I was, my watch on deck came over often for my somniferous faculties, and the curtailed limits of a monkey jacket kept me dancing and kicking to prevent the freezing effect of the cold spray. Sometimes in the moonlight would be discovered the tall iceberg, moving with the majesty of death along the moaning deep, like some giant surveying the domain of his empire—again another, and almost level with the wave, but extending as far beneath as the other above its surface, would dash into foam the billow as it rolled again upon its glittering side—an accumulating rock, the contact with which was instant destruction. The severity of the weather was fast approximating our ship into a miniature resemblance of these Leviathans—the shrouds, gathering size each hour from the dashings of the sea, our decks loaded with an unprofitable cargo of ice, and our bows presenting, instead of the sharp angle of the fast sailor, the broad visage of a pugnaceous ram, fronted for the contest.

It was on one of these moonlight evenings, during the severest intensity of the cold, that we made (in sailor phrase) a ship a-head. From a wish to ascertain the truth of his reckoning, or from some other motive with which he did not see fit to entrust so important a personage as myself, our captain was desirous of speaking her—and knowing the heaviness of his own sailing, he ordered a signal gun to be fired, which after much hammering upon the tompions of our guns, and sundry scrapings around our solitary piece of iron ordnance, to say nothing of the quivering hand and expiring coal of our temporary gunner, was accomplished. We were however surprised, before this feat was performed, at the proportional rapidity with which we came up with the stranger—he seemed under shorter sail than ourselves, and when we arrived within hail, we observed that some of his sails were very indifferently handed, and with what few were set, he was lying to—every piece of rigging as high as the fore yard was swelled to an enormous bulk by ice, and exhibited every prismatic color as it quivered in the moonbeam. The hull of the ship seemed to be encumbered with quadruple the quantity of ice that loaded us—and the ship resembled throughout, that ship of glass which now decks my mantlepiece. One individual stood at the helm with a chapeau that might have been of the shaggy fur of some animal—but it now bristled in points, like a chrystal hedgehog—our vessel was now along side and within a few yards of her, with our maintopsail aback—and our mate with his bull voice hailed 'what ship is that ?'—The helmsman seemed deaf, and made no reply, and the crew (what were on deck) appeared not to understand the lingo of our mate. He again bawled in French—no answer—then with a few English damns, in Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese—but all to no purpose—the helmsman of the stranger seemed too intense on his own buisness, to regard such petty interruption.—The mate went below to report, and a long consultation was held, wherein the officers of the ship conversed in under tones, and the sailors turned their quids and looked alternately at the stranger and at each other; as for me I thought the silence of the stranger to be uncivil, and was anxious to hear the command to 'fill maintopsail,' and to run away from a clime where I met with nothing but cross words, hard duty, and cold fingers. At last our mate appeared, and ordered the boat hoisted out—and never did I witness a command on board that ship, so lazily and reluctantly obeyed—but in spite of delay, the thing was to be done, and our second mate, a real dare-devil, was ordered to take a crew and board the stranger who now was very near us—in the crew tardily creeped, and as I was looking and wondering, being in the second mate's way, he tumbled me neck and heels into the boat, and we were ordered to pull away; in a short time we were at the side of the ship,

and rowed for the shrouds, where a sailor was standing, apparently watching us—I was ordered to throw a rope to him, which I did with great precision and actually hit the fellow on his head—but still he would not nor did not take it, and I was d—d by the second mate for a lubberly fellow, with a superarogatory punch with the oar's end on my shoulder—again we rowed up and the second mate tried his skill with the same and no better success—and I have doubt he would have complimented the boorish sailor in the same manner, if he had a similar proximity—a third time the boat was alongside, and the officer with some difficulty made the warp fast around the enormous shroud and stepped on board followed by the crew who shrunk to his rear. Among the last I clambered over the slippery side, and with due caution made a stand in the centre of the group who were listening to the colloquy which had commenced on the part of our second officer.

I shall not attempt to give the precise language which he held towards the helmsman of the strange ship, but it was not the most civil, or such as is heard often in a lady's drawing room. The amount of it was "sailor's jaw" for not answering a hail, and for not taking the warp, and concluded by requesting to know his latitude and longitude, and how certain capes bore from their ships—to all of which no reply was made, when I was called upon for a lantern, which I had taken from the boat, and had snugly stowed away under my jacket, keeping both light and heat to myself—a thing by no means difficult, as the moonlight rendered its absence unobserved.—The second mate received it, and went aft to observe the countenance of the dumb gentleman of the helm. In his way he stumbled over one man, whom he thought was either drunk or asleep, but finally held the lamp to the face of the steersman, which was a shapeless lump of ice. The helm was lashed, his hand upon it, his feet fixed at some depth in the ice, and he himself frozen stiff in his upright position.—Near him were several of the crew in horizontal and various attitudes, from whom life had long since fled. The horror of the scene struck a panic among our boat's crew, and they did not wait for orders to make the best of their way towards the boat. The officer turned round with the countenance of a true sailor sang froid, wherein there was not a particle of alarm and ordered them to follow him below. The fear of his enormous fist induced all the rest, and much more especially myself, to obey the order, and we proceeded to the labor of removing the companion way.

In the mean time I ventured to look at my friend at the shrouds who would not catch the rope, for which I was punished by a sound blow on the shoulder—he was frozen stiff with his arms around the rigging. Not being fond of the spectacle, I kept close to the heels of the second mate as he descended the gangway —in fact we all went, "*en masse*," each being very careful to stick close to his neighbor.

At the after part of the cabin sat the Captain with his arms folded; before him, pen, ink and paper, a thick fur cap on his head, and as the light shone full on his countenance, there was the most fearful look from him cast upon us that I ever witnessed. Years have since passed, but the remembrance is as though the event were but yesterday—it has visited me in my dreams. The appearance of his glaring eyes and distorted features were too much for our superstitious crew—

"Back rolled the tide."

I was thrown down in the turmoil, and no more notice taken of my situation than of my frozen brethren on deck—they ran over me like a flock of sheep. The second mate paused a moment, ascertained that the object of their fear had long ceased to exist—and took me by the collar and dragged me on deck, doubtless anxious to prevent his boat's crew from leaving him sole officer of the stranger in the extremity of their fright. He found them stowed away under the thwarts of the boat, pitched me in like a dead mackerel, and ordered them to cast off and pull for our own ship—great alacrity was shewn in this manœuvre, and a few moments brought us back, just as the moon was hiding herself behind a cloud and every thing wore the appearance of an approaching gale. Sails were handed with the utmost despatch, the decks cleared and things in order, as the gale struck us. Egyptian darkness succeeded, and we were driven at ten knots under bare poles. Ever and anon (the sailors asserted) they could perceive the strange vessel carrying sail under fury of the tempest, and maintaining her position on our weather quarter—and could at intervals hear her roaring after us as she ploughed through the billows. Death for hours stared us in the face, and his features never have been forgotten by me.

At sundry times afterwards, during this latitude, on beautiful moonlight evenings, we could dimly distinguish the Ice Ships, steering in our wake, glittering in all the pride of awful pomp, apparently pursuing the same course with us though her sails were trimmed as if lying to. Such a phenomenon was always the prelude of a gale—it become with us a habit to reef whenever her tall form towered beneath a moonlight sky.

In but one other voyage have I seen her, and then it was in the warm climate of the Indian Ocean many years since; it was on the evening before we were wrecked. But successful exertion at last secured me from situations wherein I might see her, and I now can at my own fireside tell over past perils, and wish all my brother sailors never to meet in any latitude with a full view of the Ice Ship.

[*Gloucester Telegraph.*] ICHABOD.

## THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

"Whose house is that with white-capped chimneys, black-sashed windows, and a nice little martin-box just an epitome of the State

House? It either belongs to a rich man with snug ideas of an establishment, or to some thriving carpenter. A man never built a house so well, unless it were for himself, or for money."

"You have guessed right. It belongs to a young carpenter, who has one of the most capable, genteel wives in the world. In a quick perception of beauty, and faculty for tasteful arrangement, she is a trifle above him; but in mind and character, she is his equal—'tis a simple and natural superiority, never disturbing the harmony of happiness.—Her father was an odd, ill-tempered man, who grew immensely rich by the sale of flour, and lost it all in the payment of penalties incurred by his knavery. His wife was a coarse, ignorant woman and a termagant. Never was there a more singular instance of superfluity of wealth united with the most utter ignorance of its use.—Mirrors and chandeliers glittered in the parlor, while the family ate with their domestics from one common dish on the kitchen table; and artists were paid twice the value of their portraits by people who requested to be taken in a blue attitude. That their little daughter Susan should have been gentle tempered is not surprising, for the poor child had been frightened into meekness; but why the scion of such a stock should have been fair and graceful, it is difficult to say. Yet so it was—and the prettiness and timidity of the little creature attracted the attention of a maternal uncle, who being a childless widower, fostered her with a care of kindness to which she had been totally unused. When she was fourteen years old, her uncle died, leaving her a fortune of eight thousand dollars, to be paid on her wedding day. About this time her father was discovered in several knavish practices, and began to tremble for his ill gotten wealth.

Worse than he dreaded came upon him; and the fortune of his little daughter seemed all that could save him from utter poverty.—Destitute as these parents were of natural affection, it is not strange that they should resolve to sacrifice the happiness of their child to their own selfish views. Lest her eight thousand should attract admirers, the poor girl was shut up in a chamber, and forbidden to read any books, for fear they should fill her head full of romantic notions. Fate, however, will sometimes over-rule the nicest calculations of man. Susan had a fine head of soft glossy brown hair, which she took much pleasure in arranging neatly. When she was about fifteen years of age, it chanced she one day left her comb in the parlor, and returned in haste to find it, with her hair falling almost to her feet, like an ample drapery of Persian silk. Young Mr. Blanchard, the best carpenter in our village, happened to be there, mending a door which Mr. Cromwell had broken in one of his fits of rage; he glanced at the blushing girl, as she darted out of the room, and by way of flattering the mother, observed, "your daughter has beautiful hair ma'am." "Her hair is no concern of yours, that I know of," replied the furious beldame. Human nature is certainly strangely perverse, in some cases. Had it not been for this uncivil answer, the young man would probably never again have thought of Susan Cromwell, and her beautiful hair; but now the thought just flitted through his mind, how delightfully provoking it would be, if he could get up an interest in the heart of this harshly treated daughter. There seemed, however, little prospect of his obtaining opportunity; for Susan was kept more closely imprisoned than ever,—and lest her hair should again attract attention, her father tied her hands behind her, while her mother shaved it close to her head.

A year passed, and Mr. Blanchard saw Susan only once and that at her chamber window. At the end of that time there was a school established, about a quarter of a mile from their dwelling, in which lace work was taught. Old Mrs. Cromwell had, as she expressed herself, long "hankered arter a white worked wail;" but it was contrary to all her ideas of economy to give the price usually asked at the stores. It was, therefore, agreed that Susan should attend long enough to work such an one as her mother desired.

To avoid danger, she was never allowed to leave home until ten minutes before the school commenced,—a written account of the time she arrived was once a week demanded from her instructress,—and the horse-whip faithfully administered, was the sure consequence of a tardy return to her father's dwelling. How with all these restrictions, young Blanchard managed to see her, to inquire into the hardships of her forlorn condition, and to offer her his protection, is a mystery; but love is more noted than the Yankees for patient inventions and never yet was known to be at a loss to effect his purposes.

It was one bright Saturday in June—the appointed time of Susan's return had long elapsed—and she was not seen in her homeward path. The horse-whip was prepared, and the loving parents sat "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," for a full hour. Still no Susan appeared! A domestic sent to the school house returned with the tidings that she had not been there. "The jade has run away," exclaimed the mother: and forth the father sallied to wreak his vengeance on something. His inquiries were all fruitless, for so far did Yankee goodness of heart overcome their natural proneness to communicativeness, that no one would tell the truth though half the village knew that Blanchard's chaise had been standing at the school house door, waiting for Susan's arrival,—and that before the alarm was given, they were in all human probability husband and wife!

At last, one old gossip, who prided herself upon being the first to tell the news, placed her arms a kimbo, and looking up in his face with the most provoking air of exultation, ex-

claimed, "La zur, Mr. Cromwell, what a tub of sudz you are in! Dont you know Susan has gone to Providence to be married?" "Gone to Providence!" shouted he. He said no more—but slamming the door after him, went to his own house, as if steam had sent him there.—A large black pitcher, from which he and his laborers had drunk beer during many a haying season, was standing on the corner of the table. Cromwell in the blindness of his rage, mistook it for his wife's favorite black cat,—and exclaiming, "s'cat!" he gave it a blow that shivered it to a thousand atoms.

"What's the old pitcher done?" asked the virago, surprised at such an unprovoked display of his strength. "None of your business. It is broke, and I am glad of it—if it was whole I'd break it again. Here is a pretty spot of work—and it all comes of your d—n lace wail. Susan has gone to Providence, to be married!" "To be married!" screamed his mate—"let's be up, and after her!"

The horse was harnessed to the chaise with all speed; and in ten minutes they were on their way to Rhode Island.

Mr. Blanchard had forseen the probability of pursuit; and had therefore made arrangements that his wife should return with one of the young men, who attended as witnesses, while the other should ride with him, disguised in her cloak and bonnet.

About half way between here and Providence the parties met. Old Cromwell seized the bridegroom's horse by the head, while his enraged wife proceeded to use the whip about her supposed daughter. In the mean time, the real bride and her attendants swept by and rode at a rapid rate, till they reached the residence of Mr. Blanchard's father.

The bridegroom's companion was a man of powerful muscle. While he kept his two furious antagonists occupied, Blanchard touched the whip to his father-in law's high mettled steed, which pursued the road to Providence as if he had been spurred by the evil one.

The Combat was found equal, and seemed likely to continue long; but the young men, availing themselves of a temporary pause, sprang to their chaise, and were out of sight in a tangent.

Few objects could be more ludicrous than Cromwell and his wife, thus left alone and exhausted in the middle of the road, far from their own home. Both looked heartily ashamed at their defeat; and there was a moment's silence before the termagant summoned heart enough to ask, "Where do you suppose our horse is?" "Gone to Providence to be married, you old fool!" replied he throwing his whip on the ground with a force that made the neighboring cows stop grazing.

* * * * * * *

A passing stage took up our discomforted travellers; and Susan for many months found a happy home in her husband's family. Mr. Cromwell was very refractory about the eight thousand; but he was finally compelled to pay it.

Vexation and shame have induced him to leave the village for Kentucky; and Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard have for several years occupied the neat dwelling you pointed out to me."

## THE GAMBLER.

A dark cloud hung over the cedar valley, and a drizzling mist had watered the thick grass around the low painted cottage that stood high among the trees, at the foot of the hill. But the window that looked down the narrow road towards the village was open, though it was past the hour of eleven at night, and Mary sat pale and dejected by it, resting her cheek upon her hand, and looking upon the gloomy sky, and listening with all the deep and anxious expectation of a tender wife, for the approach of her absent husband. De Lancy had not always kept such hours as this—he was once fond, affectionate, attentive to her every want and wish, and as careful of her happiness as of his own life—when she married him, he was gay and cheerful, rich and virtuous, and she had joined her hand in his with the bright prospect of a long life of connubial bliss, full before her. But now his brow wore the aspect of deep and settled gloom—he seemed to be himself no more—some secret disquietude preyed upon his mind, the springs of which lay concealed from her view. Sometimes she thought he loved her no longer—but the thought almost broke her heart, and she banished it—she hoped for the best; and waited now his return with all the patience of wronged, but silent unrepining affection.

As midnight approached, the streaked lightning began to flash along the woodlands and at intervals the deep and hollow thunder rolled along the arch of heaven—the clouds dropped rain in large quantities, and the quiet of the night yielded to the stormy blackness of a coming tempest. She rose, and closed the window with a heavy sigh. At that moment a flash, unlike that of lightning, at the edge of the woods, directly down the road, and a report as of a pistol, alarmed her; she threw open the window again; all was silent—then a faint voice seemed crying in the wood; she listened, and thought she gathered the sound of "*murder*"—but the thunder rolled again, and again, and the red lightning flashed most angrily—and a howling wind rose up and rolled most dismally along the forest. She fastened down the sash, and threw herself beside her sleeping infants on the bed; clasping them closely to her bosom, while her heart beat most violently, and her whole frame trembled with terror.

A brief space elapsed, and the hurried tread of a horse was heard coming up the road; the gate creaked on its hinges; she heard De Lancy's voice, "wo, wo, Bob, let me get off: this is bad business; we are both crazy: wo

wo, Bob, you dont smell the blood now; Lord how the lightning flashes; there's blood on my arm yet; wo wo." The horse was led away to the stable; she heard the door shut and the key turn, and presently De Lancy rapped at the door. She flew to open it, and her husband entered with a wild and agitated air, pale and besmeared with mire and blood.

"In the name of Heaven," cried Mary, "what is this?" Only a trifle, woman—Bob threw me, and my nose bled a little. She feared to interrogate him further, for his ruffled and morose humor was forbidding; she pressed him to partake of the supper she had kept ready for him, and endeavored to soothe by kindness and attention the gloomy mood in which she found him. He refused to eat, however, and after sitting with his hand clenched some moments on his forehead, he rose, took a heavy draught of brandy and threw himself on the bed.

Mary laid down beside him, but not to sleep, or if a momentary doze came over her, her waking fancy pictured to her restless and anxious mind the feverish dreams of a disordered brain. She rose as the first glimmering of day broke upon the green valley, and walked out to the spring to bathe her burning brow in the cool clean waters of the flowing brook. She had been there but a few moments, before two men rode rapidly up the road, and entered the gate-way--she hastened to the house, and they entered with her, inquiring for Mr. De Lancy, and seeming in too much haste to wait even the common forms of civility.

De Lancy lay, still asleep, and when they rudely routed and laid their hands upon him, he sprang up in a kind of frenzy, "What so soon?" cried he—"Why, who told you I killed him?" 'It is enough,' said one of them, 'who asked you to accuse yourself?—how came you to know he was killed? Come, we must search you?' De Lancy stood aghast; in the perturbation of a moment he had betrayed himself—he had been taken unprepared; and as they drew from his pockets the money and watch of the murdered man, he trembled excessively.—"Ah, the devil has done for me at last," said he, throwing a wistful glance at his two sweet infants as they lay smiling in their infant slumbers on the bed, locked in each others arms; and then towards his wife, who, in an agony of despair, at this sudden burst of overwhelming misfortune on herself and children, and of ignominy and shame on him who was as dear to her as her heart's blood, vile and dishonored as he stood before her on that fatal morning, stood pale and fixed as a cold statue by the bedside.—"I have ruined you all," said he, "but he whom I slew first ruined me; he won a thousand dollars from me last night; I killed him; I got my money back, and now my life is forfeited. Oh, why was I linked with this infernal spirit. Gambling has ruined me, and those whose fortunes were bound up in mine forever; Oh, Mary, my poor wife; my poor dear babes." He raved and raved, but they hurried him away; and bound his manly arms with a thick cord, and led him between their horses from his beautiful cottage house.

They had not gone far before they heard a distracted voice behind them; De Lancy's wife was following; her hair hanging about her shoulders; her feet bare and her every feature betokening the very horror of anguish. "Stay a moment; oh stay?- Speak to me, George; oh what will become of us; what will become of your poor wife and children?" The officers only increased their speed, and De Lancy went on with his hands folded, and his brow bent in desperate and silent despair. Poor Mary, after following them more than two miles, turned and went back, crying loudly and bitterly all the way.

George's trial and condemnation followed speedily. He plead guilty. Mary went to see him in jail, but he told her at parting that it would break his heart to meet her again.—This proved to be an unnecessary admonition; she had been deserted by all her friends, amid the crush of her morning hopes; she pined away in her solitary home, day after day, and was at last found dead in the cottage, with a babe on each arm, early one morning, by a passer by, who was attracted to the house by the crying of the infants. De Lancy never knew her fate, though he was not executed for almost a month afterwards.

Thus ended the life of a gambler, in utter ruin to himself and family, in double, and doubly desolating crime.

## HISTORICAL.

FROM IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

### SKETCHES OF ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

Cotemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies; she is one of the purest and most beautiful characters on the page of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red, her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression; and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, graceing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose, and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, acuteness of genius, and in gran-

deur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man, with the softer charities of woman. She mingled in the warlike councils of her husband; engaged personally in his enterprises, and in some instances surpassed him in firmness and intrepidity of her measures; while being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy.

It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of internal wars. She loved her people, and while continually seeking their good, she mitigated, as much as possible, the harsh measures of her husband directed to the same end, but inflamed by a mistaken zeal. Thus, though almost bigoted in his piety, and perhaps too much under the influence of ghostly advisers, still she was hostile to every measure calculated to advance religion at the expense of humanity. She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishmant of the Inquisition, though, unfortunately for Spain, her repugnance was slowly vanquished by her confessors. She was always an advocate of clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Grenada. She considered that war essential to protect the Christian faith, and to relieve her subjects from fierce and formidable enemies. While all her public thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal and unostentatious. In the intervals of state business, she assembled around her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their counsels, in promoting letters and arts.

Through her patronage Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. She promoted the distribution of honors and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge, she fostered the art of printing, recently invented, and encouraged the establishment of presses in every part of the kingdom; books were admitted free of all duty, and more, we are told, were printed in Spain, at that early period of the art, than in the present literary age.

It is wonderful how much the destinies of countries depend at times upon the virtues of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits, by combining, exciting, and directing the latent powers of a nation, to stamp it, as it were, with their own greatness. Such beings realize the idea of guardian angels appointed by heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such had been Prince Henry for the kingdom of Portugal, and such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella.

## VARIETY.

Joseph Bonaparte.—The citizens line of coaches through New-Jersey, pass the residence of the late king of Spain, at Bordentown, on the Delaware. His estate occupies a large territory.—His house is in the French style, but not splendid. His lands, on which immense sums have been expended, are well cultivated. In all public improvements he contributes liberally; something like four thousand dollars, [I am told] he paid on one road. He is much beloved, and his memory will be ever dear to the villagers.

There is scarcely now a poor family in the village, so many does he employ on his lands. He pays liberally; punctually fulfilling all his contracts; no law suits; no disputes, and the intemperate and immoral are at once discharged. He is constantly, in the season of agriculture in the fields with his men, and is constantly with an elegant pruning hatchet in his hand. Strangers who are introduced, partake liberally of his hospitality. He has thus exchanged a coronet of thorns for that of a peaceful agriculturalist, and become a citizen of our happy republic.

In want of a husband.—A young lady was once told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself from off the rocks of the Passaic Falls, into the basin beneath, than marry. The young lady replied, "I would if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."

Employment of time.—The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it. So is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts—or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.—*Addison.*

## THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1828.

Perhaps there is no greater evidence of the improved taste of our countrymen (and we might add our countrywomen also) in useful literature and a love of general reading, than the increased demand for periodical literary Publications. Scarcely a month elapses, without bringing to our table, some new work of this character. Nor are they confined to our cities and populous towns. There is scarcely a village in our country, capable of supporting a printing press, but sends out its sheet devoted to other subjects than politics or angry discussions in polemics. It is a characteristic of our citizens, always to glut the public taste with whatever is in any degree popular, and it is not improbable that some of these journals will prove short lived. Many of them, however, have given evidence, that they are destined to be something more than ephemeral. Among many others, we notice the "Rural Repository, or Bower of Literature," published in Hudson, N. Y. is about entering upon its fifth volume;—The "Philadelphia Album and Ladies Literary Gazette," a paper which has for a long time deservedly maintained an elevated standing has commenced its third volume.

The "Traveller and Monthly Gazetteer," a new periodical from Philadelphia is received.—It promises to be a publication of great utility and convenience, and we doubt not will command an extensive patronage. The Catalogue of Newspapers and periodicals, perhaps, is as correct as the nature of the subject would permit. Many omissions are discovered. We mention two, both in this County, the "Massachusetts Yeoman," published at Worcester, every Saturday, by Austin Denny, Esq. and Spooner & Merriam—and the "Lancaster Gazette," published at Lancaster, every Tuesday, by F. & J. Andrews.—Two Journals of extensive circulation, and as worthy of notice as any other publications in this vicinity. They are sent to Subscribers at the rate of two dollars each.

We have given to the Gazetteer but a hasty examination. Two towns in Me. to wit, *Anson* and *Avon*, and one in Mass. to wit *Bolton*, in this County, are not to be found in its columns. The mode of publication being once a month, furnishes a convenient facility for correcting these deficiences.

*Dr. Thacher's American Medical Biography.*—This is a new and valuable work, just published in Boston, and is creditable to the industry and judgment of the worthy compiler. It contains valuable information respecting many justly celebrated characters, who are not only iminent as Physicians, but as Patriots and Civilians. *The work is for sale at Dorr & Howland's Bookstore.*

Mr. S. S. Southworth, late Editor of the "Literary Cadet" in Providence, has left that paper, and proposes establishing a new publication, to be called "*The North American and Literary Subaltern.*"

The first number of the North American, is to contain a sketch of the "*Life Editorale,*" in which sundry curious facts will be developed.

ERRATA.—In our last number, the following errors escaped notice till it was too late to correct them. Page 40, first line for "blasted health," read "bloated wealth." 34th line from top, for "here forsakes," read "e'er forsakes,"—next line first word, for "Have," read "With,"—9th line below, for "invidious," read "insidious."

## Married,

In this town, Mr. Arthur Adlington, Jr. to Miss Ann E. Gates.

In New Braintree, Mr. James H. Moore, of Worcester, to Miss Jane Delano, of New Braintree.

In Northborough, Mr. Joab Hapgood, of Shrewsbury, to Miss Elizabeth Eager, of Northborough.

In Athol, Mr. Benjamin Cook, Jr. to Miss Betsey Stratton.

## Died,

In this town, on the 4th instant, Mary, daughter of Capt. John Earle, aged 12. On Saturday last, an infant child of Mr. Jonathan Gleason, Jr.

In Northboro' Miss Patty Babcock, aged 30.

In Leicester, Joseph Sylvester, aged 37.

In Shrewsbury, Adaline, daughter of Mr. Elijah Harrington, aged 7.

In Westborough, John, son of Mr. Elijah Gleason, aged 10.

In Athol, on the 31st ult. Capt. Adonijah Ball, Jr. aged 34.

## POETRY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### TO A FRIEND.

We met when our young hearts beat high,
And life's young current bounded free,
When, calm beneath a cloudless sky,
Our barks were on a Summer sea.

We knelt together at the shrine
Where learning her rich treasures flung;
And nought could cause us to repine,
Save woes which e'er await the young.

But boyhood's sorrows—what are they?
Dim clouds upon the trackless wind;
They hurry on,—they melt away,
And leave a brighter heaven behind.

We parted,—friends must ever part;
But when away from thee I'd gone,
The cherished tendrils of my heart
Were left still clasping round thine own.

And still, when 'neath the azure skies
Of other lands, I dwelt afar,
And saw, so beautiful, arise,
The calm and placid morning star.

When day's first yellow tinges broke,
Like a bright dream, upon the earth,
And nature, from her silence, woke,
In sweet notes of melodious mirth.

My heart did turn, yes, turned away
From such a scene of life and light,
And, silent as the coming day,
To thee it winged its joyous flight.

I have been out at evening, when
The earth was sleeping, and the sky
Looked glorious, and the voice of men,
In business or in revelry,

Had died away; and as I've trod
In nature's wild uncultured bowers,
The forests, or have pressed the sod,
Clad brightly with its dewy flowers:

I've thought upon those by-gone days,
Which yielded well-remembered bliss,
Those hours when we had been to gaze
On scenes as beautiful as this.

These boyhood pléasures—at their name,
How memory lingers o'er the past,
To catch the glimmerings of their flame,
While yet in rosy light they last.

And hoard them, as a treasure up,
The troubled hours of life to calm;
To mingle in affliction's cup,
A soothing age, a healing balm.

But still we cannot mourn, the woes
Which Man's most pleasing prospects sever,
We have not known; life's first young rose
Is blooming now as bright as ever.

Those wild imaginings, those dreams,
Which cheered us in our earlier days,
Are hovering still, like twilight gleams,
Unwilling yet to flee away.

And "Hope the charmer" spreads her bow,
Still bright and broad, above life's ocean,
Which sleeps in sunny light below,
Without one troubled wave in motion.

P.

*From Mrs. Colvin's Weekly Messenger.*

### CONTENTMENT OUTWITTED.

There was a man (not o'er benign)
The owner of a garden fine,
Through deeds of mortals who did look
Till he could read them like a book,
'Twas his caprice, outside a gate
To fix these two lines on a slate:—
"Who proves to me that he's content,
"For nought shall have this tenement."
A common man of low degree,
Perusing, cried, "tis mine in fee!"
Breathless he ran, with all his might,
To claim at once so fine a site;
"Sir, please to give me up the gate;
"I'm quite contented with my fate."
The owner shrewdly made reply,
"O, how this world is giv'n to lie!
"If you're *contented* with your lot,
"Why do you *crave* my garden-spot?"

### THE PROVINCE OF WOMEN.

BY HANNAH MORE.

As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light,
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Expos'd abroad, its languid colors fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die.
So Woman, born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great;
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,
With softest polish, and with virtue warm,
Fearful of fame unwilling to be known,
Should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own;
Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart,
The censures of a self-condemning heart.

**WORCESTER TALISMAN.**

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GRIFFIN AND MORRILL....PRINTERS.

THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 7. JUNE 28, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### THE HIGHLANDER.

MORNING rose over the tall cliffs and shaggy craigs of the Highland Mountains, and the sun of summer tinged their cloudless peaks, with gleamings of its own unsullied beauty. Earth wakened, refreshed and invigorated beneath a sky so serene and translucent, so pure and beautiful, that it seemed as if the silent wings of some guardian Angel were hovering upon it, to shield the inhabitants of those ancient hills, and make their country the blissful abode of peace and happiness. "'Tis as luvely a mornin' as e'er rose o'er Givan Glen;" said Duncan to his fellow traveller, as they journeyed upon the rude road which leads o'er many a craig and cliff, and hill and dale, from the little Village and Kirk of Castle Brae, to the straggling cottages of Dinsmoor Heath.—"An' had sic a day been wi' us when we were crosin' the Lang Moor, durin' the winters storm, my puir bairns would na' ha' perished in the drivin' snaw." Mc'Cleylan answered not, save with an assenting nod; there was something working in his bosom, some load which weighed heavily upon his spirits and rendered him wholly averse to entering into conversation. "Ay, sure we could na' wish for a more delightfu' day;" continued Duncan, "but what ha' we here," said he, casting his eyes upon the ground, as they came to a more rugged and precipitous place in their road; "sure these red streaks upon the rocks an' leaves, would fain tell us that this has been the scene o' bloody business."

"Pugh!" returned Mc'Cleylan, cam alang tis na mair than a fray o' the wolf wi' Jamie Donald's dog, or where the brawny eagle has kilt his prey."

"Stay a bit, Macky," continued Duncan, as he removed a heap of gathered leaves with his staff, and found them saturated with gore. "Tis an unco' story, an this is ower mickle blood wi' na bones for one puir wolf to lose; besides, Jamie has gone a lang way wi' his spaniel, to bring back his tiny chiel frae her gran sire, sure some luckless laddie has fallen before the merciless freebooters. "Duncan," said his companion, "I tell ye tis nae sic a thing, sae cam alang, or the sun will be a grand sight ower the craigs an' staines o' Kirkly Cliff afore we set foot in Castle Brae." "Dinna ye be in sae big a hurry, mon, tis nae wolf as sure as ye are Rowley Mc'Cleylan, for dinna ye see yon wee bit o' hair, which maun ha' graced some human head." Rowley reluctantly stepped forward, and stooping, beheld upon the corner of a rock a small lock of hair smeared with blood. "Surely it maun ha' been a deed o' the murky night, for sic a sweet mornin' would ne'er ha' looked down upon it wi' sic cheerfu' smiles," said Duncan, still shuffling his staff among the leaves.—Rowley rose silently, retreated a few steps, and then turning said, "I tell ye once mair to cam along, tis na' human blood, an' were it, it has been lyin' there these mony days, an' is forgotten lang ago."

"But na, it is just steaming frae the heart, an' then the hair." "Tis but the wolf's lang locks," answered the impatient traveller," sae again will I tell ye to cam awa', ye ken we were to be in the clan o' the Brae afore this time." Duncan, recollecting his engagements, yielded to the warning solicitations of his companion, but with a cloud of uncertain suspicion resting in his bosom.—Duncan and Mc'Cleylan were fellow laborers, they dwelt in lowly cottages, situated near each other upon the borders of Dinsmoor Heath. Their families, dwelling almost as it were under the same roof, were firmly attached to one another in the bond of friendship and brotherly love. Honesty and uprightness had ever been the characteristics of the parents; they had each reared a family of "smiling cherubs," and had ever been doomed to earn their bread, and dearly too, "by the sweat of the brow."—Yet they seemed to be happy; their long winter evenings were whiled away cheerfully around the little fire amid laughing faces and sparkling eyes; [illegible] if the saying proved correct, that "the [illegible]er earned the sweeter the bread," they surely must have fed upon delicious morsels. They had been called the morning of which we were speaking, by their occupation to Castle Brae. After leaving the scene above mentioned, they travelled with hasty steps towards their place of destination.

"'Twere hardly a creditable thing in us," said Duncan, after walking some distance in silence, "to leave the place sae quickly, wha

knows but some puir mortal is still lying in agony near the bloody rock? tis na common thing to see sic a sight o' the current o' life in one wee spot."

"Ye are a sensitive thing," returned Mc'-Cleylan in an offended tone; "did na yere mither hae a' feeble heart, to gie ye sic freaks an' turn yere mind frae yere wark, an' yere bairns, an every thing, at the sight o' a little wolf blood? "As he finished speaking, a horseman came rushing towards them in the opposite direction, urging his steed forward as fast as possible, over so rugged a road. He met them, and in a hasty tone inquired if they had seen or heard of a stranger at Dinsmoor Heath, or any intermediate place; and in the same breath, turning to Mc'Cleylan said, "Ye are early risen this bright mornin', but what has put the crimson o' the rose on yere jolly face sae quickly?"

"Tis the lang walk an' the fatigue o' the way;" answered Rowley somewhat embarrassed, and wiping his brow with his sleeve; "tis a jaded warm mornin' as e'er came ower the hills.

"As to yere mon o' which ye were speakin," rejoined Duncan, "we ha nae seen or heard o' ony stranger these mony a day, but if ye wad but ride on, a wee bit up yon knoll, the thick blood wad gie ye a start."

"Tis but a short way farther," added Rowley "an if we wad go, perchance we may find some clue o' the man ye are talking of." They both turned and accompanied the horseman to the fatal place, where, after some new discoveries, they were all firmly convinced that it was human blood: that it was the trace of some bloody murder, and probably the spot where the man of whom they were in search breathed out his life. The spirit of exertion to discover the perpetrator of the deed was kindled in their bosoms, the man from Castle Brae, again strided his horse, and hastily rode back to communicate his discovery and procure assistance. Nor was he long in doing it, for in one short hour the inhabitants of the little clan were upon the road, for the purpose of unravelling the mystery, and divulging the truth. But let us turn to the devoted victim, who was the cause of this excitement.

During the afternoon preceding, a travelling stranger supposed to be from the north of England had called at the Brae to procure refreshments. He appeared to be much worn with the fatigue of his journe[illegible]d had slept at the house where he stop[illegible] No one knew his object, or whither he was going; he answered their numerous questions only with a simple affirmative or negative, as if wishing to travel unknown. Near the close of the day he requested his horse of the host, stating that as he was in haste he must proceed to Dinsmoor Heath, and departed. In the morning the host had looked and found the identical horse of the stranger before his door, without saddle or bridle. He became alarmed, instantly rode away in pursuit and met our travellers before as described. The people collected at the spot, discovered by Duncan, and spent a long while in fruitless and holpless search. At length, McCleylan with another of the party discovered a faint track, which wound away round the hill towards a little lough that slept in glassy smoothness between rugged elevations which nearly surrounded it. Having found this clue, they at once conjectured that the murdered one was slumbering in a watery grave. They searched the clear blue wave and at length the mutilated body was drawn from the bottom!

"Twas na the blood o' a wolf;—I could na ha' believed it;" said McCleylan to Duncan, when he found in what manner the discovery of the morning, so trifling as he considered it, had terminated. They conveyed the mangled remains back to Castle Brae; and were now upon the alert to secure the desperado who had thus infringed upon the most sacred laws of their country. As the horse of the murdered man had been discovered in their village, a thorough search of the houses was commenced, and terminated without yielding the slightest ground for suspicion. The party then dispersed, some taking the road towards Givan Glen, others the rude way which was seen winding among stony cliffs, high up a hill in the opposite direction, all inspired with enthusiastic ardor to bring if possible the malefactor to justice. The division which retraced their steps, after having strictly searched every burn and brae, at length met again upon the main road not a hundred rods from the house of Jamie Donald. They here met Jamie, "just ganging," as he said, "to see the gude folks o' Castle Brae." He had returned from his journey the preceding day, and passed through that village in "the edge o' the night." "What aneath the sun has sent ye a' out tagether?" he exclaimed upon meeting them; "Surely ye are in a fine wa' o' livin'."

"Hey Jamie," interrogated the officer "ha' ye seen ony thing o' the wretch wha has murdered a puir traveller i' the last night, on stany hills?" "I dinna ken there were one murdered till ye tell me o't, but now ye put it i' my mind, I recollected o' seein' in the dark night a mon movin' aside o' the road on the hill as ye said." Jamie had always worn the character of a "clever laddie" among all who had known him, but now, under existing circumstances something like suspicion suddenly rushed across the mind of every bystander. Their eyes involuntarily turned to meet each other, and spoke a silent language, but perfectly understood. They resolved to continue their search and requested Jamie to accompany them. "An' if the gude people ha' a' gane frae the Brae, I may as weel gang back agan as nae;" said he, turning and following upon the pursuit. They hastily with one accord, proceeded to search his premises, notwithstanding his asseverations that he was

innocent. His assertions that he "was gone a weary journey, an' knew nothin' o' the matter," were of no avail, but like a breeze upon kindling fire, tended to increase, rather than diminish their suspicions. They rushed rashly into his little cot, and rigidly scrutinized every crack and crevice of its interior, but discovered nothing. The officer now proceeded into a small thatched shed which had been reared for the benevolent purpose of shielding his "beasties" from the rough winter, and was followed by several others. He passed with an inquisitive eye through this building, until perceiving a small gathering of straw in a remote corner, he gave it a hasty whirl with his foot, when lo! the identical saddle, bridle and portmanteau of the traveller, crimsoned deeply with blood, rolled out upon the floor before the stroke!

"Ha Jamie, tis an unco' wa' to ha' yere horse at Castle Brae while yere saddle an' bridle are lyin' here i' the litter," exclaimed the officer exultingly, as he turned towards the culprit, who stood in a stupified trance of agony, and added, "ye are my prisoner, cam alang."

"Ah Jamie this is a sorrowful sight, I should nier ha' tho't it," said Duncan in a tone softened with as much compassionate sympathy as circumstances would admit. They hastily dragged him to his little dwelling, and firmly bound him before the eyes of his agonized family.

"O! ye are a cruel gang, ye could na think sae hard o' my Jamie;" exclaimed his weeping wife, as she sat wringing her hands in phrenzy before him. "O, my Jamie, he could na' ha' been sae cold hearted; he could na ha' dune it, for he did na cam home wi' my wee little Lucy till late i' the night. O, 'tis a pitifu' day o' life; wha could ha tho't Jamie, that ye wad ha' cam to this, when ye sat this rosy morn i' the door to list the prattle o' our tiny new bairn."

As they were binding the prisoner, McCleylan discovered upon his collar the sprinkling of blood. "'Twas jaded cunnin' i' ye to turn in yere bloody linen, was it nae?" interrogat- McLeylan as he turned it out and exhibited it to the by-standers. "Tis but the blood which he drawed i' the shavin' of his beard;" exclaimed the unhappy woman, as she stooped and pointed out the place from whence it came. But the people had turned a deaf ear to all her cries, and when the officer exclaimed in a hoarse rough voice, to "fetch him along," she shrieked out in the plenitude of her sorrow, "Ye sha' na', ye sha' na' go, Jamie, an' if ye do I will gae wi' ye, they sha' na part us. O, our puir dear bairns, an what wi' 'come o' them? Jamie, shake them off, they sha' na' tak' ye away. Ye ha' callous hearts, ye are avengin' the murder, i' the sheddin' o' innocent blood; why will ye sport wi' the feelin's o' a woman?" She clung to her husband as they took him away, until severed by a powerful hand, and then, giving him as it seemed to her a farewell look, and uttering a shriek from the very depth of her heart, she rushed back to her cot, exclaiming, "O, my puir, puir bairns, yere father has gone, ye will see him na mair, he shall ne'er lead you ower the Kirk again." Notwithstanding her exquisite grief, she at length became more composed, and consoled herself by saying that "Justice will hae its wa'."

Jamie had fallen into a reverie of stupor when first taken, and awaked from it only to feel his iron shackles. He had submitted to legal authority unknowingly, and without endeavors to relieve himself, and was now resolved to await his destiny with resignation. He was well, too well aware, that there was every proof, by circumstantial evidence, of his guilt; yet he was firmly convinced that innocence would not be doomed to an ignominious death, while guilt should go unpunished.

But, suffer us to change the scene, and turn, to find a heart goaded with a convicting sting. There was one, and one too, that was unsuspected, which felt the load of guilt, and was assured by sad experience, that

"Conscience hath a thousand different tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale."

Its bearer rose in the morning, the earth revived not with its wonted brilliancy in his eye, and the first sweet chaunt of the birds came upon his ear with thrilling sensations never known before. He felt that the day of retribution was at hand. He went abroad; the winds that blew over the hills struck him mournfully, and the gushing waters grated on his heart. He saw the glassy lake, and he wished, but vainly wished, that his bosom was as calm and unruffled as its silent surface. To him the echoing rocks repeated hollow sounds like unearthly voices, and his slumbering hours were haunted with horrid visions. The fish-hawk flew over the waters, his shrill shriek came like a death note to his ears. The voice of the yelping cur, that bayed the evening stars, struck him with dismal forebodings, and the still but goading voice of reproach, came from the whispering grass. Nature seemed rising with a revengeful frown, to cast him, stained and polluted, out of her earthly temple.

Three long and dismal weeks had elapsed after the imprisonment of Donald. It was a clear, cloudless evening, and the lamps of night were thi[illegible] set in the deep and dark blue firmame[illegible] the wind had ceased to blow over the hills, and silence was broken only by the low hum of distant water. "The guilty man could find no bliss, no contentment in his home, and he walked forth upon the moor. A vacant wildness was in his eye, his very nature seemed perverted. He crossed the moor unconsciously, and climbing up among the steep craigs of Kirkly Cliff, at length seated himself, with his elbow upon his knee and his head resting upon his hand, up-

on the summit of a jutting rock. He had rested but a few moments in this situation when his bewildered vision beheld a light and airy form approaching him, through the shadows of night. He suddenly raised his head, and the form stood before him. He sat motionless and listning with mute attention while she thus adddressed him,—

Ower mony a bank an' brae
Through the distance far away,—
Ower mony a bog an' fen,
Craggy cliff, an' murky glen,
Frae the land upon the sea,
I hae come to speak wi' thee.
Knit no more that clouded brow;
Stranger, listen! hear me now.
Thou'rt a rebel, go and save
Him who's near a murderer's grave.
Go deliver up thy breath,
Shield a parent from his death.
Save the innocent from shame,
Snatch from infamy his name.
Murderer haste, make no delay,
Still let justice have her way.
See, the bat and owlet fly
O'er the forest, I must hie,
Hark, the eagle screams for prey,
'Tis my warning, I'm away.

The seer receded and was quickly lost from the miscreant's view. The world seemed no longer to possess its wonted splendor, to him who now felt that he was unworthy of its enjoyment. Every circumstance combined to render it loathsome; he could not withstand the whisperings of "the still small voice within;" and now when the seer had thus reproached him, he resolved to throw himself into the arms of Justice and snatch the unoffending victim from an untimely grave. With this resolution he returned to his sleepless dwelling, and when the morning again burst the shackles of thraldom, he hastened to Castle Brae, and made a full confession of his crime to the officer;—acknowledging that he had committed the murder, and to screen himself from the law, and place the crime upon an innocent person, had conveyed the saddle, bridle and portmanteau to the spot where it was discovered, and had driven the strangers steed to Castle Brae. It was Rowley Mc'Cleylan!

The innocent prisoner was released, and Rowley, the succeeding day was arraigned at the bar, tried and condemned to suffer, as an attonement to the laws of both God and man, against which he had rebelled.

The consternation which these events caused among the inhabitants of the surrounding clans may be more easily imagined than described, and when gude Jamie Donald left the iron shackles of confinement, with the good will of every laddie, he returned to his happy cot, where his loving wife, so overflowed with the rush of joy, could only exclaim, "Ah Jamie, I tauld 'em that justice wad hae its way."

CLARENCE.

## EXTRAORDINARY SINGLE COMBAT.

Aubry de Mondidier, travelling alone through the forest of Bondy, in France, was assassinated, and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog remained for several days upon his grave, and quitted it only through the force of hunger. It returned at length to Paris where it went to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubry, and by its melancholy howlings, appeared desirous of communicating the loss it had sustained. After eating, it recommenced its cries, went to the door, turned its head to see whether any one followed, returned to his master's friend, and pulled him by the coat, as if inviting him to follow it. The singularity of these actions of the dog, its returning without its master, whom it never had been known to quit, and the sudden disappearance of that master, altogether determined the friend to follow the dog.

As soon as the dog reached the foot of the tree, it began to scratch up the earth, at the same time redoubling its cries. The friend immediately dug, and found the body of the murdered Aubry.

Some time after, it accidentally met the assassin, who is unanimously called by historians the chevalier Macaire. It seized him by the throat, and could with difficulty be made to let go its hold; and, every time it saw him, it attacked and pursued him with the same fury. The ferocity of this dog, who was mild to every one else, began to be thought extraordinary; its attachment to its master was called to mind, together with some symptoms of hatred which Macaire had often manifested toward Aubry. Other circumstances strengthened the suspicion.

The king, informed of what was said on the subject, caused the dog to be brought into his presence, where it was tranquil till the appearance of Macaire, among twenty other courtiers. Immediately, it turned upon him, barked, and endeavored to seize him. In those times, when the proofs of a crime were not sufficiently convincing, a combat was ordained between an accuser and accused; this species of combat was called the *judgment of God*, because it was believed that heaven would rather work a miracle, than allow innocence to suffer. The king, struck with all the particulars which united themselves against Macaire, thought proper to command a single combat between the chevalier and the dog.

The lists were prepared in the isle of *Notre Dame*, which was then a waste and uninhabited spot. Macaire was armed with a large club and the dog had an empty cask allowed it, for a retreat. It was let loose, and it immediately sprang upon its adversary, ran round him, avoided his blows, threatened him, now on this side and now on that, wore away his strength, and at length seized him by the throat, and threw him down. In this situation, and in the presence of the king and all his court, the chevalier confessed the murder.

There is a picture of this battle, which took place on the 8th of October, 1361, in the great hall of the castle of Montarges.

### ON A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION AT MAYENCE.

NEAR the new burying-ground, situate at the gates of Mayence, there is a place where the dead are deposited before they are buried, and where they are kept for some time, uncovered, in the coffin. The design of this establishment is, to prevent any person, apparently dead, from being buried alive. A keeper is employed to watch the body, and into the hands is put the cord of a bell, to the end that, if life should return, assistance may be immediately obtained. An annonymous correspondent of the *Mayence Gazette*, after praising with great reason this truly humane institution, condemns a custom which still prevails and which, if persevered in, is sufficient to counteract its aim. A large board is fixed under the chin, and it is secured in that situation by means of nails and screws, which enter into the coffin, on each side. It is evident that, confined in this manner, a person awaking from a long sleep, can never raise himself, nor discover the bell cord which alone can enable him to give notice of resuscitation, and draw assistance. The author of the letter stigmatises, in the most forcible terms, a custom so barbarous; and we ought to hope that his efforts will be crowned with success; but what is more generally interesting is the explanation he offers of the origin of this abuse. He discovers it in a prejudice formerly general in Mayence, and which is still cherished by a part of the inhabitants. According to this, it often happens that the dead seize their grave clothes with their teeth, and then never cease to gnaw, till they have totally destroyed them. In this case also, according to the same prejudice, while this strange meal continues, the relations of the dead die one after the other, till the grave clothes are consumed. It is to prevent the arrival of this misfortune that the board in question is nailed underneath the chin of the dead. Our judicious writer does not content himself with relating this popular tradition, but clearly demonstrates that, like the generality of others, it has a degree of truth for its foundation. "It has but too often happened," says he, "that persons have been interred as dead, who really were alive. When their graves have been opened, it is nothing marvellous that some have been found who, after awaking, have torn their clothes, and even their own flesh, into pieces. Now, which are the coffins that are most likely to have been exposed in this manner, a little time after their being laid in the grave? Those certainly of which the graves have been opened for the reception of some corpse of the same family." Here are facts sufficient to explain the prejudice in question. When they buried John, the brother or cousin of Peter, they have found that Peter had gnawed his shrowd; *therefore* it was Peter who, in gnawing his shroud, caused the death of John. This reasoning is not of the strictest kind; but it is of that sort which, in all times, has been adopted by superstition. It has been clearly shown that judicial astrology had no other origin than that disposition of the human mind to regard, as the cause and effect of each other, all those phenomenons which have often been seen to recur in the same order of time. The utility of repressing such prejudices is evident; for it is better to know why a man who was believed to be dead has gnawed his shroud, and to take precautions against burying our fellow-citizens alive, than to prevent the unhappy persons buried from eating their grave clothes, under the pretext that by so doing they will draw all their family after them into the grave.

### SERVANTS.

THERE is one foible among housekeepers, that cannot be too severely reprobated. It is a contemptible itching for a knowledge of their neighbors' affairs. This curiosity leads them to encourage and listen to the scandalous prattle of their own servants, concerning the domestic affairs of other families in which they have been employed.

Servants are always ready to take advantage of the slightest advance towards familiarity on the part of a mistress; and where they find one weak enough to relish a relation of vices or follies of others, the appetite will be always administered to, so long as prolific brains can coin a lie. Mistresses should recollect while encouraging this practice, that their own household affairs will probably be served up, with no exaggeration of defect, whenever their domestics pass into another family. Two or three instances have lately come under our knowledge, where comfort and reputations have been sacrificed by falsehoods propagated by females.

And where is the remedy for this evil? It lies in the hands of every head of a family. This tattling tendency should be stopped in its very commencement, and if a refusal to listen to the scandalous catalogue of private weakness or error were accompanied by severe reprimand, the state of society would be very much benefitted.

GETTING INTO NOTICE.—The best talents, in the world, must be known in order to be patronised. Man is the child of opportunity —circumstances either make or mar him—but he may sometimes make circumstances. Some time ago, a young lawyer of fine talents, decent learning, and a graceful and powerful orator withal, settled in one of our western villages. He took no letters of introduction, and knew nobody. He waited in vain for clients, his abilities were unknown, and of

course, unappreciated. At length he devised a plan for bringing himself into notice. He took a rattan, walked over the way to Mr. Smith's store, and without saying a word astonished the unoffending Mr. S. with a terrible flogging. A prosecution followed, our young lawyer made a splendid speech, showed what he was, was fined $500, and was immediately retained in the suits of importance. He has since made a large fortune by his profession.—*N. Y. Courier.*

FROM THE NEW YORK AMERICAN.

## MARRIAGE.

——————"Took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land."

"Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

There is one apology in the increasing extravagance of the modern fair, for the ridiculous rage that exists among gentlemen, after rich sweethearts; and maidens have a not less tenable excuse for making sure of a full purse, since an empty head is very likely to accompany it.

The really prudent and somewhat homebred man, feels obliged to relinquish the idea of marriage altogether, or defer it to a late period, because it is justly considered a hazardous adventure to marry on the score of supporting the expenses of modern living.

The first inquiry that our young men make now, when a woman is proposed for a wife, is, "is she rich?" and for variety or a salvo, "is she handsome?"—Let a husband die and leave a rich widow or a rich heiress drop into the market, and, Lord bless us! how the beaux scamper.

——————"Hound like,
In full cry to catch her."

If there is any shame in this state of things; if sacrificing feelings, that should have their source in the most generous and elevated considerations, to "*beauty* and *booty*" is worthy of abhorrence, then methinks, the present generation deserves an unenviable share of "*blushing* honor."

It is not very likely I shall have much cash to give with my daughters, and in fact I don't want any to give. God grant they may have good sense, a wholesome appearance, unsuspected virtue, affectionate hearts, industrious habits, and then—why, if nobody wants to marry them, they shall comfort me in my old age, and help to bear up my spirit, when about to return to him who gave it.

I am an oldfashioned fellow, it is true; but I recollect when I got married I made no account of money, and if I was agoing to marry again, I would look for a poor girl rather than a rich one. If I have a wife, a good one is essential to my happiness, and riches are not. The Athenian general was right: "I had rather marry my daughter to a *man* without an estate than to an estate without a man."

LABAN.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.—The Editor of a Western paper makes a strange apology for the non-appearance of his paper. He says his wife had gone to camp-meeting, and he was obliged to stay at home and take care of his children.

A writer who professes himself to be a great admirer of the works of antiquity, exclaims, in a tone of triumph, 'Where do you meet with any modern buildings that have lasted so long as those of the ancients!'

When Bajazet, after his defeat, was carried into the presence of Timur *Lench*, that is, Timur *the Lame*, vulgarly Tamerlane, that monarch burst into a laugh on perceiving that Bajazet had but one eye. The Turk, who could ill brook such rudeness, said fiercely, you may deride my misfortunes, Timur; but remember that they might have happened to you. The disposal of kingdoms is in the hands of God; and they depend on his will. Timur replied, with equal haughtiness, I agree with your observation, and I did not laugh at your misfortune, but at a reflection that just occurred to my mind, how little value thrones and sceptres possess in the judgment of God, who has taken a kingdom from a man with one eye, to give it to another with one leg.

In the Limerick paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her:—My *wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her.*

Dionysius, the sophist, addressing his audience on the virtues of moderation in the pursuit of pleasure, used to say that a person should taste honey on the tip of his finger.

Notes of the Eagle Bank, with the word 'Eagle' extracted, so as to read 'Bank of New Haven,' are in circulation.

ENGINE HOSE.—India Rubber has been successfully used for engine hose in England. A trial of two years constant use, has proved it to be infinitely superior to any other material for this purpose, on account of its durability and toughness.

BANK ROBBERY.—The Exeter Bank, N. H. was robbed the evening of the 14th of $30,000, in specie and bills. A reward of 500 dollars, is offered for the apprehension of the Robbers and recovery of the property.

## SUMMARY.

### FOURTH OF JULY.

There will be a Religious Service in the Baptist Meeting House, in Worcester, on the fourth day of July next, appropriate to the occasion; to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. A collection will be taken at the close of the service, in aid of the American Colonization Society.

CANAL PACKET BOAT.—A Packet Boat is building in Providence, intended for the Blackstone Canal. It is to be fitted up in the best style for the accommodation of passengers, and it is expected she will be in readiness to make her first trip as far as Scott's Pond, (about six miles from Providence) on the fourth of July. The Packet is to be named the "Lady Carrington."

The Quarterly Examination of the Public Schools of this village, which commenced yesterday, will be closed this forenoon. A public address will be delivered at the Centre Meeting House, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

## Married,

In Harvard, Mr. Benjamin F. Whitney, to Miss Louisa Lawrence.

In Oakham, Skelton Felton, Esq. to Miss Eliza Green.

In Lancaster, Mr. John G. Thurston, to Miss Harriet P. Lee, daughter of Seth Lee, Esq. of Barre.

In Grafton, by Rev. Mr. Searle, Mr. Algernon L. Crawford, to Miss Elizabeth L. Fay.

## Died,

In Oakham, Miss Mary Marsh.

In Grafton, Mr. John Warren, aged 60.

In Harvard, Mrs. Agatha H. Sawyer, wife of Mr. Josiah Sawyer, aged 19.

In Hopkinton, Mr. John Haven, aged 47.

In Mendon, Widow Polly Miller, aged 62; Mr. Nathan Verry, Jr. aged 27.

## POETRY.

### FOR THE TALISMAN.

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

The sixth hour came:—o'er Judah's land of slaves,
A veil of deep prophetic darkness spread;
Earth groan'd and trembled through her inmost caves,
And nerv'd with horror, rose the mouldring dead.

Well might their ashes leave the quaking tomb,
And well might earth, to heaven for vengeance cry,
When sinners, for whose sake *he* left his home,
Condemn'd the Son of God, in shame to die.

"On us, and on our children, be his blood."—
This, sons of Judah, was your daring cry.
On you, and on your children, like a flood
It rush'd with ruin, death and infamy.

Long have your sons in heavy bondage groan'd,
Long been to every land a spoil and prey,
Hated and scorn'd,—by no communion own'd,
E'en grudg'd the boon of common sympathy.

Yet suffering remnant of a guilty race!
Eternal mercy hath an hour decreed,
When Christ, for Zions King, you shall confess,
Bow to his crown of thorns, and kiss his sceptre reed. E.

## SCOTLAND.

There is perhaps, no country whose history excites deeper interest, than that of Scotland. It consists of a series of memorable incidents, each calculated to awaken the strongest sympathies and to call forth the most powerful emotions of the bosom. From the usurpation of Macbeth, to the tragical death of the unfortunate Mary, there is scarcely a reign, but is signalized by some event, manifesting a spirit of noble daring, a patriotism unquenchable, and a courage not to be subdued but by death. Nor is it human nature on the bright side only that is here delineated, but we find exhibited, the effects of the most malignant passions, dark lurking treachery, assassination and murder in its most terrific forms. The equality in power of rival chieftains, gathering strength in their mountains and fastnesses, uncontrolled by an energetic monarchy,—The untamed character of the Highlander;—the chivalric spirit of the border noblemen, the intrigues of foreign Courts, all combined to produce the interesting incidents so abundant-

ly scattered through the Scottish annals. A new interest has been recently given to this history, by the pen of the great Sir Walter Scott, in "The Tales of a Grandfather," a work more especially intended for the young, but which is not without its interest to the mature in life. Were we to select the chapter of the greatest interest, perhaps it would be that which describes the life and death of Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish Monarchy, the ancestor of the Stuarts and of the present reigning family in Great Britain.

The closing scene has been thrown into verse, by one of our own native bards, in a manner which we esteem peculiarly beautiful, and which we now extract from the "*Legendary*" a recent periodical work, many of whose pages have just claims upon public favor, and the lovers of a chastened style, in modern native poetry. The *Bruce's heart* is a splendid historical painting, faithfully copied from the original, without any of the sickly sentimental foppery of Moore, or the darker malignity of Byron; but rather in the manly, dignified style of the no longer *Unknown* of Scotland whose pen adorns whatever it touches.

## THE BRUCE'S HEART.

The couch of death King Robert prest;
His nobles ranged around,
With head declined, and troubled breast,
To list his latest sound.
His temples bathed in painful dew,
The fainting monarch cried,
'Red Comyn in his sins I slew,
At the high altar's side.

'For this, a vow my soul hath bound,
In armed lists to ride,
A warrior to the Holy Ground,
Where my Redeemer died.
Lord James of Douglas! near me stand,
Firm friend in all my care!
Bear thou this heart to that blest land,
A contrite pilgrim there.'

He paused—for on in close pursuit,
With fierce and fatal strife,
*He* came, who treads with icy foot
Upon the lamp of life.
The brave Earl Douglas, trained to meet
Perils and dangers wild,
Low kneeling at his sovereign's feet
Wept like a weaned child.

Beneath Dunfermline's hallowed nave,
Enwrapt in cloth of gold,
The Bruce's relics found a grave,
Deep in their native mould;
But locked within its silver vase,
Next to Lord James's breast,
His *heart* was journeying on apace,
In Palestine to rest:

While many a noble Scottish knight,
With sable shield and plume,
Rode as its guard, in armor bright,
On to their Saviour's tomb.
Their war steeds pressed the soil of Spain,
And lightning fired their eye,
To mark, in bold and gorgeous train,
Her flower of chivalry.

Alphonso 'gainst the invading Moor
Drew forth his proud array,
And set the serried phalanx sure
To bide the battle fray.
'God save ye now, ye gallant band
Of Scottish nobles true!
Good service for the Holy Land
Ye on this field may do.

Forth with the cavalry of Spain
They rode in close array,
And the grim Saracen in vain
Opposed their onward way.
But Douglas, with his falcon glance,
O'erlooking spear and crest,
Saw brave St. Clair with broken lance,
By Moorish foes opprest.

He saw him by a thousand foes
Oppressed and overborne,
And high the blast of rescue rose
From his good bugle horn;
And, reckless of the Moorish spears,
In serried ranks around,
His monarch's heart, oft steeped in tears,
He from his neck unbound,

And flung it to the battle front,
And cried with laboring breath,
'Pass first, my liege, as thou wert wont—
I'll follow thee to death.'
Stern Osmyn's lance was dire that day,
And keen the Moorish dart,
And there Earl Douglas wounded lay,
Upon the Bruce's heart.

Embalmed in Scotland's holiest tears,
That peerless chieftain fell,
And still the lyre through future years
His glorious deeds shall swell.
'The good Lord James,' that honored name
Each lisping child shall call,
And all who love the Bruce's fame
Shall mourn the Douglas' fall.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

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## POPULAR TALES.

### THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The solitudes of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition; and the natural phenomena which they witness in persuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession, are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favourite one which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.

In elder times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their wo. But it was observed, that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care for their flock, to compose long sermons, the burthen whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called *Morgenbrodt*, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baalpeor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases, but it is we, the ancient inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting upon this occasion, were upon their return to the hut, where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet, and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him.—He was powerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed, by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterward precipitate itself, with

its rider into an abyss so deep and fearful, that neither horse nor man was ever seen more?—Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden, a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending upon the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attended them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. 'Tell me not of such folly,' he said: 'the demon is a good demon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd—and he who loves the Harz forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for.—And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me.'

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent, while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention by calling it to the consideration of an approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brokenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed, by observing upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing him—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent, perhaps, in consequence of the venturous expression used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch, in great terror and annoyance, this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE ITALIAN DIVER.

In the times of Frederic, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicolas, and who from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish. This man had from his infancy been used to the sea; and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villagers ashore. His long acquaintance with the sea, at last brought it to be almost his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily into Calabria a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to swim among the gulfs of the Lipari Islands, no way apprehensive of danger.

Some marriners, out at sea one day, observed something at some distance from them, which they regarded as a sea monster; but, upon its near approach, it was known to be Nicolas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he shewed them a packet of letters which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner as that they could not be wetted by the seal. After eating a hearty meal with the mariners, he took his leave, and jumping into the sea pursued his voyage alone.

In order to aid these powers of enduring the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed as in a goose; and his chest became so very capacious that he could take in, at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a whole day.

The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself, who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicolas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicolas, who generally

spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but at last, however, after searching, he was found and brought before his Majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts which he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he now, therefore, conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information. He accordingly commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool, and, as an incitement to his obedience, order-a golden cup to be flung in it. Nicolas was not insensible of the danger to which he was exposed; danger best known only to himself; and he therefore presumed to remonstrate; but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of showing his skill, at last prevailed.—He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was swallowed as instantly up in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below; during which time the king and his attendants remained upon the shore anxious for his fate, but he at last appeared buffeting upon the surface, holding the cup in triumph in one hand and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause upon his arrival on shore: the cup was made the reward of his adventure; the king ordered him to be taken prompt care of: and, as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labor, after an hearty meal he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself by sleeping. When his spirits were thus rested, his account of the wonders he had seen was to the following effect. He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands had he been apprized of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he said, which rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men, but to the fishes themselves: first the fear of the water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks that on every side threatened destruction; thirdly the force of the whirlpool dashing against those rocks; and fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polipus fish, some of which appeared as large as a man, and which, every where sticking against the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him. Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in, he replied that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity: being requested to venture once more into the gulf for further discoveries, he at first refused; but the king, desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf repeated his solicitations; and, to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations the unfortunate Diver once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

## THE FORAGING PARTY.

### A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

In the latter part of the spring of the year 1777, a well mounted cavalier was seen winding his way along the well beaten road that led from ——, to the village of ——, in South Carolina. It was a beautiful day—the sun was flashing in mid-day splendor; while the cool zephyr passed along with a gentle and reviving flow. The uniform in which he was dressed showed him to be an American officer; the continental troops being then in that vicinity. The high spirited animal on which he was mounted, showed by the sweat and foam which coursed down his flanks, that his rider was on an errand of pressing import.

As they arrived near a large and elegant mansion that stood a little distance from the highway, and whose white pillared sides, peeping through the green foliage of a thick grove of shade trees in which it was embowered, indicated the abode of plenty and elegance, both horse and rider seemed to recognize it as a well known place. Our cavalier dismounted at the gate, and delivered his charge to an old negro domestic, who, by a profound bow, and a grin which stretched his mouth from ear to ear, accompanied by a "How is massa to-day," testified his respects for the gentleman, while his patting and rubbing down the horse showed his regard for that animal. The cavalier was met at the door by a venerable looking old gentleman, whose silver headand furrowed cheek contrasted poorly with his erect person and firm step, and by a blooming young Hebe, apparently about 18. He was welcomed by both—by the former with a blunt frankness, and by the latter with a bashful emotion and crimsoned cheek, which together with the lustre emitted from her dark eye, told an unrevealed tale of plighted vows and pure affection. After a few inquiries respecting the state of the army, and learning that their visiter was to return that day, the old gentleman left the young couple in the parlor.

"Why do you return so soon, Edward," said the young lady; "though perhaps," she added with a smile, "you

find more attractive company at the camp than you do here, with a superannuated old man and his dull daughter."

"I believe you always delight in doing me injustice when you have an opportunity," he retorted, "and by way of retaliation, I always feel inclined to take revenge on those sweet lips for all those severe things which they say against me."

It may here be proper to give an explanation of the incidents which have been related. Mr. Belmont, the venerable old gentleman heretofore mentioned, was an opulent planter. He had early in life lost a devoted and affectionate wife, who had left him but one remembrance of her loveliness and excellence, a lovely little daughter; and all his hopes and wishes had naturally been bound up and centered in her. Harriet Belmont had bloomed into womanhood adorned with all that loveliness of person, and those qualities of mind that a doating father could wish. An early intimacy had ensued between her and Edward Courtney, the son of a professional gentleman, who resided in the neighborhood. The intimacy ripened into an attachment of the tenderest nature, which was viewed with pleasure by both families. Edward had at the commencement, a rival, though not a dangerous one, in George Anson, who was equally detested by Harriet and her father;—by the former, for his disagreeable manners and base principles, and the disgusting importunity with which he forced himself into her company, and by the latter, who was a firm and resolute whig, for his torified principles. At length the clarion of war broke the still calmness of peace in that section of the country. It is well known that in the struggle for freedom and independence which the then colonies maintained with the mother country, a few were found base enough to lend their aid in attempting to rivet upon them the chains of tyranny and oppression. Among this few was found George Anson. He received a commission in the British army, and was appointed to the command of a volunteer company of royalists. Edward Courtney joined the cause of freedom and was subsequently elevated to the rank of captain.

The two contending armies had at length taken position within a few miles of the residence of Mr. Belmont; and Edward had an opportunity of frequently visiting his paternal roof, and one that was dearer to him than his own existence. The reader may probably have already identified him with the cavalier heretofore mentioned. He had made his visit possibly for the last time, and the army was to remove from its position in a day or two, and an engagement was expected soon to take place.

After having bid farewell to Harriet and her father, he mounted his steed and set out on his return to the camp. Just before entering the confines of a forest, he was suddenly aroused from a deep reverie by the appearance of a soldier in British uniform. He shortened his rein, seated himself firmly on his saddle, drew a pistol and cocked it, and ordered the man to stand.

"Arrah, honey, and faith, that's what I will," said the loquacious Hibernian, "for by the shoul of St. Patrick, may my pocket's nap be eternally closed if any mothers son on earth was iver half so tired as Dennis O'Flaghert."

After interrogating him for some time, Capt. Courtney learned that he was a deserter. Upon questioning him more closely, the Irishman, after some circumlocution, informed him that Capt. Anson was to command in person a foraging party which was to make an excursion that evening into the neighborhood of Mr. Belmont's residence. Conviction flashed upon the mind of Capt. Courtney that villainy was intended, for he well knew Anson to be a savage, relentless disposition, and destitute of all honorable principle. Immediately on reaching the camp he conducted the deserter to head quarters. After giving an account of what had transpired, he requested permission to head a party to be sent out that night to counteract the operations of the enemy. His request was granted; and after receiving information of the deserter as to the intended route of the enemy, the necessary orders were given, and preparations were made, Capt. Courtney and his party set out immediately after dark. It was a beautiful evening; the round silver

moon shed forth her rays in magnificent splendor, and enlivened the pleasing face of nature; and the scene seemed little calculated for one of deadly strife. Capt. Courtney placed his men in a ravine in a small skirt of woods, through which he expected the enemy were to pass. Here they silently waited their approach. At length the almost noiseless tread of a body of men gave notice that they were approaching. After a second time giving orders to his men, which he enjoined them to obey strictly, Capt. Courtney allowed the enemy to approach, which they did in a careless and unsuspecting manner. When sufficiently near, Capt. Courtney stretched his line across the road suddenly, and called upon the British to surrender. Capt. Anson upon seeing who commanded the American force, his whole soul set on fire by the burning wish for revenge, and notwithstanding the superiority of the Americans in point of number, he ordered his men to "fire on the d—d rebels." They obeyed and the fire was returned with fury by the Americans. In the mean time, a party which Capt. Courtney had placed for that purpose, suddenly came up upon the rear of the British, and the fight became very unequal. It was the fortune of the two commanders to engage hand to hand singly. Deadly hate was stamped upon the countenance of either opponent, as quick and rapid thrusts were exchanged between them. After a few moments of desperate strife, Capt. Courtney disarmed his antagonist, and closing in with him, hurled him to the ground.

"Surrender thyself, thou traitor to thy country," said he, "or by the light of yon pale moon, I will with one blow send your spirit into the presence of a Being to whom it will be hard to render an account for your crimes."

"May it be eternally lost first," said his antagonist, and snatching a pistol from his belt, he had brought it to a dead level, when with a single blow Capt. Courtney stabbed him in the heart and sent his spirit unreconciled into the presence of his Maker. With a convulsive grasp, he pulled the trigger, and the ball just grazed the head of his adversary. After loosing their leader the enemy surrendered; and Capt. Anson was thus prevented from wreaking his vengeance upon Mr. Belmont and his family.

Capt. Courtney, after serving through the war, was rewarded with the hand of Miss Belmont, and is now a cheerful, gray headed old man, and often recounts to his grand children the events of the night on which he commanded the "foraging party."—*New Haven Chronicle.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

### LIFE OF LORD LYTTLETON.

*Thomas*, Lord Lyttelton, was the only son of the venerable and illustrious author of the History of Henry the Second.

This unhappy young man was remarkable for an early display, and flagitious prostitution of great abilities. That he would not only be a libertine, but a libertine *destroyed*, was a declaration prophetic of his fall, which he is said, on good authority, to have uttered with an oath when only twelve years of age. Yet, with all his vices and a total absence of moral principle, he attained no small consequence as parliamentary speaker, and without application on his part, was appointed Chief Justice in Eyre, a sinecure, which his father, a man of dignified sentiment and excellent qualities both of head and heart, could ever procure.

This illustrious wanderer from the paths of propriety and virtue, united with shameless profligacy, and a front which no blush had ever disconcerted, a weakness not often to be found in minds enlightened by education and a knowledge of the world: he believed that apparitions occasionly visited the earth, and would frequently ring his bell with violence, at midnight, for the servants, who, on entering his appartment, generally found him sitting in bed, in a cold sweat, with a countenance evincing every symptom of terror and dismay.

These visitations of a guilty conscience, or a disordered imagination, were probably produced, or sometimes aggravated, by intoxication; and he would oblige one or more of his domestics to sit with him for the remainder of the night.

The man who has passed a life of enormity needs not, I believe, be haunted by any spirit more terrific than the stinging reflection of crimes unrepented of, time mis-spent, and talents uncultivated.

I hope, for the honor of human nature, that many anecdotes related of him, and many declarations attributed to him, had no other foundation than that kind of bravado which drunkenness and iniquitous vanity too often produce. Many of them, I am persuaded, deduce their origin from one of his well known

associates of *cærulean countenance* and infamous life.

The death of Lord Lyttelton was hastened by overheating himself in running or walking for a wager, and incautiously drinking after it. His preternatural prepossessions followed him to the last. In his fatal illness, he persisted that the curtain, drawn back by an invisible hand,opened at the foot of his bed, and presented to his sight a fluttering dove. This conviction, produced by a disturbed mind, delirium, or a dream, no argument, nor mode of demonstrating his mistake, could ever remove.

A collection of letters were published soon after his death, *supposed* to be written by him which I read with great pleasure. This production of Mr. Coombe, the eccentric author of The Diaboliad, is said by good judges to contain letters on the score of composition, sentiment, and language, *exactly* such as Lord Lyttelton *would* have written. It is a sort of epistolary portrait, a picture of his mind, a strong likeness, and the work of an able hand.

*Port Folio.*

## MISCELLANY.

### HINTS TO MEN OF BUSINESS.

Superintend in person as much of your business as practicable, and observe with a watchful eye, the management of what is necessarily committed to the agency of others.

Never lose sight of the powerful influence of example, and be careful in the management of your concerns, to recommend by your own personal practice, uniform habits of active, interested and persevering diligence to those in your employ.

Be prompt and explicit in your instructions to your agents, and let it be understood by them that you expect they will execute the same in strict conformity thereto.

Let no common amusements interfere or mingle with your business; make them entirely distinct employments.

Dispatch at once, if possible, whatever you may take in hand; if interrupted by unavoidable interference, resume and finish it as soon as the obstruction is removed.

Beware of self-indulgence; no business can possibly thrive under the shade of its influence.

Do not assume to yourself more credit for what you do, than you are entitled to, rather be content with a little less; the public mind will always discover where merit is due.

Familiarize yourself with your account books, keep them accurately, and frequently investigate and adjust their contents. This is an important item.

Cultivate domestic habits, for this your family if you have one, has a strong and undeniable claim; besides, your customers will always be best pleased when they find you at home, or at the place of your business.

Never let hurry or confusion distract your mind or dispossess you of self-command.

Under the influence of such habits as these, with a suitable dependence on Providence for a blessing on the labor of your hands, you will have a good foundation to rest your hope upon, for success in whatever business you may be employed.

A Sensible Reasoner.—A traveller expressed his surprise to an inhabitant of Lisbon, that they should have ventured to raise their houses to such a height in a town so lately overthrown by an earthquake.

It is because it has been so lately overthrown, he replied, that we venture; for as other capitals in Europe deserve an earthquake as much as Lisbon, it is reasonable to believe that they all will be overthrown in their turn, according to their deserts; and, of course, it will be a long time before it comes round to Lisbon again.

A barber at Portsea has the following curious inscription over his door:—"Chins operated upon without laceration, or incision, by Simon Fraser, shaver to the *Philanthropic* society."

In the year 1759,Dr. Will wrote a pamphlet entitled, "To David Garrick, Esq. the petition of the Letter I, in behalf of himself and sisters." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with some words including the letter I, as U, in furm for firm, vurtue for virtue, and others.—The pamphlet is now forgotten; but the following Epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote upon the occasion, deserves to be preserved as one of the best in Language.—

To Dr. Will, upon his petition of the letter I, to David Garrick, Esq.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I have injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, as I hope for the better;
May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixt by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may never be mistaken for *U*.

The editor of the Reading Journal says that he has tried the experiment of pouring boiling water on the roots of a Peach tree, the leaves of which had become sear and dry, and the limbs in a rapid state of decay—"in one week it began to revive, and in three weeks it was covered with a new foliage, and new vigorous shoots are putting out, in all directions."

Navarino hats, which sold three weeks since, for two dollars and fifty cents! each, can be bought for twenty five cents and the dealers are very glad to get them off at that price.

*Galaxy.*

LIGHTNING AND ITS EFFECTS.—On Sunday, four cattle were killed by lightning in Paxton, and two in Berlin. On Monday a daughter of John Hobart, Esq. of Leicester, was struck down by a discharge of the electric fluid, but has since nearly recovered from its effects. One other person in the house was slightly affected. On the same day, a school house in Uxbridge was struck, and one of the children received some injury. An ox was killed in Leicester on the same day. A barn in Ashburnham was struck and consumed on Saturday evening, and two cows were killed in Fitchburg on Sunday.

In Beverly the Town School House was struck, cupola shivered to pieces, and one of the pillars supporting the cupola entirely demolished.

Two Cows, that were grazing in the field, were struck dead in Ipswich.

In Salem, on Saturday last, we learn that a building at Marblehead neck was struck by lightning, and set on fire—and an alarm was given in the town in the height of the storm. The fire was extinguished without much damage.—*Evening Gazette.*

*Melancholy.*—On Tuesday morning last, Mr. Jacob Snow, of Heath, was found dead in his barn. The verdict of the Jury of inquest was that he came to his death by hanging himself, with a rope suspended from a beam. We are informed that Mr. Snow has been partially deranged for several months past.

## Married,

In this town, Mr. John Lovell, to Miss Narcissa Brown—Mr. Nahum Gates, to Miss Sally Graves, all of Worcester.

In Millbury, on the 19th inst. by Rev. Mr. Goffe, Mr. Henry Tower to Miss Hannah Harrington.

In Oxford, June 29, James Chadwick, to Mary Ann Richardson.

In Northboro', Ebenezer D. Blake, of Goffstown, (N. H.) to Adeline Ball.

In Lancaster, Edward A. Raymond, of Boston, to Mrs. Eliza Taylor Blackman.

In Wrentham, Joseph Tillinghast, Esq. to Miss Fanny Whitney.

## Died,

In this town, June 28th, Amos Whitney.

In Lancaster, on the 4th inst. an infant son of Mr. Torry Fitch, aged 6 days.

In Charlton, Altha R. Fay, wife of Charles M. Fay, aged 30.

In Phillipston on the 2d instant suddenly, Thomas Ward, Esq. aged 76.

In Petersham, June 29, Miss Mary Ann Brigham aged 26.

In Fitchburg, on Friday last, Theodore Everett, aged 11 months, youngest child of Oliver Everett.

## POETRY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### MEG MERRILIES.

The "Author of Waverly," never exhibited greater talent of description, than in his delineation of this female gipsey in *Guy Mannering*. The lofty stature—the grey elf-locks of her hair, her dress, combining the costume of the Scot, the beggar and the Egyptian—the elevation of her arms, her strongly marked countenance, withered by the sun and the storm—the mystery that hung about her conduct, and above all her power of language, manifesting the ruins of a gigantic intellect untutored by education, and unrestrained by principle, bordering occasionally upon insanity—all uniting to form one of those unearthly characters, that has defied imitation, even by the great mind that produced it. The scene which manifests the striking features of her character is her denunciation of Godfrey Bertram, Laird of Ellangowan, who had expelled from her domains, seven families of her kinsfolks by destroying their miserable cottages, and driving off the inhabitants by the strong arm of the law. The Gypsies had commenced their line of march, when they accidentally encountered the Laird upon horseback.—The road passed through a deep ravin, eso that the Scotch Laird could not pass the procession, without coming in close contact with the miserable fugitives. Upon one of the high banks stood the Gypsey, in the attitude of a sybil in frenzy, her right hand stretched out, with a sapling bough that she had just pulled. We have received from one of our correspondents, her speech upon this occasion, thrown into verse, which we now present to our readers.

Ellengowan! ride your ways!
Nor on my exil'd people gaze.
Ride your ways! but with you bear
The ban of ruin and despair.
E'en ride your ways! but with you take
The curse I utter for your sake.
Seven smoking hearths ye've quenched to-day,
But age itself may live to see
Your own hall hearth-stone dark and drear
And you a lonely mourner there:
Our shel'tring roof ye've torn and riven
And left us to the winds of Heaven.
Go Bertram! ask in foreign lands,
How Ellangowan's roof tree stands,
Your steeds may stable at Derncleugh,
And round our doors the grass may grow.
Yet mark! the hare its young shall call
Safe on the hearth stone of your hall.
Through unknown paths my people tread,
The heath and moor moss are their bed;
Houseless beneath the wintry sky,
Scorn'd and deserted you shall die.
Now Ellangowan ride your ways!
Lone be your nights, and drear your days,
Ee'n ride your ways! and meet your fate,
The Gipsey's scorn, the Gipsey's hate. E.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

## CLEOPATRA'S DEATH.

'Twas noon upon the pyramids; the sun,
In his high zenith, look'd in splendor down
O'er Egypt's vernal vallies; not a breath
Breathed through the lofty sycamores, or waved
The laboring palms thick foliage; mid-day's sleep
Was on the Orange groves; and silently,
The deep, broad bosom of the mighty Nile,
That "mother of the waters," rolled along,
Spreading luxuriance and fertility
Throughout the land.

The battles din had ceased,
Full many a phalanx of Egyptian youth
Had fallen at Actium, and the bloody troops
Of Rome's insidious Emperor, had quench'd
Their thirst for carnage, and had overthrown
The towering expectations, and the hopes
Of the ambitious Anthony, and made
The high triumvir rue the fatal day
That brought his steps within the walls of Tarsus.—

—Woe for his wedded Queen when he had rent
The cord that bound his life, it were a stroke
To crush *Man's* towering spirit—but it fell
On Cleopatra, like the lightning's bolt
Upon the willow, on her couch she sunk,
Within her guarded palace; her whole heart
Broke forth in an ungovernable gush—
"Go from my presence, servants, do not strive,
With counterfeited sympathy, to soothe
This heaving bosom, 'twere but mockery.
Sorrow has built his home within mine heart;
Affliction there is dwelling; I have drunk
Deep of a sedimental chalice; Woe
Has stood before me with deceitful smiles,
And accents on his tongue, which might have lured
A less unwary bosom. O, what now,
Is regal pomp to me? The Princely robes,
The powerful sceptres, and the blazonry
Of every earthly crown, are but as gold
That gilds a baser metal: O, how man
Is bound a slave to fortune: He who thinks
That life may be breathed out in pleasing dreams
And happy moments, has ne'er seen the world,
Or studied human nature. But the foe
Is in my footsteps, and must I be bound
By a proud tyrant in degrading chains,
And borne from freedom? No, the world shall see
That Cleopatra still must die a Queen."
She rose upon her couch, and throwing back
Her curling tresses, they disclosed a face,
Whose pale expression could not but divulge
The workings of the bosom. She had nerved
Her feelings for the worst, and now she looked
On death with fortitude.—
She clasped the venom'd serpent to her bosom,
And drawing round her the imperial robe
Of earthly majesty, again she sunk
And breathed away her life.

P.

## GOOD POLICY.

As Jack and Harry passed along the street,
They met Jack's *Polly*, beautifully sweet.
"Why surely Jack," quoth his friend Harry,
"I wonder that you do not marry."
"I shall," said Jack, "for it would be
A very charming *Poll I see*."

A MATCH FOR A BAILIFF.—Two sheriff's officers were recently sent to execute a writ against a Quaker, well known in the City.—On arriving at his house, they saw his wife, who in reply to their inquiries whether her husband was at home, replied in the afirmative, at the same time requesting they would be seated, and he should speedily *see them*.—The officers waited patiently for some time, but he did not make his appearance: and the fair Quakeress coming into the room, they reminded her of her promise that they should see her husband. 'Nay, friends,' replied she, 'I promised that *he* should *see thee*: he has seen thee—he doth not like thy looks; and therefore hath avoided thy path and quitted his house by another road.'

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—The following dialogue, which we overheard while walking down Chatham-street, the other day, may amuse some of our readers, and serve to prove, what many have maintained, that native wit is characteristic of females, let their rank in life be what it may. The *dramastis persona* were a brother and sister, whose names we suspect to be Abijah and Rebecca.

*Abijah.*—Don't stare about so, Becca, and stare at every thing—folks will see that you were never in town before. And I shall be ashamed to meet any of my friends with you by my side.

*Rebecca.*—That's just what uncle Ben said—says he, "Bija has got plaguy proud since he has been three months in York." Take care of that coach there.

*Abijah.*—Don't be alarmed. Did you ever hear of coaches coming on the side-walk?—The horses themselves know better. Why, Becca, even our city horses know as much as you country people do.

*Rebecca.*—Do they? Then I guess they know a plaguy sight more than their owners.

*N. Y. Mirror.*

Praise your friends, and let your friends praise you.

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# Worcester Talisman.

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## POPULAR TALES.

### THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CONTINUED.

GEORGE now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother.—He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it, resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Among these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognising the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, 'All good angels praise the Lord!' which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley, and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being *coked* or *charred*, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers, but observing that both his brothers slept unwantedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labor proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Muhllerhaussers, their rivals in trade and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged

on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to 'work in the fire,' induced him to dismiss this belief, and although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. 'But be they men or fiends,' said the undaunted forester, 'that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace.' He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his boar spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognise, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life, but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire; the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural, the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds which could be imagined. 'Who art thou?' said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

'Martin Waldeck, the forester,' answered the hardy youth;—'And who are you?'

'The king of the waste and of the mine,' answered the spectre:—'And why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?'

'I came in search of light to rekindle my fire,' answered Martin, hardily, and then resolutely asked, in his turn, 'What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?'

'We celebrate,' answered the complaisant demon, 'the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon—But take thy fire that thou camest to seek, and begone—No mortal may long look upon us and live.'

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however, much astonished with what he had seen was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about, and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire, but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce the words, 'Dare not to return hither a fourth time!'

## INDIAN GRATITUDE.

While the frontier war, between the Indians, aided by the French, and the British Colonies of America, was at its highest pitch, James Pritchard, a young Englishman, served in the capacity of surgeon to a party of the colonists who occupied a small fort, which was built to afford protection to the surrounding country. It was in the middle of summer. Being an extravagant lover of nature, and, as a natural consequence, a poet, when the calm breezy evening came on, it was his constant practice to take a ramble through the woods by which they were environed, to enjoy nature in her calmest mood. One evening, tempted by the unusual pleasantness of the air, he strolled rather father than usual from the little fort, and entered a majestic, natural vista, formed by a clump of towering forest trees which bordered on a large swamp. The sun was just setting majestically in the west, and his bright reflections on the clouds, seen through a large opening at the other end of the vista, contrasted with the deep gloom of the shade of the trees, awakened in his breast sensations of the most pleasurable description.—With his arms folded upon his breast, and his eyes bent upon the ground, he slowly paced along, luxuriating in his own reflections. At one moment, the music of the frogs swelled among the trees in an uninterrupted strain; now it was broken in upon by the note of the whip-poor-will, and then, a sharp croak, and a sullen plunge into the water, told that he had disturbed the security of the deep-throated musicians of the swamp. —Suddenly he was awakened from his pleas-

ing reverie by a loud *hugh!* pronounced close by him; and on lifting his eyes, he was startled by the appearance of a large Indian, who, by his dress and accoutrements, appeared to be a chief of some consequence. The hand of the surprized surgeon passed mechanically to the hilt of his sword, the only weapon of defence which he had about his person; but before he had half withdrawn it from the scabbord, the muscular grasp of the savage completely paralized his efforts. By a few signs, easily understood by persons in peril, the indian assured him that it was not his intention to hurt him; and striking into the thick woods, beckoned him to follow. Seeing that it was useless for him to make any efforts against his powerful conductor, and besides, being pretty well assured of his peaceable intentions, he silently followed his rapid strides through the forest. They soon arrived at a temporary wigwam, built in a spot naturally so much secluded that the best woodsman might pass it without discovering it. Here lay languishing a female, evidently a favorite wife of the indian warrior. Her disease had baffled the most powerful incantations of the indian magicians, and had bid defiance to their whole materia medica. Hearing, by one of his followers who had rambled from his companions in a hunting excursion, and who had observed the surgeon of the little fort engaged in the examination of some plants, that a great white medicine was in the country, he with a few of his men, brought the sufferer to her present situation, and laid in wait for the doctor, whom, as we have seen, he succeeded in capturing.

Pritchard examined the case of his new patient with attention; and finding that the rude means applied to for cure, were worse than the original disease, he, by the use of a few herbs, soon brought her to a state of convalescence. The chief was delighted; and loading the doctor with all which he thought would be acceptable to him, he led him to a spot within a short distance of the fort, and left him with every appearance of gratitude imprinted upon his countenance.

Not very long after this circumstance, the little fort was attacked by a large horde of savage warriors. Its defenders enacted prodigies of valor, and our hero exerted himself against the assailants in a most conspicuous manner. A thousand weapons were levelled at him, but none, though he was often wounded, reached his life.—At length the superior number of the enemy prevailed.—In the gloom of the night, they burst from every side, with hideous yells, on the gallant little band who were weakened by fatigue and hunger, and completely mastered them.

It was the lot of Pritchard to be among the prisoners; but he was preserved from immediate slaughter, only that his death might be made the more lingering and excruciating; for his exploits against the savages awakened, powerfully, feelings of deadly revenge. The spot where the surgeon was first surprized by the Indian Chief, was chosen as the scene of the tragedy which they were impatient to enact. Our hero was fastened to a tree, and with eager haste a circular pile of combustibles was quickly raised around him by the inveterate savages. But Pritchard was no longer sensible of his perilous situation. The intensity of his feelings had driven reason from her seat and the extreme point of suffering was past. Just when one of the fiends was applying the torch, a warrior rushed forward, and struck it out of his hand. He ascended the pile, and thence made an address with all the gestures peculiar to aboriginal eloquence. The effect was wonderful. Those who were before so eager to collect the wood which was to burn their intended victim, now scattered it to the winds. Pritchard was unbound, and given to his deliverer. It was the chief whose wife he had cured, who now, out of gratitude, conducted him to his people, where he treated him with the greatest tenderness, until his health was restored, and then placed him safely in the protection of the whites.

Pritchard, tired of adventures in this wild region, embarked for his native country, where, after honorably filling his station in life, he died, leaving among his manuscripts the outlines of the foregoing narrative.—*Hesperus.* RUDOLPH.

## CHAMBERLAIN AND PAUGUS.

Among Lovewell's men, at his famous Pickwackett fights, was a N. Hampshire settler of the name of Chamberlain. He was one of those rugged spirits, that in the rude period beyond the "old French War," moved from the thick settled seaboard, and penetrated into the wilderness of this province. The Indian passed his log house, on his scouts to surprise the frontiers, and near it were the haunts and dens of the less savage beasts of prey. The smoky rafters were hung about with gammons of the bear, that had tumbled from the white pine at the summons of his long rifle, and he lay at night on the fur of the dun Catamount.

He was tall—higher than the stateliest Indian; strong, four of them were no match for him with their tomahawks against his heavy hatchet;—he was swift of foot, he could outrun the moose in full trot; sagacious and eagle eyed, he entraped the Indian in his ambush, and surpassed him in that sort of instinct which guides the savage and the keener brute through the wide and pathless woods.

The red men passed cautiously and harmlessly by the dwelling of Chamberlain; and a score of them would lie still, where they watched in ambush, and suffer him to go on unmolested, lest their rifles might miss what they deemed his charmed body, and bring him in vengeance upon them; for he valued them as lightly as Sampson did the men of Ashkelon.

Around the shores of the Winnipiseogee, which, though it is the long settled name of the chief sheet of water in the "Granite state," excited, when mentioned in Congress as a portion of a contemplated water route through this state a smile from the dainty eared but not well informed gentleman of the south; around this then wild and unknown, but now navigated, celebrated and beautiful lake, there dwelt a powerful tribe of Indians. Their chief was Paugus. He was a savage of giant stature and strength, swift, cunning, deadly with his rifle and tomahawk, cruel vengeful beyond the native vengeance of the Indians, and the terror of man, woman and child along the frontiers, and even among the infant cities that had then begun to spring up on the very edge of the sea. The audacious chief was supposed to have ventured into their streets in the dark nights to learn their counsels concerning the Indians, and even to take off from among them the astonished captive.

Bands of soldiers had penetrated to the shores of the Winnipiseogee, to find out the retreat of this terrible savage, and if possible to slay him or take him prisoner. But he was too sagacious, and always eluded their search,—though they came, at one time, so near him, that he saw the blaze of his wigwam as they set it on fire, and the smoke of it curling among the tree tops, that were then above his head.

Often had Chamberlain sought, in the Indian skirmishes he was engaged in, to find out the form of Paugus—to make him the mark of his rifle, or to encounter with his hatchet the tomahawk of this fearful warrior. But they never had chanced to meet, although Paugus had learned of his tribe the character and prowess of the settler.

A small body of determined men under Capt. Lovewell were on their way eastward, through the wilderness where Chamberlain dwelt, and some of them saw his smoke in a valley near P——, on the Pemigwasett. He learned their destination and immediately joined them on an expedition against the Winnipiseogee and Pigwacket tribes—who had recently committed some daring and destructive assaults upon the frontier under the leading of Paugus. Chamberlain was welcomed by the gallant Lovewell; and he was considered by them all as a great accession to the strength of their devoted little band.

They traversed the woods and encountered an overwhelming body of Indians, on the peninsula of Lovewell's pond, and their fights have given celebrity to every portion of the surrounding wilderness. After the thickest and most desperate of the conflict was over and Chamberlain, weary with fighting, thirsty and faint under the hot sun, had retired to the edge of the pond to drink and to wash out his gun, which had grown so foul with frequent firing that he at last could not make her go off.—He pushed his way through a copse of willows to a little beach by the Pond, when lo, from the thicket, at a short distance from him, emerged the stately figure of Paugus, covered over with dust and blood, making his way to the water. The warriors at once knew each other, Chamberlain's gun was useless and he thought of rushing upon Paugus with his hatchet, before he could level his rifle, but the Indian's gun was in the same condition with his own, and he too had come to the edge of Lovewell's pond to quench his thirst and hastily scour out his foul rifle. The condition of the rifles became immediately, by some means or other, known to the enemies, and they mutually agreed to a truce, while they washed them out for the encounter. They slowly and with equal movements cleansed their guns and took their stations on the outer border of the beach—"Now Paugus," said Chamberlain, "I'll have you"—and with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter, sprung to loading his rifle. "Na—na—me have you," replied Paugus, and he handled his gun with a dex-

terity that made the bold heart of Chamberlain beat quick, and he almost raised his eye to take his last look upon the sun. They rammed their cartridges, each at the same instant cast his ramrod upon the sand.—"I'll have you Paugus," shouted Chamberlain, as in his desperation he almost resolved to rush upon the savage, with the breach of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullets before he could load. The woods across the pond echoed back the shout. Paugus trembled as he applied his powder horn to the priming. Chamberlain heard the grains of his powder rattle lightly upon the leaves beneath his feet. Chamberlain struck his gun breach violently upon the ground—the rifle *primed herself*, he aimed and his bullets whistled through the heart of Paugus.—He fell and as he went down, the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle touched the hair upon the crown of Chamberlain, and passed off without avenging the death of its dreadful master, into the bordering wilderness. The hunter, after recovering from the shock of such a fearful and imminent encounter, cast a look upon the fallen savage. The paleness of death had come over his copper colored forehead.—He seized upon his rifle, bullet pouch and powder horn—left him on the leafy sand, and sought again the lessened ranks of the whitemen, as they wearily defended themselves against the encircling savages. He shouted to them of the fall of Paugus. The Indians looked about them—the tall figure of the chief was no where in sight.—In grief and despair they ceased their fire and withdrew into the woods, leaving Chamberlain and the remains of the band of the *fallen* Paugus to retrace their way to the distant settlement.

Chamberlain, it is said, long afterwards killed three of the descendants of Paugus, who came into the village where he dwelt, to slay him in his old age, to avenge upon him the fall of their ancestor.

*White Hills, N. H. May*, 1828.—*Album.*

## ESSAY ON SELF KNOWLEDGE.

To increase in knowledge, is one of the grand objects of human pursuit, and from nothing do we more assuredly infer the true disposition of the mind, than from the particular kind of knowledge after which it aspires. It is natural to conclude, that men differ as much in their tastes and dispositions as in their outward appearance. What constitutes the pleasure of one, is little regarded by another; and the condition exactly fitted to one taste, would be intolerable to man of opposite desires and habits. Some delight in the pursuits of science and extensive research, while others are content with observing the varieties of human life, and bending to the manners of the world. Some are allured to the vale of Temple, by the songs of the Muses; others are hurried away to the field of battle, by the maddening sound of the trumpet, and the clangor of arms—while but a few retire to the peaceful seclusion, and there listen to the monitory voice, '*know thyself.*' By far, the greater part of mankind, place their happiness more on the surrounding objects, than in communing with themselves—and live so much from home, that they know little of the operations of their own minds. A person may embark in schemes of enterprize and spend a whole life in the pursuit of wealth and fame, and at last, with all his 'blushing honors thick upon him,' die utterly ignorant of himself. He may have traversed continents, and examined minutely all their curiosities, interpreting the half obliterated characters on their monuments, and all the while neglect to trace the characteristics of a mind more lasting than marble. He may have penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and explored many a cavern, and yet may have left undetected a darker recess in his own heart.

To one who considers the extensive range of the mind, and attempt to explain this phenomenon by referring it to any want of intellectual power will appear vain. The intellect engages in the pursuit of remote truths, with an accuracy and ardor, which are truly astonishing. The objects presented to it, are revived in all their relations, and these relations are examined with scrutiny the most minute. It is not then to any incapacity in the mind, that we are to ascribe its aversion to contemplate its own propensities and feelings. Nor is our mental constitution such as necessarily to confine our attention to the passing scene, to the exclusion of all solicitude, for future interest—so far from this, the present in a great measure borrows its completion from the prospect of what is to succeed—and we are ever either harrassed by fear, or hope is directing us to a period when our joys, if not perfect, shall leave us little to want, when the fever of desire for sublunary objects, shall have died away, and our sky shall wear a brighter aspect. In whatever light this subject may be viewed, and with whatever ingenuity we may seek to color it, the fact still remains—inexplicable perhaps, except on the supposition that there exists a moral cause, universal in its extent, and most operative in its nature. The philosopher teaches us that

the wisdom of the world is folly, and therefore the study of the world tends more to vitiate, than to improve. The moralist assures us that crowds and scenes of amusement are not fit places for cool and mature deliberation; that ambition, avarice and a love of pleasure incessantly mislead us; that their passions produced a scenic representation of the world, while in retirement and at home, man is himself.

In life, there are a great variety of parts in which all are compelled to appear—but there are seasons also, when the world with all its varied scenes, may be shut out from the view, and the whole attention divided to the more noble part of man; and this would more frequently be the case, were it not that the heart is pre-occupied with the trifles of earth, which most emphatically perish with the using. The current of the soul moves in a contrary direction—the passions have fastened themselves around other objects. There are a thousand feelings, each of which if arrested and made the subject of reflection, would show us what is our character, and what it is likely to be. The smallest thing appears worthy of regard, if it is known to be the beginning of what is advancing to magnificence. The little streamlet hurrying down the rugged declivity, or gently winding through the vale, is an interesting object to an observer, when he is told that it is one of the sources of the largest river in the world. So the man of wisdom reflects with deep solicitude on every disposition and secret working of his mind, when he considers the endless progress on which he has entered, and the august destinies which are before him.

In this way, he may attain self-knowledge and self-government—may rise to the true dignity of his nature, and by studying his own will, learn the disposition and character of others:—and find

'That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

*Bower of Taste.* R. L. P.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In private life, Sir Walter Scott is the delight of all who approach him. So simple and unassuming are his manners, that a stranger is quite surprised, after a few minutes have elapsed, to find himself already almost at home in the company of one, whose presence he must have approached with feelings so very different from those which a man is accustomed to meet ordinany men. There is on kind of rank, which we should suppose is so difficult to bear with perfect ease, as the universal honored genius; but all this sits as lightly and naturally upon this great man, as ever a plumed casque did upon the head of one of his graceful Knights. Perhaps, after all, the very highest dignity may be more easily worn than some of the inferior degrees—as it has often been said of Princes. When Sir Walter sees company either at home or abroad, which is not rare, it is not easy to describe the feelings of heartfelt joy that his presence spreads over a whole party. He is temperate in the extreme; but if he be master of the ceremonies, he is accustomed to send round the bottle more speedily than some guests could wish. In his conversation, however, there is nothing like display or formal leading. On the contrary, every body seems to speak the more that he is there to hear—and his presence seems to be enough to make every one speak delightfully. His conversation, besides, is for the most part of such a kind, that all can take a lively part in it, although, indeed, none can equal him.

*Bachelors' Journal.*

## VARIETY.

RAIL-WAYS.—On a well made road a horse will draw one ton in a cart weighing 7 cwt. or about 3,000 lbs. at the rate of two miles an hour. On a rail-way of the best construction he will draw at the same rate of travelling about 15 tons: let us call this 30,000 lbs. for the convenience of round numbers. On a canal he will draw about 30 tons in a boat weighing 15 tons, or about 90,000 lbs. Hence, on a rail-road, the draught of a horse is ten times, and on a canal thirty times as great as on a good road. Now a rail-road costs about three times, and a canal about nine times as much as a good road; and it is probable that the expense of keeping them in repair is in proportion to the original outlay.—It is obvious, therefore, that if rail-ways come into general use, the expense of transporting commodities will be about two-thirds less than on the best roads.

*Phi. Ev. Post.*

### FROM LONDON PAPERS.

A lecture was given, on Friday, by Mr. Brockedon, at the Royal Institution Albemarle street, on a new method of projecting shot, invented by Mr. Sievier, the sculptor. It was stated by Mr. Brockedon that he was present at some of the experiments, and that one ounce of gunpowder, projected to the distance of 175 yards (point blank,) a ball of fourteen pounds weight, and it afterwards penetrated the earth three feet. In another experiment it fired a shot of eighteen pounds, with the same quantity of powder, and destroyed a large tree. The most extraordinary part of this invention was, that the shot is fired without a cannon, and it was mentioned by the lecturer that the saving in the weight, particularly in ship carriage, would be very considerable, as to fire a shot of 12 pounds in the ordinary way would require a cannon of 22 hundred weight, and a carriage of about 10 do.; whereas Mr. Sievier's invention only required a stock bar of iron of about one hundred weight. The mode of gunnery is not confined to any calibre, therefore any sized or shaped shot may be projected from the same stock. The lecturer also stated, that he had

prepared, in a rough manner, a small model to show some experiments upon, but upon trial found that two grains of gunpowder drove a 1½ ounce shot through thin deal planks, and afterwards bounded about the room, so as to be dangerous; he thought it therefore prudent to desist from the experiment in a crowded place. He afterwards gave his opinion of the cause produced by this small quantity of gunpowder, which was, that the recoil which takes place in ordinary gunnery is by Mr. Sievier's invention given to the shot: he entered learnedly into the nature of recoil, and elucidated it by many facts, and proved that no recoil took place till the shot had left the muzzle of the gun. The lecture was very interesting, and we agree with Mr. Brockedon that Mr. Sievier's invention will prove one of the most destructive engines of war.

## A TALE OF TRUTH.

On the plains of Stillwater, N. Y. lived a revolutionary veteran and his little family—a wife and an only son, a sprightly lad of sixteen. A small plot of ground amply served their limited wants; and a 'little all' it was—for, sheltered by a 'snug little cot,' from wintry storms and summer's heat, fed by healthful industry, they passed along the vale of life in simple, 'sweet content.' Here, with an honest, grateful pride, did the old man behold his country rapidly rising in national piety and physical splendor, to a peerless rank among the kingdoms of the earth; and here he could have spent the few remaining days left for him, had not the death of his wife, and the future welfare of his son, opened a new and wide field of exertion. He knew that his much loved son was soon to be left in this mercenary world, without an earthly guardian and support, and he felt the imperious call of duty to see him settled in life, if possible, ere he should be gathered to his fathers.

One plan alone seemed probable to succeed—which was to avail himself of a hitherto neglected military land title. This title covered a large tract somewhere in the eastern part of Kentucky: but, from the alteration of names, he was unable to tell the precise situation. He, however, resolved to search for it, at all hazards, and accordingly sold his trifling estate, settled his debts, and set forward on foot, with all the firmness of one inured to toil and hardships from infancy.

For one moment we will paint to ourselves the lovely landscape, with its skirted forests—its gurgling rill—its lowing cow and bleating sheep—yonder hill, and, at its foot, the circumscribed cottage, the home of the old patriot, and near it the grave of his wife; then behold the father, son, and faithful dog bidding the whole a silent, lasting farewell!

The father was leaving the field of his glory, and the remains of his partner; in these two were associated the recollections of his dearest sublunary joys—the virtues and affections of his departed wife, and the first radiations from the sun of American liberty.

Whatever excitement shook him internally, his features wore the aspect of firm, high resolve. Not so the son; in that grove, and by that babbling rill, he and his dog had gambolled away many a vernal holiday. In that dear native hut, oft had he beguiled a long winter's evening, by listening to his father's legends of the old war, or conned over and over his prayers, from the mouth of his sainted mother; he was now to leave them forever. His ingenuous soul withered at the thought. From this circle all his joys and sorrows sprung—beyond it, all was vacuity.—The fountain of youthful hope and buoyance was never closed, and tears flowed in their native exuberance as he turned and left the cottage of Stillwater Plains.

They bent their way to the nearest branch of the Alleghany, on which they embarked in an open boat, pennyless, and with a small store of eatables. One stormy evening in the month of November they tied their canoe to a tree, and made their way to the nearest dwelling, which proved to be that of an unfeeling planter. He turned a deaf ear to the claims of patriotic age, and shut the door upon our shelterless wanderers! Ingratitude overcame the veteran who had scoured the forest of '76, and but for his son, he would have sunk under the weight of his misfortunes.

They passed the night in one of the planter's barns, hungry, wet, cold, on a bed of straw! At dawn of day our travellers set forward to the next village, and obtained a breakfast. They found themselves in Kentucky, on one of those extensive alluvian bottoms, peculiar to the great western rivers of North America.

On taking his title to a lawyer, the old gentleman found to his astonishment that it was a wealthy plantation; and what must have been his feelings, on finding it occupied by the very same brutish nabob, who, the preceding evening, drove him and his suffering child from his door!

The wretch in his turn was forced to beg, for he had not enough left to pay the rent which had been amassing for twenty years;—yet with more effect, for he was allowed to spend the remainder of his miserable days on a remote corner of the plantation. His life had been a series of cruelty and knavery, and his last crowning act was followed by the temporal beginning of an eternal retribution.

QUIETING CONSCIENCE.—In a town, not many miles off, the *sober* part of it, in imitation of their neighbors of other towns, resolved to call a meeting for the purpose of considering the expediency of adopting the best measures for the suppression of Intemperance. Accordingly notice to this effect was given, and a meeting was convened. The meeting being organized, and the objects of it stated, by a

venerable and very good sort of man, various resolutions were adopted. Among them was one which seemed to embrace the whole subject, as it would, it was supposed, put an entire veto upon the crying sin of intemperance. It is well known to the "wool growing" part of the community, that their sheep must be effectually washed, in order to cleanse the wool for the manufacturer, *once* a year. Now this is a laborious business; not only so, but a very wet and cold business, as the sheep should be washed early in the season, before the wool begins to fall. In consequence, the good people of the town, resolved, under heavy penalties, that they would, in no case whatever, drink *any ardent spirits*, save at the laborious cold and wet business of washing sheep. Not many days after it was observed that one of those who composed the aforesaid meeting was a "little the worse for liquor." He was charged with the fact; but he protested he had lived up to the very spirit and letter of the resolution. He was asked how that could be.—Why, said he, I have a sheep in that pen which I *regularly wash seven times a day!*

*Berkshire Star.*

## Married,

In Charlton, by Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Joseph C. Allen, of Sturbridge, to Miss Hannah Brown.—Mr. Henry Whiting, to Miss Almira Brown.

At Jamaica, N. Y. John Winslow Whitman, of Boston, to Sarah Helen Power, of Providence, R. I.

[He who has thus submitted to the *power* of the fair sex is editor of the Boston *Bachelors' Journal*; if such are the fruits of his preaching, we hope he will continue his labors, and, working by the rule of contraries, prevail upon some of his whilom bachelor brethren to go and do likewise.]

## Died,

In Leicester, on the 17th inst. Miss Catharine H. Warren, aged 24. During a long and distressing illness, she manifested uncommon patience and resignation, and an unwavering confidence in the mercy of her Heavenly Father, as revealed in the gospel of his son.

In Ward, on the 14th inst. Elizabeth G. Bancroft, daughter of Mr. Kendall Bancroft aged 4 years.

In Shrewsbury, on the 26th ult. William Kerr, of Boston, aged 33 years.

In Grafton, on the 11th inst. Cyrus Putnam, son of George W. Putnam, aged 19 years.

In Sterling, on the 18th inst. Mr. Barnard W. Eddy, aged 42; On Sunday last, Mr. William Richardson, aged 45; Mr. Antepas Wheeler, aged 30; Mr. Edward Johnson, a soldier of the revolution.

In Sutton, Mr. Elder S. Waters, aged 77.—Miss Sylvia Dodge, daughter of Mr. Josiah Dodge, aged 21.

## POETRY.

### TO A GROUP OF PLAYING CHILDREN.

Laugh on while yet the rosy blush
  Of childhood's morning tints your skies;
Laugh on, while yet the kindling flush
  Is on your cheeks and in your eyes;
I would not tell to make you grieve,
  How soon that mirth shall pass away;
That morning fade, and only leave
  The broad dull light of common day.

It makes my spirit very glad
  To see your mirth and careless joys;
And may you never be more sad
  Than you are now, my bright ey'd boys!
But I can read on every face,
  A something upon every brow,
Which will not pass without a trace
  Of things you are not dreaming now.

First passions wild and dark and strong,
  And hopes and powers and feelings high;
Then manhood's thoughts, a rushing throng,
  Shall sink the cheek and dim the eye.
And brows shall grow all pale with care,
And lips shall writhe in scorn or pain,
And age come on with hoary hair,
  And sadly tend to earth again.

And cherish'd fancies, one by one,
  Shall slowly fade from day to day;
And then, from weary sun to sun
  Ye will not have the heart to play.
But oft amidst the shifting scene,
  You'll smile on childhood's thoughtless joy;
And wish you had forever been
  A careless, laughing, happy boy.

### FROM THE NEW ENGLAND WEEKLY REVIEW.

Earth with its bright and glorious things,
  Is hastening to decay—
And Time, with swift and noiseless wings,
  Holds on his wasting way;
Each scene of Earth shall fade—but love
Reveals a better world above.

Mid the dark storms that round us rave,
  On life's eventful sea,
Religion, o'er the troubled wave,
  Beams from Eternity.
And kindles an undying flame,
That Earth's wild tempest cannot tame.

There is a land where pleasure springs,
  Unchilled by grief and care—
There beauty blooms—and Sorrow's stings
  Know not to enter there:
Earth: its frail flowers shall fade—but love
Reveals a better world above.

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# Worcester Talisman.

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## POPULAR TALES.

### THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as inaffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure, to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metalic masses, which their skill, (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists,) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit.—But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the scorn of the neighborhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions. And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil dispositions in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one bad passion awakened another; the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered more harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends, the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labors and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honorable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by the two brothers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the cavalry of the province, and demanded permission to enter the lists.—This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, 'We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry.' Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword, and hewed down the herald who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entrance into the lists. A hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege, or regicide.—Waldeck after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honor of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When

he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries, levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers, (for his retinue was fled and dispersed,) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother, on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way between two mountains, they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and statue increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, 'How like you the fire MY coals have kindled?' The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and clenching his fist shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with the effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine trees beside the rode. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the first day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom, precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief; and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the evils attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

## FEBRUARY ADVENTURES.

"Howe'er the theme o' this may gang,
Time surely will determine;
To some, 'twill merely be a sang,
To others sure a sermon."

*Old Song varied.*

Among the numerous classes, and diversity of conditions, of man, there is one grade, which, it must be readily acknowledged by every one, is very peculiar in itself. It is that class of beings, a kind of non-descript gentry, which is to be found in every part of most countries, and with a goodly portion of which "the land whereon *we* tread" is blessed. For one, I must acknowledge that I am somewhat in favor of a distinction of this kind. Without them, society and the world would not possess that variety which is the zest of life, but would eventually resolve into one tedious round of monotony. Besides, they seem to be planted upon a medium among their fellow creatures, a half-way ground between youth and age; ever too old to assimilate with children, and ever too young even to be called old.

But, perhaps, the chief circumstance which prepossessed me in favor of this class is, that one of its members has always been a most intimate friend of mine, although our ages are at variance. My heart had learned to love him in its earliest day. Youth, unknowing to the characters and distinctions of the world, will become attached, and cling with fondness, to the object from which it receives the most attention, and the attachments which are formed in that innocent and unsuspecting season, generally continue, not only until the attention is withdrawn, but through life. Many a time, when, elated by the overflowing spirits of boyhood, I have been playing truant in the streets, has he, not being shackled by the fetters of matrimony, and having no one to greet with smiles his return to his lonely dwelling, taken me by the hand and led me to the room in which he spent his time in conning human lore. Here he won my affections, and changing his manner of entertainment with increasing age, from plumbs and sweetmeats up to poetry and politics, his "study" at length became my general resort in leisure moments. (There were many traits in his character which, I should denominate eccentricities. To see a person of his age, tipped with a dandy beaver when in the street, his head braced with the pinnacle of a dickey which would portend the rise of the Poland commodity, and cravat dawned with the scrupulosity of a beau of twenty; and then to see him when in private, with confidential friends, so perfectly free and easy, so

opposite to his appearance in public,—these I consider as eccentricities; at least they were in him.)

It was a chilly evening near the commencement of last February, that I found myself seated with this personage over a cheerful fire.—The crackling faggots blazed high upon his hearth, and comfort seemed to have chosen this for her abode. On the table between us were the newspapers of the day, among which I discovered, alas! the New York Mirror. A file of the Philadelphia Album was hanging behind the door, and one corner of the first number of the Bower of Taste was peeping, unluckily, out of the table drawer!! My friend had become wonderfully addicted to the Indian weed, and had been setting for half an hour in a reverie of unmingled enjoyment, at one moment the thick columns rolling from his mouth like a pillar of smoke over a half smothered fire, and at another, bursting out, for all the world, like the steam of a boiling tea kettle! I well knew the effects of this habit upon him, and was aware that he was now in a happy mood.

"Come Nat," said I, throwing down my newspaper, and speaking with accustomed familiarity, "here's a good long evening before us, how can it be passed more agreeably than by hearing a history of your life?" "A history of my life, eh?" said he, taking his cigar from his mouth. "Yes sir, a history of your life." "Why, child, a history of the life of Nathaniel Charles Emberton would be but a detail of wars and battles!" "Indeed, but how so?" "Why sir, it would but recount wars between Love and Fear, and battles between Hope and Despair." "Rather a ludicrous life indeed sir, but perhaps 'twill be so much the more interesting." "Pshaw, 'twould take a long while, however, you shall have an abridgement." He threw his cigar with a careless twirl into the fire, then leaning back closing his eyes and folding his arms, commenced:—

"When the young blood ran riot in my veins,
And boyhood made me sanguine,"—

"How," exclaimed I interrupting him, "do you begin with a *quotation?*" "Certainly sir, all novels, of late years, commence with a quotation." "That I acknowledge, but this is history, not fiction." "But 'tis *novel* notwithstanding," he continued with a significant smile; then, changing his form of a prelude, began with speaking of the manner in which his class is treated by the world.

"The world sir, is very illiberal in its feelings towards our unoffending class. It is true we are increasing, to an alarming degree, but that does not excuse the portion of mankind, who have had the better fortune to launch from the shores of celibacy, and anchor within the smooth harbor of matrimony, for their ungenerous, calumnious, and tyrannical conduct towards us. If we have not trod the path which they have, it is certainly unjust for them to censure us, and, were they acquainted with every circumstance concerning each member of our fraternity, I do not hesitate in giving my candid opinion, that they would not find us so much in fault as some others.—Yes sir, I actually believe that there is not one living, of whom it may be said, it is his own fault in belonging to the society. But alas! the people, in the hardness of their hearts, would bring us down to a level with the brute creation, and like them we must have a tax imposed upon us. Alas, sir, well may we exclaim, *O tempora! O mores!* Now sir, did these wise people only know how full to overflowing is our cup of bitterness, their inveterate hatred, for I can distinguish it by no better name, would be exchanged for a pitying and sympathizing feeling. Yes, our lot is surely hard enough without being aggravated by the imposition of a tax upon our pockets. But to proceed.

I was born—it is immaterial where, and the manner in which I spent my youthful days would be uninteresting. Naturally of an aspiring spirit, I early shook off the galling shackles of parental thraldom, and assumed a manly independence of myself, insomuch that when thirteen summers had passed over me, I was a person of vastly more importance in my own opinion, than at ten years afterwards. It was during one jolly winter evening while visiting with a party of playmates at this age, that a thrilling sensation of rather a ludicrous character came over my bosom. Little Isabella was in the company, and often during the evening, I discovered myself gazing intently upon the glossy curls that came down over a beautiful neck. This was the first time I had discovered those marks of beauty of which I had heard older people speak, and ah, a sad prelude to, and just picture of every future day of my life I persuaded myself that I was in love. Her image was in my mind's eye during the day, and haunted my visions by night.—If by chance I met her in the street, the fulling mill of my bosom commenced its operations, and I could not raise my head to catch the glances of her bright blue eye. But, as dropping water will wear away the hardest alabaster, so did the lapse of time gradually rub off that burden upon my bosom. I soon discovered the wavering disposition of my heart. I had seen more of the world, and the bright eyes of Isabella were forgotten by the appearance of a Mary. Again, as I grew more advanced in age and became more extensively acquainted, and a nicer discriminator of beauty, the throne of Mary was usurped by Adeline, and from thence, a whole line of queens ran through their evanescent reigns in quick succession.—I now began to look upon creation in a different light. I immediately threw off all the simplicity and ease natural to mankind, and took upon me artificial airs. I soon became expert in all the manœuvres of a beau gallant, my hat instinctively left the pinnacle and lodged upon the side of my head, a walking stick found its way to my hands,

"And, 'twixt my finger and my thumb, I held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
I gave my nose."

I endeavored to make the pleasure of the ladies my pleasure, yet sometimes I felt disgusted with the seeming insipidity of the manners of the world, and relaxed from my attention; but alas, I discovered that if I played the beau, I was laughed at in secret, and if I did not, I was called

"An untaught knave—unmannerly."

In my eighteenth year, fate and fortune decreed that I must move from the scenes of childhood, to dwell in this place; must leave behind me a large circle of friends and acquaintance, to go among strangers. But here I was not long in obtaining introductions and forming acquaintance, and, although the fair images which had previously been engraven upon my heart were erased, yet, there was another too soon imprinted upon it, and in deeper, and more substantial lines.

Julia Maria Dolabella, was formed in beauty's mould:—but her personal comeliness and external charms were not her greatest ornaments, she was endowed with a mind of no ordinary cast, a mind that cherished every virtue, and discarded every vice. I dreamed that if perfection was upon earth, it was with her, and thought, from the inmost recesses of my bosom, (as I had of each of my loves in their turn,) that I might spend, with her, a sweet and unsullied life of connubial felicity. But these secret musings, these air castles, were known only to myself. As I had shown, if possible, less marked attention to her than to others, I did not once imagine that my conduct would betray myself. 'Tis true that from some circumstance of the time, my seat in company would generally be placed beside hers, and, as to conversation, I imagined it a sure indication of ill-breeding to converse with those upon the opposite side of the room. But the busy whisper was soon circulated through many mouths, concerning the partiality of Mr. Emberton, towards Julia. I marvelled at this, scanned my conduct, but could discover nothing which should give rise to the report, even her name had never escaped my lips, to my recollection, while I had freely conversed concerning other acquaintances.

It is a happy circumstance for the people of this wide and story-loving world, that, when there are not actual realities sufficient, upon which to build the foundation of a report, there are tongues ever ready to lend their aid in artificially completing it. I have ever had the misfortune to be a victim to these people, insomuch, that had their words come to pass, I should have stood before the altar, long since, with one, to whom the most pointed of my attentions was, that my younger brother was once seen riding with the lady's grandmother! But to return.—Although I was, in reality, so much enamoured with Julia, no secret avowals of attachment had been spoken, no interchange of mutual regard had ever taken place, no breathings of the heart ever uttered. I found myself in a predicament similar to many through which I had passed before;—I loved, but I feared.

REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.

## FORGETFULNESS.

There is perhaps no sorrow which the oblivious hand of time, may not wash into forgetfulness. In early life, when the heart is alive to every impression, and when its feelings are uncorrupted by the cold realities of worldiness, a thousand delusive speculations will haunt the imagination, and give a beautiful tinge to its day dreams. But each of these gives place to some new fancy, followed up with a childish eagerness, until the phantom dissolves of itself, and we turn away, wondering where was the attraction. It is thus with the early passions of the human bosom. Few individuals of either sex arrive at the age of twenty, without having experienced something of love. In most cases the first approach of this passion is ever most diffident and pure. We know so little of guile, are so unpracticed in deceit, that the emotions of the heart flow forth uncontaminated, and our dreams of the idol are sullyless as driven snow. Yet first love is in most cases, a childish and transient passion. The nature of man undergoes such a wonderful revolution, when he takes upon himself the authority of his own actions, and mingles in the counsels of his fellows, that the motives which actuate his conduct, his taste and in fact his whole character become changed. It is then that the dream of the earlier years, gradually loses its enchantment—his mind developes its energies, and asks for something of intellectual strength, as well as personal beauty, to kindle up its vivid emotions. Instead of a diffident blushing and timid girl, he seeks for a woman of immaculate chastity—fervent passions, and high soul'd feelings—a being whose virtue is a principle rather than a timidity. The puerile emanations of his early moments—the childish outpourings of his youthful fancy, and the vain ebullitions of his visionary hours are succeeded by something of a deeper if not a more ambitious charac-

ter. He gazes back upon the gilded track of time, beholding many beautiful memories, and vivid spots on the pages of that existence; he feels that it would have been paradise, forever to have been a child—but also feels that his nature is changed, and that the impulses that swell his soul, are deep and deeply incomprehensible. This change in the character and feelings, is invariably the effect of time and circumstances.—As distance separates those, whom frequent associations have united in the fine affinity of sympathies, as fortune changes, and as fair faces, bright lips, and laughing eyes pass before us in all their sunny and youthful splendor, forgetfulness falls upon our early memories, and the first light of love is most in the dreams of other, and it may be of darker years. The broken slumber is forgotten—the fond words it was our wont to deem delicious, are spoken unheeded—the slight tremor is unreciprocated—and the mantling blush steals over white temples ungazed upon and unappreciated. Long days will lose their lagging anxiety, and long nights their troubled dreams. The heart refuses to leap with interest when the name of the charmer is spoken, and the lips to breathe forth praises, when her virtue and beauty are the themes of converse. Another current has led away our thoughts, and whilst we hourly discover more attraction in the new idol, we wonder at the delusion that ever could perceive a solitary beauty in her whom we have forsaken. This is the wavering love of man; and although longer in developing, such is the fidelity of woman. A change will fall upon the spirit of her dream, and she will gaze back over the waste of years, and deem it almost impossible, that so many could have twined themselves among her affections.—Alas there is little fidelity in life; and although it is a vain and pleasurable fallacy to think otherwise—beauty, and innocence, and virtue, require but to be sought after to be won. Passionate devotion to their interests and pleasures—undeviating perseverance, and undiminished affection will conquer the proudest, nay, the most cold and calculating hearts. We have known women who would willingly have perished, rather than be divided from the object of their affections—we have seen them become dull at the remotest thought of separation; and phrensied with despair, when doomed but to a transitory absence.—Destiny has rendered that absence perpetual, and ere the close of another year, they have hung upon the neck of some other lover, and here have been equally desperate. Wives forgot their husbands a little while after the cold clod of the valley has shrouded their forms, and husbands forget their wives, ere the eye has lost the beauty, which once kindled up bewildering enthusiasm.

Let him who weds when desperately enamoured, and when the presence of the one beloved seems the vital spring which cherishes existence—let not such an one imagine that the dream will be lastingly as vivid, and as fervently productive of felicity, as at the moment of his betrothment. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward; and he that is sufficiently deluded to believe that the sky of matrimonal felicity will never be dimmed with a cloud, is the victim of error, which time alone will remove. In matrimonial alliances as in all other contracts, the most determined spirit of generosity must continue from the moment of their formation, till their dissolution. It is a contract entered into for the mutual happiness of the parties, and each should strive to render the other felicitous, by every laudable and virtuous method. The disposition of your partner should be perfectly understood, and every turn of that disposition consulted in every material step through life. There is no happiness in matrimony, unless this is made the paramount consideration; and he that expects every exertion to be made by his wife, and her life oppressive and hateful. Her early hopes will be blasted, her affections destroyed, and forgetfulness will fall upon the memory of her devotion, with all its cold and withering associations. ASMODEUS.

*Philadelphia Album.*

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We have received the first number of the "Cabinet of Nature," published at Northampton, conducted by Dr. L. S. Morgan.

## VARIETY.

A sporting gentleman, passing by a house, observing on the door, the separate names of a physician and surgeon, facetiously remarked that the circumstance put him in mind of a double barrelled gun, for if one missed, the other was sure to kill.

AIR OF IRELAND.—Lady Carterit, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in Swift's time, said to him one day, "The air in this country is very good. "Swift fell on his knees and said, "For God's sake, madam don't say so in England ; they'll most certainly tax it."

WHEN TO PRAISE.—Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended ; praise a woman when you have known her ; a sword when you have proved it ; a maiden after she is married; the ice when you have crossed it, and liquor after it is drunk.

*The Spy Unmasked, or the Memoirs of E. Crosby*, alias Harvey Birch. The Spy of the Neutral Ground, is the title of a work recently published by the Messrs. Harpers of New-York. The author is Capt. H. L. Barnum, of the United States corps of Topographical Engineers, who received the principal incidents of Mr. Crosby's life in the order in which they occurred, from his own lips, at his residence in Putnam county, and took them down in short hand. From these was composed the biographical sketch now offered to the public. It is ornamented with six copperplate engavings, one of which is a miniature likeness of Harvy Birch taken from life, with a *fac simile* of his signature. Of all Mr.Cooper's novels the Spy is most to our liking; the character of Harvey Birch is one of intense interest,and Mr. Crosby being the original of that excellent portrait, we anticipate much satisfaction from the perusal of his life.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.–Neither English beauty nor French beauty, neither Spanish beauty nor Italian beauty, is so shifting, or so modest, or so intellectual as American beauty. More attractive they all are on some accounts,more wonderful and more showy, but they are unlike it—even the beauty of England is so—in the sweetness and composure, in the spiritualized air that one sees in the youthful women of our country, particularly at the south, and in the free, cordial, generous manner that so eminently distinguishes the cultivated female of the north, where we may find more nature and less affectation perhaps, than among any other women of the age.

*Professionals.*—There are *thirty-six* physicians and *ninety-one* attorneys residing in Albany.

## THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1828.

### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A fever called the Spanish fever is raging in New Orleans : it is considered the greatest epidemic ever experienced in Louisiana. It does not appear from the account received, whether it is the Dengue or some other fever. The city of Lima was visited by a dreadful earthquake on the morning of the 30th March, great damage was done; if the shock had lasted a few seconds longer, the city would have been laid in ruins.—It seems that Gov. Taylor of South Carolina has disappointed the hot headed politicians of that State by refusing to accede to their request for calling an extra session of the legislature. Accounts of bloody battles between the Turks and Russians have been published and contradicted; the most authentic information from Turkey of late dates, announce that extensive and formidable preparations are making to resist the Russian forces, but it is presumed that the contest between these powers, although probably bloody in its progress, will, from the superior discipline of the Russian troops and the greater resources of that empire, eventually terminate in favor of Russia, and that the Turkish rule in Europe will soon be past and only known as matter of history. Gold has been discovered in Virginia, about 14 miles from Fredericksburg. We are inclined to think that more gold will be found to accumulate in the farmers pockets from a proper cultivation of the soil, than by any upturning of the ground for the sole purpose of finding the precious dust. Sir Walter Scot is said to have realized during the 21 months preceding December last more than $90,000. (Milton sold his immortal work, Paradise Lost, for £15.) It seems from late accounts that the Pirates are again committing depredations upon our commerce; they are seen walking in the streets of Havana at noon-day fearless of harm, but it is useless for sufferers by them to complain to the authorities of the island ; (Cuba) little could be hoped for from the interposition of a government imbecile if not corrupt. During the night of the 11th ult. a dwelling house was burnt in Cincinnati, (Ohio). Three lads in the 9th 7th and 5th years of their age were burnt to death. A mechanic has recently invented a self

sharpening plough; the next great desideratum in Agriculture will be to have self moving ploughs, so that a farmer may be able to start his plough in the morning in the field he desires to have ploughed, and busy himself about any other work on his farm during the day, or sit in the shade and smoke his pipe while his work is doing.

South America, *Brazil* and *Buenos Ayres*.—An unnecessary long protracted, feeble and inefficient war seems merely to *exist* between these two Sophomeric political nations, the result will be nothing but national and personal hatred.—*Traveller.*

YALE COLLEGE.

We are sorry to learn that a serious misunderstanding has arisen between the principals of this respectable institution and a portion of the pupils, which has resulted in an open rupture, and the withdrawal of nearly one third of the scholars.—*Merc. Adv.*

The Corner Stone of the Church about to be erected by the Unitarian Society in this town, will, we learn, be laid at 4 o'clock on Monday next. The exercises will consist of an address by the Rev. A. Hill, and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Bancroft.

Two summers since a disease appeared among our fruit trees, spreading with rapidity, and from the appearance the limbs assumed after the attack, it was called the fire blight. Some persons insisted that the rapid decay of the branches of otherwise apparently healthy trees, was in consequence of their being girdled by a small bug which eat its way in the sap-wood nearly or quite round the limb, that this bug was not more than one tenth of an inch in length, and sundry other particulars.

Others insisted that it was a new disease and probably arose from a change of the sap, effected by the powerful rays of the summer sun operating upon an unusually luxuriant growth of new wood, that it became sour or its qualities materially changed. Newspaper communications appeared, and the writers on both sides remained satisfied of the correctness of their different theories.

The writer of this, in order to satisfy himself, took particular pains to examine a number of limbs affected with the fire blight, some of them were more than three feet in length, he separated the limbs from the parent tree so close to the body as to take a piece of the bark from the trunk, then carefully split the limbs from end to end keeping the split as near the centre of the limb as possible, and most of the length in the pith; he then examined minutely and thoroughly the two parts of the limb thus prepared with a good microscope, (its magnifying power ten degrees,) and was not able to discover the slightest trace of any perforation made by any bug or insect in any part of the pieces. In order to be more sure, he again divided the pieces into equal sections longitudinally, and subjected the fresh sides thus exposed to the test of the microscope, and still no appearance of the work of any insect could be discovered.

REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.

## Married,

In Southborough, by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Willard Amsden to Miss Susan Flagg, both of Southborough.

## Died,

In Westminster, July 26, Harriet Williams, only child of Rev. Charles Hudson, aged 1 year.

In Templeton, Friday, August 1, Samuel Cutting, Esq. Counsellor at Law, aged 46.

*Drowned.*—In Warren Pond, in the north part of Dudley, on the 17th inst. Theola Hall, aged 9 years, son of widow Thomas Hall, of Charlton. He had been out on the pond fishing, and was on his return across the pond home. His body was not found until Saturday, about 5 o'clock P. M. after the most diligent search of about 20 or 30 persons, during most part of the time.

In Cambridgeport, Aug. 4, Mrs. Mary Draper, wife of Simeon Draper, Esq. of Brookfield, aged 58 years. Also, in Brookfield, Aug. 2d, Miss Betsey Draper, their daughter, aged 39.

In Hubbardston, on the 18th ult. of consumption, Mr. Stephen Frost, aged 58.

In Oxford, July 17, George, son of Calvin and Rebecca Hall, aged 3 years.

So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

In Andover, Mr. Enoch Parker, aged 75.

EASTERN DELICACY.—A Hindoo of high cast would consider it an insult, if a person not immediately connected with the family were to make any inquiries respecting his female relatives. Such questions are regarded, by the jealous Asiatics, as both impertinent and indelicate.

## POETRY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

Amid the gloom that shrouds this mortal life,
And all its sad propensity and strife,
Some cheering rays dart on the fainting soul
To calm its passions, and its fears control;
Some ling'ring beams of sweet primeval joy,
That no infernal malice can destroy;
And while they guide our roving footsteps here,
Conduct us to a brighter, happier sphere.
Among those gems of pure celestial light,
The star of friendship shines divinely bright;
Her magic power can make our sorrows cease,
And soothe the tumults of our breasts to peace.
Her gentle aid can check each rising sigh,
And wipe the trembling tear-drop from the eye.
If once bereft of her enliv'ning smile,
What joy could charm us, and our pain beguile?
If doomed to tread alone the dreary way,
In vain would nature cheer the smiling day,
In vain her brilliant beauties meet our sight,
Without some friend to share the pure delight.
Or if, surrounded with the world's gay throng
And all the joys which to that world belong,
If fate forbid that we should ever greet
A kindred heart—our woe would be complete.

* * * *

Friendship, 'tis not thy pleasing *name* alone,
But 'tis thy latent *powers* we wish our own.
And what is friendship? not a sudden fire
That will a moment warm and then expire;
But constant, bright, and calm, the light she sheds,
Leaves an unfading impress where it spreads;
Nor time, nor distance can the marks erase,
For purity and virtue guard the place.
Friendship is heightened when its sacred flame
To heav'nly love is joined, a nobler name;
When hearts whose thoughts in the same channel flow,
Can with seraphic love and ardor glow;
And know the tie that binds their souls so fast,
Centres in God, and will forever last.

L.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

Friend of my heart, lamented and belov'd,
Of what bright sphere art thou the happy guest?
Has thy bless'd soul, from mortal cares remov'd,
In Abram's bosom found its home, and rest?

Yes, pure celestial spirit, thou art blest,
And, all thy cares, and all thy sorrows o'er,
From life's rough voyage sweetly dost thou rest
In safer climes and on a happier shore.

And shall I then, in bitterness, deplore
The hour which broke thy fettering chain of clay,
And gave thy spirit seraph-wings to soar,
Where it will shine—a star of endless day.

I know the bright, the Heaven-illumined way,
And I would follow where thy footsteps lead,
But earth's enchantments—natures long delay,
Still lead me wandering, or my flight impede.

O Father! if thy will has so decreed,
Break these vile chains that hold my soul from Thee!
That I, with spirits pure, in union sweet,
May know, and love Thee, through eternity.

## THE MOTHER.

"Nay! youthful mother, do not fly,
Though pleasures lure and flattery court thee;
Sooth thy sick infant's mourning cry,
And wake the smile that must transport thee.

Life has no charm, so deep, so dear,
As that soft tie thou blindly leavest—
No love so constant, and sincere,
As that which fills the heart thou grievest.

In all the bloom of beauty's pride,
In all ambition's vainest splendor,
Ne'er was thy woman's heart supplied
With bliss so pure, with joy so tender.

Can'st thou forsake that joy so soon?
Can'st thou forget the lips which blest thee,
When bending o'er this precious boon,
The Father wept, while he caressed thee.

Is it for gauds of dress, and dance,
Thou can'st renounce a claim so holy,
To win the warm insulting glance,
And woo the praise of idle folly?

Then go!—a fair, but fragile flower;
A dazzling, heartless, careless beauty,
To risk thy fame—to lose thy power—
That power which dwells alone with duty.

Go! and thy bosom's lord offend,
Consign thy suff'ring babe to sorrow—
Death, the kind nurse, its woes will end—
Thy boy shall grace his arms to-morrow."

THE SWEETS OF INIQUITY.—A celebrated Lawyer of Boston, once concluded an eloquent harangue to a jury against a prisoner, with "He bared his arm gentlemen—he bared his arm to Heaven, and—stole the sugar."

*Railway.*—A petition for a railway signed by thirty-six sugar bakers, of London, each of whom is worth 100,000*l.* was presented to the house of Commons at the present session.

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THE

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## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

### FEBRUARY ADVENTURES.

It has been confidently affirmed by some people, that no person was ever carried to the *ne plus ultra* of human folly, that of writing poetry, until driven to it for the purpose of spinning little ditties "made to his mistress' eyebrows." I cannot judge as to the correctness of this assertion, but I am fully convinced that it will not prove correct vice versa; that is, that being in love will not always constitute a poet. In my younger days, it was not the established custom for every boy who could hold a goose quill, although his head would not reach the dinner table, to be throwing out his simple cogitations, in measured lines, before the public. A poet was considered as much of a curiosity as a white native of Abyssinia, but alas, they flock upon us like the locusts of Egypt. Still I am a friend to *some* of them. I have always been an admirer of poetry, it seems so nearly allied to the feelings, the passions, the very pulses of my heart; and, *entre nous* Clarence, during those days of which I have been speaking, I often found *myself* indulging in a reverie of poetical enthusiasm; but, as often, when the spirit had subsided, did I discard the offspring of my brain, and commit them to the merciless element.

One evening in May I was sitting at my window to enjoy the balmy softness of a refreshing air. The unsullied brightness of a beautiful moon was playing in the sky of spring, and a thousand stars were lighting their little lamps to bear her company. The odour of the new-born rose was on the winged air, and I heard the soft, but tremulous notes of music, touched lightly by the fingers of Julia, upon her sweet-toned piano, starting, wavering and dying away in melody, upon the breeze. If any thing can cherish a poetical imagination, it is a scene like this. To me, a lover, it was poetry in itself. I could read whole volumes in the scene before me, and seizing a pen, I endeavored to transcribe a portion of it, but after a tedious tearing of brains, I was completely nonplussed to find that, had I published them, the most illiterate pedestrian would throw them from his fardel. I tore them into a thousand pieces, and waiting until my imagination became somewhat cooler, I penned a few lines, the first and last that escaped destruction. "He relapsed from his position, and taking a mutilated wallet from his pocket, he handed from it a bit of paper." "There they are, "said he," they have lain twenty five years in this wallet, and you are the first person that ever cast eyes upon them, and will probably be the last." "And of what age were you when they were written?" I interrogated with a demure phiz. "Eighteen winters only had I seen, but what is your motive in wishing to know that?" "I only felt an inclination sir, to find the sum total of twenty-five and eighteen, that's all." "Ah, you're a rogue," said he with a smile, and taking a segar, he proceeded to enjoy the luxury of it, while I perused the following address,

### TO JULIA.

Julia the renovated earth
  Is bursting out in gladness,
And nature wakes, in notes of mirth,
  From winter's sleep of sadness.
The hills are echoing with the voice,
The vallies sing,—and all rejoice—
The humming brooks, from fetters free,
Unite to aid the jubilee.

How changed the landscape, the young Year
  Is putting on her vernal dresses,
And softly murmuring, we hear
  The zephyrs playing through her tresses.
How calmly on her placid brows
The azure heaven is resting now;
How bright, how beautiful, how sweet
The roses spring beneath her feet.

And thou'rt like her, life's joyous spring
  Is shining brightly o'er thee,
And happiness is whispering
  Her dreams of peace before thee.
I look upon that spotless brow—
'Tis pure as heaven's unfallen snow;
No blighted hopes, in chill despair,
Have stamped their sable signet there.

Thou'rt born into a world of cares,—
  The resting-place of sorrow;
He, who to-day is happy, shares
  His lot of woe to-morrow.
But thou'rt young, and hast not seen
The shadows of this changing scene;

Its bright side only meets the eye,
Where grief has left its dye.

Julia, this spring shall fade away,
And summer come with flowers;
But many a sunny summer day
Is interspersed with showers.
And such is life, showers thickly rise
To cast a gloom o'er azure skies,
And when our happiest hours appear,
A gathering storm is lurking near.

But yet, I would that thou might'st go
Through life with skies unclouded,
Thy bliss unharmed by storms of woe,
Thy sun of peace, ne'er shrouded.
Yes, it were happiness to me,
To view, on life's tempestuous sea,
One bark that ne'er had furled a sail
Before affliction's rending gale.

"Well sir," he continued, after I had read them, "when completed, I discovered to my sorrow that they were imbued more with the spirit of philosophizing morality, than of fickle passion, and partook of a greater degree of sober reflection, than of giddy thought. Under such circumstances, I did not venture to forward them to my fair Dolabella. I now entirely surrendered the idea of ever becoming a poet, for the simple reason that I believed the strain in which it run would not please the fastidious taste of a criticising public. A few weeks subsequent to the above event, as I was slowly walking at noonday, beneath a shadowy line of spreading elms, an acquaintance came up to me with a countenance that depicted sober sensations. After exchanging civilities," "Well sir," said he, "Miss Dolabella has gone." "Indeed, left town sir? 'tis news to me." "A departure of greater moment than that, especially to yourself; the bands are published between Solomon Dunlap and Dolabella, sir, good bye." "How," exclaimed I, "is it possible that she has given her hand to that homespun Jackanapes? "Tis actually true," said he and passed away, leaving me to my own reflections. Had I seen the moon falling it would have given me no more of a shock. I crossed my arms, leaned upon my cane, and stood rivetted to the ground in paralytical phrensy, for half an hour. 'Tis true, Solomon was a man of unspotted character, of stern integrity, superior talents and sound judgment. In a word his character was contained in his christian name. Yet I could not imagine how a young lady should admire one who seemed so unversed in etiquette and gallantry, and a person too without a fortune. But sir, I had not seen so much of the world as I have now. From this time, I passed along through a series of years, continually harrassed by circumstances of a similar nature to the foregoing, the recital of which would be uninteresting. Suffice it to say, that as I have passed through more mature years, secluded myself in a great measure from the airy world, and studied the varied characters of mankind, I have discovered that woman has been endowed with the same faculties as man, that she possesses reason and sense as plentifully as he, and that she has a judgment fully competent to an accurate discrimination between solid sense and flippant folly."

Here *he* ended, but *my* story is not finished. There has resided in our village, not from time immemorial, but from time beyond my memory, several females of a dubious and uncertain age. Although a mystery hangs over the truth, yet we may safely say, that

"To be candid they are past eighteen,
Perhaps past twenty."

But this matters not. They have ever been distinguished for their politeness and urbanity abroad, and moreover for their neatness at home. To me, they have always appeared as a perfect microcosm, each one a little world of herself, yet destitute of one property essentially necessary to all order in the universe that property, the discovery of which has rendered a Newton immortal, the power of *attraction*.

It is universally known that man, in his presumption, has endeavored to "correct old time and regulate the sun," and in doing this has given to stated years the addition of another day. It is also known that there are certain privileges and immunities granted to a particular class of people upon that extra day.

The morning of the twenty-ninth of February came, as other mornings come; it changed not the aspect of business in our village, it was not noticed more particularly than previous mornings. The sun rose as formerly, the wind blew the same, man was still subject to nature's changes, could withstand the cold no better, could parry the strokes of worldly sorrow no more effectually. 'Twas mid-day, the mail had arrived and departed. I walked into the office, but one who invariably met me with a friendly grasp was not there. His place was vacant, and something ominous was in the circumstance. I left the place with an accelerated step, and hastened to the spot in which he was generally to be found. Upon entering, what should strike the eye but poor Nathaniel wrapped in a profound reverie, withdrawn entirely from all outward scenes, and dreaming, perchance, upon the halo of bliss that was hovering around the days of futurity. He sat reclining in his chair, with his head thrown back and eyes firmly fixed upon the ceiling. One hand was thrust into his pocket, while the other grasped an epistle, bearing the superscription of "Nathaniel Charles Emberton, Esq." Upon entering, I noticed his unusual appearance, and in the impulse of the moment hastily exclaimed "Nat!" "Pshaw now," said he with eyes still elevated and immoveable, "that is an uncouth manner of speaking for you." I walked to the table at the opposite side of which he sat, and with a profound bow uttered "Mr. Emberton." "Ay my love, that is more appropriate; what would you my

love?" I began to be alarmed, "my love," such an expression had never escaped his lips before, in my presence. "He is surely in a trance," said I, and being frightened, I stepped around the table and seizing his arm, gave it an unmerciful shaking. "What would you my love!" again escaped his lips. Clapping a hand upon each side of his head, and giving it a hasty horizontal motion to and fro, he was soon aroused from his stupor. "Ah Clarence, good morning," and the letter was crushed instantaneously, with a hundred folds into his pocket. "I did not perceive that you entered, a very fine day, take a seat," and various similar expressions were uttered, to counterbalance his embarrassment. The sequel is drawing nigh. Dolly Dellville, taking advantage of the privilege to which, from long custom, and the unanimous voice of the world she was entitled, had forwarded the little billetdoux that was treated so unhandsomely, to my friend. Preliminaries were immediately settled, and the high sun of the summer solstice lighted the bride and bridegroom to Hymens altar. Things have altered in some respects at Mr. Emberton's, but whenever his friends called upon him, they are cordially received and handsomely entertained. The parties appear to be perfectly happy in the union, and may look forward, with propriety, to a life of undisturbed felicity. CLARENCE.

## HABIT.

The vices of half mankind steal on them imperceptibly. Step by step we become initiated into the mysteries of crime, the heart gradually bocomes callous, and the voice of conscience cries out unattended to. Aristotle says, when you have a good thing endeavor to keep it; Plato says, he whose hours are wholly, profitably, and not unpleasurably employed, is a happy man, and we say let such shun any lethargy that may come up on their inclinations, as well as any disposition to be dissatisfied. Among the most blasting and ruinious of vices, none is more deplorable than intemperance. Yet the course of this is so insidious—so completely wrapped in delusion, that its victim never knows how near he is to the precipice, until he is launched into the vortex of its ruin. A habit of occasionally drinking pleasant beverages, finally becomes a habit of taking spirituous liquors, and this like those of snuff-taking, tobacco-chewing, and other disgusting propensities, cannot be dispensed with until the sacrifice is too great for human nature to suffer. A man can become habituated to almost any thing, however depraved, and after some exercise a murder would be perpetrated as readily as a dog killed. The force of practice, is the most subduing influence under Heaven. We some time since, read of an idiot who became so habituated to counting audibly the numbers that a clock struck throughout the day, that when the clock was removed, he could repeat them with as much accuracy as before. Indolence is ever the foster-father of vice, and he that is desirous of living a life of happiness and virtue, should fly from habits of indolence as from contagion.—Contentment is felicity, says the philosopher, and none are contented who are idle, and who suffer their energies to waste in dissipated and licentious pursuits. He that, from a desire to the enjoyment of his natural propensities, suffers his feelings and his affections to be constantly actuated upon by satiety and change, can never be happy. It is as necessary for the attainment of domestic felicity, to point all our desires and affectionate wishes to the partner of our bosoms, as it is for the attainment of wealth, to be full of industry and perseverence. The moment a married man imbibes and gives way to a disposition of going abroad to the sacrifice of his wife's feelings, and to the neglect of his family, from that moment he may bid adieu to domestic felicity.—A woman will suffer any deprivation in sympathy with her husband if she love him—will make any sacrifice, or share with him any difficulties.

"Make her a slave—steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies, let the last star,
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulence, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how,
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness—
And there is not a high thing out of Heaven
Her pride o'er-mastereth not."

Any thing but coldness and neglect will be borne by woman patiently. This she cannot bear, and in the language of Lavater, "those who love the most intensely, can hate with equal bitterness."—Say what you please, revenge is sweet to the oppressed—it is an attribute of human nature, and we are half inclined to pronounce him worse than a slave, who is wronged and insulted with impunity. And shall woman, when slighted and forsaken—

"E'en as a vine the oak has shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?"

Never! it is not the nature of a high souled creature to be taunted, neglected, and oppressed—perchance by the man for whom she has given up all worldly honor—tamely and submissively. It is therefore we hear of faithless wives—the vicious and neglected habits of their husbands have chilled and estranged their affections—an innate feeling of pride, and an innate sense of shame conspire together in rebellion, turning the gushing fountain of their devotion into waters of bitterness, and crying out revenge! But how shall a woman be revenged? The world is full of calumny—a single step from the path of honor, and she is lost forever. Too timid to stem the torrent, there are but two paths. Misery and shame on her part for a satisfaction of her revenge,

or quiet resignation to her wretchedness, until the thread of life is prematurely nipped.—Such are invariably the results of habitual estrangement from the domestic fire-side, and a torpid carelessness, as to the affections and sympathies of the heart. The formation of a man's character—the regulation of his business, and the quiet of his family, are all materially operated upon by his habits and propensities. Every one of common understanding can discriminate between those which would be condusive to health, wealth and happiness, and those of an opposite character; and it is a wise step in early life, if every married man, from the moment of his entering upon the responsible duties of a husband, would determine to indulge in no propensities which could possibly detract from his domestic felicities, his appreciation of his wife's society, or his taste for the pure and genuine satisfactions of connubial life.—*Phil. Album.*

## LOVE.

Love! What is it? Is it 'of the earth, earthly,' or is it of Heaven? neither! 'Tis the shadow of nothingness:—it hath no real habitation, and scarce a name; an ærial fancy floating between heaven and earth, without enough of either in its composition to secure for it a resting place; poets and girls have dreamed of it—wise men in their hours of folly, have philosophised upon it: they have almost grasped it, and whither has it fled? Where is the echo of last night's song—or the mist of this day's morning? Gone—vanished! it was nothing; it came from nothing; it has performed its little errand, and returned whence it came. Love has been defined as the mutual sympathy of congenial souls; the offspring of hearts cast in the same mould.—'Tis a sweet fancy and becomes well the dreaming enthusiast; but will it endure? has experience ever converted the dream into reality? Remove the bands of time and place, the strongest bands which hold together the sheaf of human sympathies, and how soon are the scattered straws floating on every breeze! Let the canker of obloquy, the rust of adversity disfigure the mould, and with every departing trace of beauty vanishes a portion of that feeling which gave it all its loveliness, and all its sympathy of form. It has been defined as the refinement of friendship: but if so, 'tis but the gemshorn of its original lustre; the precious metal which loses all its value, all its native richness in the hands of the refiner; the ore pilfered from its native mine, and debased by its mixture with impure alloy. Friendship has an existence elsewhere than in the imagination, for experience has proved it so; it has dared danger and death—outlived the whirlwind and the storm—passed through the fiery furnace unhurt—undiminished in its original vigor, and unshorn of its splendor, but danger or death, the whirlwind or the storm of suffering, is the death blow of love; the sunbeam which dispels the mist from the eyes of its credulous and infatuated disciples; the fairy wand at whose touch, the imaginary temple and its ideal diversity crumble into nothingness.

I have heard a story of the infallibility of love; of its constancy; its long endurance; and thus it ran. Alice Wharton was one of the loveliest beings that ever gladdened existence with her smiles; young and artless, she fascinated all who ever beheld her, by the very spell of her simplicity. She was the betrothed of one worthy of her; a being of nature's true nobility:—their vows of eternal constancy had been mutually pledged; their offerings placed upon the same shrine; and their aspiration, had ascended in one mingled tone before the altar of their imaginary divinity. Alice was the first to desert the shrine of their idol worship; the vengeance of its offended dignity fell heavy upon her lover, in the garb of penury; Alice was among the first to desert him, and add another to the long list of love's frailties. Not so with him: the ideal passion still lived in his bosom; his heart still clung to it—and in the false Alice all his hopes still were concentrated. Time passed on, and retribution in their form of diseases descended upon Alice; the lustre of her eye was dimmed; the rose vied no longer with the lily upon her cheek; beauty had fled and, presto! love followed after. Alice was soon forgotten, and her quondam lover as happy as ever.

And this is love! all-powerful undying love! powerful as propensity or beauty, and perishing with either.—*Bachelor's Journal.*

## MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

The mental fountain is unsealed to the eye of a mother, ere it has chosen a channel, or breathes a murmur. She may tinge with sweetness or bitterness, the whole stream of future life. In the moral field, she is a privileged laborer. Ere the dews of morning begin to exhale, she is there. She breaks up a soil which the root of error, and the thorns of prejudice have not pre-occupied. She plants germs whose fruit is for eternity. While she feels that she is required to educate not merely a virtuous member of society, but a christian, an angel, a servant of the Most High, how does so holy a charge quicken piety, by teaching the heart its own insufficiency!

The soul of her infant is uncovered before her. She knows that the images which she enshrines in that unoccupied sanctuary, must rise before her at the bar of doom. Trembling at such tremendous responsibility she teaches the little being, whose life is her dearest care, of the God who made him; and who can measure the extent of a mother's lessons of piety, unless his hand might remove the veil which divides terrestial things!

"When I was a little child," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel before

her, and placed her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, as it were, drawn back by the soft hand upon my head. When I was a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I have yielded, that *same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed,---'Oh do not this wickedness my son, nor sin against thy God."

## VARIETY.

CONVERSATION.—We seek the conversation of the ladies, with a view to be pleased rather than instructed, and are more gratified by those who will talk, than by those that are silent, for if they talk well, we are doubly delighted to receive information from so pleasant a source, and if they are at times a little out in their calculations, it is flattering to our vanity to set them right. Therefore, I would have the ladies indulge with somewhat less of reserve in the freedom of conversation, notwithstanding the remark of him who said, with more of point than politeness, that they were the very reverse of their mirrors, for the last reflected without talking, and the others talked without reflecting.

THE YANKEE.—A Yankee is a Yankee over the globe; and you might know him, if you met him on the "mountains of the moon," in five minutes, by his nationality. We love and honor him for it, where it is not carried to a blinding prejudice. He remembers his school house, the peculiar mode of discipline in which he was reared, the place where he played, skaited and bathed in his blithe morning of life, where are the ashes of his forefathers, and where he was baptised, and married. Wherever he "trades and traffics" on distant seas, rivers, or mountains, he will only forget his native accent, and his natal spot, when his *right hand forgets that cunning* for which he has such an undeserved celebrity.—*Flint's Western Mo. Review.*

THE SOUTHERNER.—The Southerner is such over the whole globe. You may know him by his olive or brown complexion, on which the sun has looked in his wrath. You may see in his countenance the tinge of billious impress, and that he has inhaled miasma, and breathed morning and evening fogs. You may note in his peculiar gait, and in his erect and lofty port that he has compared himself with an inferior race of human beings, as they have walked before him in his daily task. His generous disregard of expense and economy as he travels; his spirit, ardent and yet generous," sudden and quick in quarrel," his proud preference of his own country, his peculiar dialect, his reckless disregard of consequences, and a variety of mixed traits, seen in a moment, and yet difficult to describe, mark him even to an unobservant eye, as a Southerner, in the streets of New York.—*Ibid.*

An Irish gentleman being taken ill of a yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him in the presence of an Irish physician who attended him, the propriety of making a will in a country where people were so apt to die—the physician thinking his judgment called in question tartly replied," By St. Patrick, madam, I wish you would tell me were people do not die—and I will go and *end my days* there."

This puts us in mind of a Hibernian minister who said during one of his sermons, that if there was no such a thing as death in the world, we should increase to such a degree, that the plague would get among us, and we should *die off by thousands ! ! !*

It is said that Mr. Green, the English æronaut, on being entreated by a certain gentleman to allow him a seat in his car, at his late ascension, asked him if his temper was good. "Why, yes, Sir, it is," replied Mr. W. the gentleman alluded to; "but why do you ask." For fear we should have a *fall out*," replied the æronaut.

A GHOST.—We never saw a ghost; but that is no reason why a ghost should not exist. The only difficulty in *seeing* a spirit arises from its *incorporeality;* one must have most exquisite eyes to see that which has neither form nor substance. The inhabitants of Springfield Ms. have *heard* a very noisy ghost, and a travelling New Yorker has actually seen it *minus* a head. That a ghost should talk at all is curious enough, but that it should talk without a head, is more curious still.

## THE TEETH.

We have often said, says the Medical Intelligencer, that teeth require great care. First let them be well set in order, by removing the tartar, &c. with a proper instrument, and using frequently a large and as stiff a brush as can be produced. It should be used dry two or three times a week, for this will harden the gums, and prevent the collection of extraneous matter, and give a fine polish to the teeth. A simple brush, however hard, can never injure the enamel, and a soft brush is worse than useless. The best brushes seldom admit of use more than a month or two, when they become soft, and good for nothing.—Cologne water, diluted, may be used occasionally, and will give a fine, clear complexion to the teeth, and preserve the breath pure and fragrant.

## GOSSIPIANA.

*Dyspeptic Ostrich!* A fellow exhibiting an ostrich, eating nails and gravel stones, being asked if it never was sick, replied, '*Never but once, and then the darned fool eat some plaguy cowcumbers.*

*Knights to the lists!* A tailor called *Knights* was lately *goose* enough to hang himself in his own *yard* with a piece of *list*. Unconscionable cabbaging is the cause assigned for the lamentable act. He was cut down with his own *shears!*

*Leaked out at last!* Mrs. Nabby Waters died on Wednesday last in Elksville of the dropsy, brought on by excessive drinking.

*Hope less!* George Hope, who in the month of April weighed 276 lbs. has reduced himself by ascetic habits to the gross of 98 lbs. 6 oz.

*Mush and milk.* Charles Mush advertises milk at the low price of 10 cents per gallon.

*Dry lake.* A beast of a fellow who calls himself Lake, lately drank for a wager 12 bottles of spruce beer at a sitting.

*Bond broken.* Jesse Bond, of Wilbraham, fell on the 4th inst. from a barn in Easton and fractured his scull.

The Editor of the Kennebunk Journal, in noticing the prevailing fashion of publishing a newspaper for every class of people, says: "We therefore propose to publish a paper for the special reading of those persons who are afflicted with corns on their toes, to be called the Pinch Toe Gazette and Corn Plaster Advocate.

*Pickering's Reports.* Mr. Charles Pickering, while engaged in blasting rocks on Thursday last in Chelsa, was seriously injured by the explosion.

*Finn's very last!* This celebrated wag, having lately called upon a lady who was engaged in the domestic occupation of ironing, put the following conundrum to her husband. "*Why is your wife like a pair of fire-dogs?*" *Because she is good, And irons! His last but one!* Why is Noah's Enquirer like a paper fly-trap? Because it is a *noose-paper! Still later!* This excentric wit, being at a tea table where one lady made the following remark to another, "I have something for your *private ear*, immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against *privateering*.

## MEMORY.

What is memory? 'tis the light
  Which hallows life—a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night;
  An echo—time the passing sound;
A mirror---its bright surface shows
  Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret;
A generous spring; a beam which glows
  Long after sun and star have set;
A leaf---nor storm, nor blight can fade---
  An ark in time's bereaving sea—
A perfume from a flower decayed—
  A treasure for Eternity!

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1828.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Hon. J. P. Barbour, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, and family, sailed for Liverpool, in the Packet Ship Pacific, from New York, on the 1st inst. *Thames Tunnel*, —There now exists a fair prospect, (June 14) that this novel and extraordinary enterprise will be satisfactorily effected. The Charleston (S. C.) Courier, has *dared* to take a stand against the hot heads of the South; for this reason—an attempt has been made to frighten the editor into submission by a withdrawal of patronage, which is not likely to succeed, the editor is firm, temperate and decided in his remarks upon this attempt. It is reported that Miss Frances Wright (the English female traveller) who has recently taken charge of a paper at New Harmony, is about to join her fortune with one of Mr. Owen's sons. A most deplorable and alarming scarcity of young ladies exists in Alabama; every respectable female, native or stranger, found there, is, as soon as possible, hurried to the hymenial altar. The young men are as one hundred to one of the young ladies. Ladies emigrate by all means, we Yankees are too poor to marry, more than one in ten of us. An engine company in Brooklyn, has adopted the use of hot coffe instead of spirituous liquors, for refreshment in cases of fire, the members feel satisfied that they are more refreshed by it than they heretofore have been by using spirits. The Russian army has crossed the Danube and fairly got to blows with the Turks. The Sultan is marching with an army of 145,000 men to meet the Russians. The affairs of Greece are in a more flourishing condition, Count Capo d'Iistria has by his wise management inspired the people with confidence. The affairs of South America are in a very unpromising state. Bolivar has become supreme chief of Colombia, and is preparing to wage war against Peru. The work shops in the State Prison at Charleston, have been burnt, the fire is supposed to have been communicated by some of the convicts.

## THE SPY UNMASKED.

In our last number was inserted a short notice of this work: we have since seen the work and given it a cursory perusal, and think

it a work of considerable interest, it has all the variety of adventure, "hair breadth 'scapes," &c. of a work of fiction, together with the superior attraction of being a narrative of facts that have actually taken place. Those persons who have read Cooper's novel "the Spy" will peruse this work with quite as much interest as they did the Spy. We extract the following items of his history. Enoch Crosby, the subject of the memoir, is a native of Harwich, in the county of Barnstable, State of Massachusetts; he was born on the 4th day of January, 1750; enlisted as a soldier in the revolutionary army, and served through the war in various capacities. He cultivates a small farm, the product of his own industry, since the peace of 1783; having received, for all his revolutionary services, only the trifling pittance of two hundred and fifty dollars. He has had two wives, and is the father of four children, two sons and two daughters, who are grown up, and settled in the county of West Chester. For twenty-eight years, he was justice of the peace in the town of Southeast, and for the last fourteen years, he has held the office of Deacon in the Presbyterian church. He is universally respected by his neighbors, acquaintance and fellow citizens generally; and now enjoys a "green old age," which, we trust, will be succeeded by a happy immortality, for Enoch Crosby "was for years a faithful and unrequited servant of his country. Though man does not, may God reward him for his conduct."

*To Correspondents and Patrons.*—We are much pleased with the tale of our correspondent "Clarence," and hope that our paper may be enlivened by further communications from the same source. To "P." we are indebted for an original piece of poetry, in our present number, as well as, for a piece yet unpublished, which we intend for the next number, if it should not be *forestalled* by the author. To "The Harp" we would say, your tones are too melancholly for our taste, and your strings in some strains not attuned to the harmony of numbers. To our patrons we have to lament the loss of "The Moralist" from our exchange list. Although we have never profited by the truly original and never-to-be-mistaken remarks of its editor, yet we have found a vast fund of amusement in perusing its columns, and have thought that our quill moved with unwonted glibness (considering our feeble efforts) after having pored over and waded through that paper. The reason we understand why we are struck off the exchange list of "The Moralist," is forsooth, because some half dozen poor words were wanting in one corner of our last number sent, having been by some untoward accident torn off, "Prithee Poins, help us laugh a little." We wish that original pieces for the Talisman might be forwarded so as to reach us as early as Tuesday evening previous to publishing. We have received the first number of the "American Minstrel," a musical paper, published in Providence semi-monthly, by Mr. L. D. Chapin; the first number gives good promise from the ability with which it is edited, of its being a work of interest and value to amatuers of music.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

It is evident that the cause of the decay of the limbs was somewhere in themselves, (for the limbs examined were in that part next the trunk of the tree in a still flourishing condition, but the extremes of them were dead,) as the limbs were taken off close to the trunk. If it were the work of bugs or insects the part eat must have extended nearly or quite round the limbs before they would perish for want of sap. By the result of the investigation it appears that if any bugs or insects were in the limbs at all, their path could not have extended one quarter part of the circumference of them and of course could not have cut off so much of the supply of sap as to injure the limb. The bark of the limbs was also taken off and the alburnun and bark both carefully examined by the eye and microscope, and here seemed to be the seat of the disease, the alburnun was at the small ends of the limbs black and discolored for half the length of them from the extremities towards the trunk of the tree; this discoloration did not extend equally round the branch, but would be on one side an inch perhaps in advance of its opposite. The writer does not undertake to assign a cause for the fire blight, but merely says, that from a minute and careful examination, he is well satisfied that it never proceeded from the work of any insect.

## POETRY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### EVENING IN AUGUST.

The temple of the night is still,
  Clad in its livery of grey;
Not e'en the syren of the hill
  Chaunts her sweet dirge o'er parted day.
But hark, methinks from yonder pines,
Where thick the hawthorn leaflet twines,
The night-wind whispers through the grove,
Soft as an infants voice of love.

Peace "gushes from a thousand springs;"
  In yon bright gardens of the west,
Where day drew up her gilded wings,
  To slumber on her downy nest.
One lovely star is lingering—
The spirit of some happy thing
Which revels in the viewless air,
And lays its crown of glory there.

And ah! those thousand fires that light
  The blue waves of that dark abyss,
And make the canopy of night
  Too pure for such a world as this;
They seem like gems from beauty's eyes,
Dropped, sacred, on the vaulted skies,
And left to glisten in their pride
In that unfathomable tide.

How beautiful the waning Queen
  Is smiling o'er our sorrowing earth,
And spreading out her silvery sheen,
  To gild the chapel of her birth.
See how her bright and bounding beams
Come leaping down, in silken streams,
Along a sky that loves to bear
Their light tread on its wings of air.

The waves of ocean dance in light,
  And urge their silent revelry
In gladness, as the gleams so bright
  Which hasten backward to the sky,
Seem as if formed to shine alone
In that broad firmament unknown,
Yet, venture down, awhile to burn,
But hasten on their glad return.

And ay, upon the placid waves
  That rest so tranquilly above,
Where fancy deems it joy to lave,
  Methinks some beings, bright in love,
Beholding earth so calm and fair,
Have ventured down to commune there—
To linger until morning, then
Retrace their rosy paths again. P.

### THE DAISY.

BY JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
  Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
  Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he that arch'd the skies,
  And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wond'rous alike in all he tries,
  Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem;
  Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
  That, set in silver, gleams within?—

And fling it unrestrained, and free,
  O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
  In every step, the stamp of God.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

[*From an ancient Manuscript.*]

Laugh on fair dame! make sport of all you see,
And thus reverse the labors of the bee;
She in the deadliest plant can honey meet,
While you draw poison from the flower most sweet:
And scornful missiles throw at all who pass,
Forgetful of your own frail *house of glass.*
Laugh on! laugh on! your foe and butt may cry
You are the victim of the sport---not I;
Then laugh and sneer *six days;* but spare O! spare
The *holy Sabbath* and the *house of prayer.*

## Married,

In New Braintree, Aug. 7, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook of Boston, to Miss Louisa W. Bowman of New Braintree.

In Douglas, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holman, Mr. Rufus Robinson, Esq. to Mrs. Nancy Angell.

## Died,

In Charlton, on the 15th inst. Sarah Rawson Eddy, daughter of Mr. Samuel Eddy, aged 2 years.

In West Boylston, widow Eunice Goodenow, aged 56. July 24, Dennis Manson, son of Dennis and Anna H. Harthan, aged 18 months.

In Shrewsbury, on Wednesday the 6th instant, Widow Lucy Monroe, aged 81.

In Mendon, July 20th, widow Eunis Penniman, aged 87 years, 6 moths and ten days.

In Ward, on the 8th instant, Mr. Josiah Bartlett, formerly of Millbury, fell from a load of hay and dislocated his neck and died instantly, aged 51.

In Lancaster, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Capt. John Thurston, aged 56.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

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## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### THE FIRST BORN'S RETURN.

The speaking glow of gladness was painted upon every cheek, and sparkled in every eye within the dwelling of Henry Dumfries. Every hand was employed in busy preparation for some joyous occasion; every heart was beating high in the anticipation of approaching joy. Henry, aged as he was, united his feelings with those by whom he was surrounded, and seemed partially to renew the vigor and hilarity of younger years. Well might he throw off the burden of Nature, and join with his happy family, upon an occasion which would ever gladden a parent's heart. His first-born, the child of his earlier years, after a long protracted absence, was expected at his father's mansion. She who had watched with tenderness over the helpless years of her son, who had beheld him spring up to laughing boyhood, and to more manly and mature years, the image of his father; she who had indulged, with fondness, the idea that he had gone out into the world with a pure and uncontaminated heart; who hoped too, that that purity of heart, that innocence of thought, that generosity of soul with which he was possessed, might promote him in the world, teach him to pursue the unalloyed paths of virtue, and raise a barrier between him and the temptations and allurements by which he might be encompassed; she too, now felt her bosom yearning towards him with all the enthusiasm of a mother's love; and

"There is none,
In all this wide and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, pure, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart."

She rejoiced in the assurance of again beholding him, her darling son. But alas, she considered not upon the changes wrought by time. Her mind ran over the years which had elapsed since his departure, during which, she was well aware that decay had been stealing upon herself with slow, but perceptible steps, yet she did not believe, the thought did not even occur to her, that her manly offspring was subject to adverse changes. She hoped to find him in the prime of manhood, enjoying the high and elastic spirits of meridian years.

Little Augusta, the bright-eyed darling of her parent's declining years, at this hour, when he who had been the theme of so many of her wandering thoughts was to return, could barely suppress the mighty undulations of her happy spirit. She trimmed the parlor for his reception, with tasteful hands. Fresh festoons of evergreen were hanging around the walls, clusters of flowers shed their delicious perfume, while they adorned the mantel piece. She wrought with joyful assiduity in completing her decorations, conscious that a brother, a brother whom she had never beheld, was soon to gaze upon and admire her performance. She felt that though she had never seen him, her heart was twined around his with all a sister's fondness. She had listened full many a time, upon her parent's knee, to hear the rehearsal of tales concerning him who was far away. She had pictured him in her heart as a companion, as one no farther advanced than herself. She had heard of his youthful sports upon the verdant lawn, and had often gone to play her own innocent gambols upon the self same spot, even for his sake. She had been told of his little mill that buzzed before the water of their murmuring brook, and had been, many times, to mourn sadly over the loss of that which she had never seen, and to play with the clear ripples, and imagine her brother to be participating in her joy.

Edward Dumfries had been long absent from the scenes amid which his "childhood's frolic hours" were spent. He had left his parent's roof, and gone forth into the world to meet with men, even in unexperienced years. He had early severed himself from a father, whose friendly advice might have been as a beacon-fire, and a mother, who might urge him on in the high way of virtue, or restrain his rash impetuosity, should he rush into the baneful road to ruin. What blessings were asked from Heaven, by the parents, upon their favorite child, as he departed from the shelter of their home; what prayers were sent up, from humble and solicitous hearts, for his further safety and welfare, what hours of anxious solicitude were passed, what hopes were fondly nurtured, what fears had often involuntarily risen, for him. During many months after his departure, Edward had written regularly to his friends, but for several years succeeding, they had received no in-

formation from him, nor did they, until the letter came which simply stated the day upon which he should return.

Augusta had completed her task of preparation,and was sitting impatiently upon a little grassy bank in the garden, often casting a wishful eye along the road by which her brother was to come, when a person, clothed in rags, of a mean and beggarly appearance walked slowly up the hill. He cast his eyes around him with an appearance that indicated joyful recollections associated with the scenery around him. He approached Augusta, but frightened at his miserable dress and ghastly features, she rose and retreated with a hasty step,into her decorated parlor. The beggar followed unceremoniously into the house and seating himself, sat for a while in silence. At length, throwing off his shabby hat which had been drawn far over his emaciated face, and heaving a deep and heart-born sigh, he groaned out in his bitterness of spirit, "O my father, O, my mother! and have you forgotten your son?" This was the rousing of those tender feelings which had long slumbered in the forgotten recesses of his heart. But its utterance was now the presage of a mighty conflict. The mother gazed with an eye of agony upon the stranger's pallid form, and perceiving some faint traces of the lineaments of her beautiful boy, she sank, breathless to the floor, while the father, the hoary sire, sat gazing mute and motionless upon the relic of his son. His sorrows too deep, too profound to reach the lips for utterance. His were hopes and expectations too tenderly cherished to be thus struck to nothingness, without some powerful struggle of human nature. Where was now the bloom which health and youth and beauty had stamped upon his cheek? Their last faint traces had been eradicated by disease. Where was the buoyancy of spirit which had nerved his limbs in by gone years, and made him strong and lovely in his father's sight? It had been broken down by decay, hastened on prematurely, by beastly habits of dissipation. His story, although fraught with all the incidents which are sorrowful to mankind,may be related in a few words. After having left his home he engaged himself as clerk to a coasting vessel, sailed from Boston, and after touching and trading at the numerous intermediate ports, at length arrived at New Orleans. Here he relinquished his office and concluded to seek his fortune in that city. He had not however, been many months in this situation, ere he was lured, by deceitful friends, to those midnight haunts of vice and dissipation, where high-handed roguery and villainy are carried to their utmost extent; where the schooled gambler shielded by the mitigating term of "play," soon brings down upon the devoted head of his antagonist, poverty and ruin, with all their direful chains of attendant woes. A little while found Edward under such circumstances. Poverty, abject poverty stood before him with all its horrors. Dissipation, the balm to which he had flown for relief in his sorrows, was weighing down his spirits, and undermining his health. He was in a land of strangers, where no one would aid him in his embarrassments. Overpowered at the recollection of what had passed, and the thoughts of his present woes, he fled from the city, and from that time henceforward, until the hour of his arrival at the home of better years, he had been wandering around the country, an outcast from society, with nothing to sustain nature, or shield him from the storm, save that which had been granted by the generous hand of charitable humanity.

Such is the nature of man; thus can his high and aspiring soul be reduced, and brought down to seek for enjoyment in beastly gratifications. Thus can the heart that once looked with a hopeful eye to the high and ennobling situations in life, be humbled, be degraded to that condition, in which it will centre its most ardent, its only wishes in the satisfaction of depraved appetites. Thus too are the hopes of parents, their highest and most pleasing hopes, dashed forever to the earth, and afflictions brought upon them by the misconduct of a child.

Edward's mother recovered from her shock of sorrows, but only to mourn in anguish over the wreck of all that was manly in her offspring. The father too, deplored the situation of his eldest-born with more than common grief, while Edward so thoroughly confirmed in his habits, continued in them until they proved too powerful for his constitution, and brought him to a premature grave, at that season of life, in which, had he followed another course, he might have tasted all that is good and great and noble in the world.

CLARENCE.

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## INFLUENCE OF FEMALES.

The vain, ambitious and noisy, who make speeches, and raise the dust, and figure in the papers, may fancy that knowledge will die with them; and the wheels of nature intermit their revolutions, when they retire from them. They may take to themselves the unction and importance of the fly, that fancied it turned the wheel, upon which it only whirled round. But the fair, that keep cool and in the shade, with unruffled brows, kind hearts, and disciplined minds at home, that are neither elevated much, nor depressed; that smile and appear to *care for none of these things*, these, after all, are the real efficients, that settle the great points of human existence.—Man cannot stir a step in life to purpose without them. From the cellar to the garret, from the nursery to the market place, from the cabin to the president's chair, from the cradle to the coffin, these smilers, that, when they are wise, appear to care so little about the moot and agitating points of the lords of creation, in reality decide and settle them.

Our first and absorbing impressions are from our mothers. They lay the unchangeable foundations of that character, that goes with man through life. The efficiency of maternal instructions transcends all the rest. All the stamina of temper and thought are from them. There are a number of distinct epochs of the exertion of this influence. They rule us at the period of blond tresses, and the first developement of the rose. They fetter us alike before and after marriage: that is if they are wise, and do not clank the chains ostentatiously, but conceal the iron. They rule us in maturity. They rule us in old age. No other hand knows the tender, adroit and proper mode of binding our brow in pain and sickness. They stand by us in the last agonies with untiring and undismayed faithfulness.—They prepare our remains for the last sleep. They shed all the tears of memory, except those of mocking eulogy.

*Flint's Western Review.*

## THE HUMORIST.

[*Boston Spectator.*]

### A BACHELOR'S OLD AGE.

At the request of two graceless favorites of mine, who, when urchins, were as much my pets as are now my cat and dog, I have attempted to give a description of the fag end of a bachelor's life. Time, when we first attempted to pull his flowing beard, in the young days of our existence, when our blood gallops through our veins with a swift and healthy flow, then looks like a respectable, decent old gentleman, with sugar-plums in both pockets. But in after years, when gray hairs and night-caps, gout and peevishness, take the place of strength, and the worship of Dan Cupid, he changes his appearance to a miserly old rascal, who covets all of your pleasures, and even life itself. A young bachelor is like a stout ship in ballast, riding merrily over the billows of pain and wo, and should he go down to the caverns of death, his loss is little felt by the owner, and but few besides are affected by the catastrophe. But in the latter part of his life he resembles somewhat, that same ship stripped of its rigging, a perishing nuisance in the dock of society.—There is something ludicrous in the situation of our *corps*, when we have arrived at the age of sixty. If we have a little property, we are daily reminded of the uncertanty of life, and convenience of a will, with an inuendo, that the adviser is a particular friend of ours.—Missionaries, Bible societies, interested fifteenth cousins, and would-be-heirs, are haunting you by night and by day,—hollow hearted kindness, and the treacle of flattery, are lavished upon you 'against the stomach of your sense.' Should you take cold, physic by quantity is arrayed before you, or if caught napping, poured down your throat, as one would drench a horse. A little father on, when you wax a little more lanthern-jawed, the very servants cast their eyes upon your visage, and then stealthy glances toward the coat in which your pocket book bivouacs; and when your eyes shall have become glazed, they doubtless will come in as left handed heirs of some of your personal property. There is no child to watch and weep—no female lip with its affectionate kiss to touch your damp brow of agony—no fair hand to smooth the pillow of dissolution—no tear of sincerity to water the sod when it shall rest on your bosom; but all of the hereafter of this world, is, to have some vile speller with a chisel as broad as his forehead, cut out upon a slate stone, to be placed at your head, your epitaph as follows:

*Hear lies the boddy of*
*ichabod singletown who*
*lived respected & dyed*
*lame-hen-ted. Haged sixty* 1.

But there are deeper causes of lament appertaining to the life, old age, and death of a bachelor. He dies the last link in the chain of an existence which has especially been handed down to him for a continuance; he has declined to exercise the duties, to answer the responsibilities, and to participate in those pleasures, which life has presented to him.—The cup of consolation, offered to him by his Maker, has been rejected, and by his own act, at the hour when it was most needed he has deprived himself of the reviving draught it contained. His course, however gallant it may have been through the waters of existence, leaves no trace behind. Those kindly affections which entwine themselves around every fibre of the heart of a husband, to him are unknown. He stands in old age, a pyramid on the desert—around it desolation—within it death.

Go get wives—act as I preach and not as I have practised.

ICHABOD.

## DOMESTIC RESTRICTIONS.

Under this head I would embrace the influence of the sex. If judiciously and earnestly exerted, it would be very great: but I am sorry to say, that in general it is not. Women, both married and single, seldom frown upon our intemperance, in its early which are its only curable stages,—however they may detest its confirmed and loathsome shape. Every young woman of sense and virtue, instinctively shrinks from the idea of marrying a man of suspected integrity, or manners, vulgar in comparison to her own; and why should she not take exception to that which is still more portentous? To that which destroys honor and refinement, and brings in its train such woes, as neither dishonesty nor rudeness can originate? If the parents and daughter would avoid trusting a suitor, who has been once convicted of drunkenness, they would do

more to promote the temperance of young men, than all the moralists and declaimers of the age.

The young wife, however, rests under the heaviest responsibility. It is she who has the deepest stake in her husband's habits, and may exercise over them the greatest power.—She ought, therefore, to study this subject thoroughly, and take her stand at an early period in a spirit of mild but dauntless resolution. Her motto should be that of the Roman moralist: *Resist the beginnings.* The *Custom* may be broken up, but the *habit* is nearly indestructible. Whatever is done, should be done quickly; but it must be done skillfully. It is necessary that she should retain her husband's affection, while she opposes his propensity to intemperance,—a delicate, but in many cases not an impossible task. In proportion as she discovers an increasing necessity for her interference, she should display a deeper affection,—as her object is not to punish but to preserve. She must render home more and more attractive to him; and seek to establish with him a closer and dearer companionship. She must not withdraw from her female friends; but by every practicable means unite her husband with herself, in the enjoyment of their society; for no man would desire or dare to become a drunkard in the midst of virtuous women.—But while she does all this, and much more, she ought not, even for a single moment, to forget the object in view; nor so speak or act, as to make her husband suppose her indifferent to his failing. She must never, by word or deed, sanction the daily use of morning drams; nor look, as, I am sorry to say, she too often does, with levity, on his first frolicksome indulgences in company. Under every aspect it can assume; by whatever name it may be called: in spite of all his plausible pretexts, and in the face of the most honorable examples to bear him out, she must frown upon every excess. When he comes home, in season, but inebriated, she should receive him with sadness and reserve; and let him, if he choose, revenge himself by returning to the scene of his dissipation; he will at last make reappearance sober. At other times when he remains away, she should not retire to rest: but, in a feeling of desperation, watch out the longest nights; that he may be touched by the anguish of her spirit, and dismayed by the firmness with which she has resolved to make no compromise with his failing.—If no amendment takes place under this simple method, the case is obstinate; and she should prepare for every thing, *but early acquiescence.* It will be due time for this, when all the means within her reach have been employed without avail. Before that state arrives, her activity should be ceaseless, and her efforts be directed with all the sagacity she can summon into her service. She must not be discouraged at the inefficacy of one attempt, but pass to another, trying all things, and holding fast that which is good. Thus rising in her energies with the growth of his vice, and adapting her means, as far as possible, to his peculiarities of temper and disposition, she must, at different times and under various circumstances, entreat him with exhortations; confound him with arguments,—alarm him with consequences,—reproach him with injustice,—overwhelm him with the tears of embittered love! Let her not be alarmed at this advice. She has nothing to fear, and something to hope, from a determined course. Her husband, knowing her to be right, and being conscious that he is wrong, will be compelled to respect her in the midst of his irritation: and while he might turn with contempt from the sighs of weakness, may cower beneath the remonstrances of indignant love. There is *power* in the stern voice of woman's heart; and no husband not brutal nature, or from vice, can set at nought her firm resolves in the cause of duty. When pressed to extremity, her re-action has stricken terror into him, who till then never felt alarm. Endowed by her Creator with this peculiar power, the sustaining principles of her sex's dignity it is her duty to sustain it. What! is she a bond-woman, or a beast of burden? Is she to cater with his appetites, and waste her days, in servitude to his stormy passions? Was it for this that she departed from the mansion of her ancestors, and relinquished the endearing protection of her father's and brothers? Was it for this she stood before the altar, and exchanged vows of fidelity and love? Is she not rather in many respects a co-equal, with rights and dignities not dependent on the will of her husband? If her sphere of action be more limited than his, is she not a free agent within her proper circle, and should she not fearlessly maintain her interests? God has given her a desire for happiness, and the liberty to pursue it, according to certain laws; and should her husband's vices obtrude upon her narrow and rugged way, she must effectually dispel them, or relinquish every hope save that of Heaven.

*From Dr. Drake's Discourse.*

## VARIETY.

THE WANDERING JEW.—Many grave people assert, either as a matter of fact or as a tradition handed down to them, that one of the Jews who was distinguished for an act of contumely on the person of Christ during the time of trial previous to the crucifixion, received as a punishment the doom of living until the end of time. He is represented by the credulous as wandering up and down the world, weeping for his cruel scorn of his Saviour. Rev. Mr. Croly, in his "Salathiel," has profited by this tradition—and makes his everlasting hero this same personage.—*Zion's Herald.*

ROBERT POLLOCK—-The author of the *Course of Time*, was a native of Scotland; his parents were in indigent circumstances, and bound him at an early age as an apprentice to a carpenter, in which situation he continued for some years. His strong inclination for learning, and the genius that he developed at that age, procured for him the assistance of friends, who enabled him to enter Glasgow College. After finishing his studies, he took orders, but preached only four sermons, distinguished by their profuseness of imagery and expressive style. The severity of his application to his sacred and literary labors, produced a decline. For the purpose of recovering his health, he commenced a journey to Italy, but proceeded no father than a town in the northern part of England, where he died, in the 28th year of his age. The "Course of Time" was written at College, and was his only production, excepting a collection of Essays and other fugtive pieces amounting to nearly two volumes, found in his room since his death.—*Albany Times.*

CURRYING FAVORS.—A tanner, near Utica, advertises for the *favor* of *tanning and currying* the farmer's hides. It is said he will be refused by most of them.

UP TO THE HUB.—John Hubb, has been convicted of slandering Elijah House, at Saratoga, by charging him with keeping false books as a merchant. He attempted to prove his charge, but failed. Damages $1000.

PUNCTUALITY among mechanics, is a great desideratum. Show us a mechanic who will get our work done by the time specified, and we will cherish him as the apple of our eye.—But to the mechanic, who makes us call twice, (fire and sickness excepted,) we bid farewell —"a long farewell"—he is not the man for our money. The mechanic gains nothing by false promises except a bad name. In order to grasp at all the work in the neighborhood, many a mechanic will promise, when he knows it is not in his power to *perform.*—What is such a man but a liar? To say nothing of the vice of lying, than which there is nothing more low and contemptible, the mechanic, in the end, gets far less work by false promises, than he would by a strict adherence to the truth. *Punctuality* in a mechanic is the soul of business, the foundation of prosperity, and the security of a good reputation.

Historians may be said to thrive on the miseries of mankind; they are like the birds of prey that hover over the field of battle, to fatten on the mighty dead.

It is in knowledge as in swimming—he who ostentatiously sports and flounders on the surface, makes more noise and splashing, and attracts more attention than the industrious pearl diver, who plunges in search of treasures to the bottom. *Knickerbocker.*

DUTCH INGENUITY.—Ann Smittey painted in miniature, and with such diminutive neatness, that she executed a landscape with a windmill, millers, and a cart and horse, and 16 passengers; and half a grain of corn would cover the whole composition,—*Anecdotes of Painting.*

A wag on being told it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said he supposed it would end at last in not dining till *to morrow.*

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, when she has in her countenance mildness; in her speech wisdom; in her behaviour modesty, and in her life virtue.

Several people were looking at a very little horse, some said he was the smallest horse they ever saw. "By my faith," said an Irishman, "I have one as little as two of it."

SMALL BEER.—Thomas Beer, of Shutesbury, aged 23, measures but 37 inches in height. He is a proficient in oriental literature.

The last invasion and occupation of Spain have cost France three hundred and fifty three millions of francs.

EXTRAORDINARY FISH.—Mary Fish died in Dorchester county a few days since, aged 121 years.

MARSH RECLAIMED.—Married, Mr. John Green to Miss Susan Marsh.

CUPID HUNTING.—Married, in Newbury, Jas. Adams to Caroline Hunt.

A DODGE AT HYMEN.—Married, in Beverly, John Bomer to Hannah B. Dodge.

STRONG BEER.—James Bier, a labourer in Oxford county, Me. lately lifted a young heifer belonging to Mr. Sherman over a five rail fence on a wager.

SINGLE LIFE.—A man by the name of Single was lately convicted of bigamy and sentenced to several years confinement.

## AN OBLIGING EPISTLE.

*Sir:* To avoid all proceedings unpleasant,
I beg you will pay what is due;
If you do you'll *oblige me* at present;
If you don't then I must *oblige you.*

TREASONABLE DESIGNS!—Abel, the youngest son of Mr. John Tree, of Kentucky, has exhibited a great degree of talent for painting. He designs in a masterly style.

CHILD'S PLAY.—George Child is the author of a new play, "A Daughter's Revenge."

MISERY.—To be placed at the head of a dinner table before a delicious piece of roast beef; company large, including some half a dozen ravenous children, who will eat nothing but beef; every one vociferous in praise of the viand, while you are kept constantly sawing at it with a carving-knife as dull as Parson Drowsy's sermon.—*Mem.* Thermometer at 90.

GUESS.—This word is often quoted as peculiar to the Yankee dialect, and attempts are constantly made to stamp it with derision by those who seize every opportunity to ridicule the manners and customs of the New England people. That it is more frequently spoken by the Yankees than any other people I would not pretend to deny, because I think it an evidence of their good taste to give preference to such an admirable word. It is almost the only word in our language that has always the same meaning, and awakens different associations; a kind of self-illustrating property that makes its fitness and application known at once. GUESS! What child ever mistook it? What sage would ever disregard it? It rouses curiosity and thus stimulates the mind to exertion. It invites free inquiry, and thus is favorable to liberty and literature. It checks arrogance of assertion, and thus represses the violence of party and of controversy. As a peace-maker it is more potent than an "IF"—indeed it now occurs to me that doubtless the prevalence of this word, and the feeling of respect for the doubts and deliberations it must occasion, have greatly contributed to keep the Yankee temperament cool, and prevent the necessity among us of having recourse to the pistol, to teach good breeding or command civilities. No word which could be substituted would supply the loss of GUESS.

"*I reckon*,"—the phrase of a creditor, and I always feel inclined to ask the person who uses it, how much I owe him, not a very pleasant question for a person destitute of cash.

"*I think*,"—false, and half of the persons who use the phrase never *think*.

"*I believe*,"—What business has a man to intrude his *belief* on me, when I merely ask him the distance to the next town?

But "*I guess*,"—ay, that's the word. It has melody in its sound, modesty in its assertions, and magnificence in its promises. It is simple, sentimental or sublime, according to the object on which it is employed. It must also be considered *poetical* as it contains the essence of imagination, namely, uncertainty.—It is *philosophical* because it invites to reflection. In short its beauty and utility are so apparent, that the Yankee who discards it from his vocabulary, deprives himself of a treasure, which "Greek and Roman lore can ne'er supply."—*Boston Lit. Gaz.*

MOUNT ARARAT.—Nothing can be more beautiful than the shape of Ararat; nothing more awful than its height. All the surrounding mountains sink into insignificance when compared to it. It is perfect in all its parts. No rugged features; no unnatural prominences. Every thing is harmony; and all combines to render it one of the most interesting objects in nature. Spreading originally from an immense base, the slope towards its summit is easy and gradual, until it reaches the regions of snow where it becomes more abrupt. As a foil to this stupendous object, a small hill arises from the same base, similar in shape, and in any other situation entitled the rank among high mountains. No one since the flood seems to have been on the summit of Ararat. For the rugged ascent to its snowy top appears to render the attempt impossible. No man certainly, has ascended it in modern times. When the adventures of Tournefort failed, it is not probable that any one else had succeeded.

ARABIAN DELICACY.—The extreme delicacy of Arab manners could not be better illustrated than by the following lively anecdote:

"Among the numerous instances which we observed during our stay at Bengazi, illustrative of Arab character and prejudices, we may notice one which occurred in the skeefs (or entrance hall) of our house, where a *select party* of the inhabitants of the town usually assembled themselves when the weather permitted. On this occasion, the women of England formed the principal subject of conversation, and the reports of their beauty, which had reached some of our visitors, appeared to have made a great impression in their favor. One of our party then produced a miniature from his pocket, which chanced to be the resemblance of a very pretty girl, and he roundly asserted that every woman in England was as handsome. The first Arab of our party who was favored with the sight of the lady in question, started back in dismay and confusion; and all his worthy countrymen who cast their eyes upon the picture withdrew them, on the instant, in the greatest alarm, exhibiting the strongest symptoms of astonishment and shame. The fact was, that the young lady who had caused so much confusion, was painted in a low evening dress; and her face was only shaded by the luxuriant auburn curls, which fell in ringlets over her forehead and temples. Every Arab who saw the picture actually blushed and hid his face with his hands, exclaiming—w'Allah haram—by heaven 'tis a sin to look upon such an exposure of charms!"

HOT WEATHER.—Last week, a weather weighing 110 pounds was roasted whole, at a party in Canajoharie.

DUNNING REPORT.—John Dunning was publicly reprimanded at Salem last week, for a disturbance in the street.

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1828.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

An unfortunate difficulty has arisen between the Common Council and Firemen of New York; and we learn that a few days since the latter actually stood by and saw two buildings consumed, without a single effort to extinguish the flames. It is quite the fashion at present for every brother quill who can leave his desk for a few days journey, to entertain his patrons with an account of his travels.—We too have travelled, but start not good reader, we have no intention of boring you with a long account of the wonders we have seen and the "hair breadth scapes" we have passed, but shall, in as few words as possible state the result—we enjoyed the journey highly, met fair weather and foul, passed over rough roads and smooth, saw hills, vallies, plains, rivers, swamps and last not least, sailed o'er "the vasty deep," and finally came home contented. *Russia and Turkey*—Brahilow has surrendered to the Russians after a sharp conflict, they were repulsed in their assault upon the place, and after an armistice, the Turks gave up the town on the 18th June, three days after the assault. Gen. Lafayette was present at the last celebration of American Independence in Paris. The plague is said to have made its appearance among the crews of the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean. A young man has been fined $10 and costs at Springfield, for taking three sweet apples from a farmer's orchard. The crops in some parts of England have been seriously injured by heavy rains. "Notions of Americans picked up by a travelling bachelor," is the title of Cooper's new work; it is spoken well of by American writers and ridiculed and criticised by English writers, who know nothing of the people about whom they are ranting save only through the medium of their own public prints. How is it possible for an Englishman who has never perhaps, been without the smoky precincts of London, to say with the least shadow of truth "that the good sense of America will reject this gasconading gallimafraw with more derision and dislike than, it can excite in any other quarter of the globe." This is of a piece with other of John Bull's impudent assertions calculated to supply the want of truth.

"New American Gardner."—The high reputation which Mr. Fessenden the author of this book (and also of the New England Farmer,) has acquired as a writer and compiler of matter appertaining to both theoretical and practical agriculture, is a sufficient warrantee of the value and usefulness of this work to those who have a taste for gardening. The article on fruit trees is particularly valuable to our farmers. Those persons who wish to profit by the experience of others in the management of fruit trees or a garden will derive more practical information from this book, than from any other on the same subjects that we know of.

*Hard Question.*—The Editor of "The Moralist," (Southbridge,) very gravely asks, *what shall we write?*" and says, "The compositor is waiting for to put the *editorial scribblings* into his stick." Surely the Editor never was known to use a more appropriate term for his own writings than the foregoing. "Bot, Masters I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true athenian. I will tell you every thing right as it fell out." *Shaks.*

## POETRY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### BALBOA'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE SEA.

"After twenty-five days of excessive fatigue they came to the last mountain. Up this he went alone, being determined that none should rob him of the first sight. He attained the summit, from whence he saw the vast Pacific, rolling beneath his feet."

He stood on Andes' rock-ribbed mount,
The first who there had been,
And looking down upon the fount
Of billowy waters green,

He felt his bounding bosom swell
With warm emotions, but the spell
Of strange, extatic pleasure broke,
And warm with heart-felt joy he spoke.

"I am the first, I am the first,
Who e'er upon this summit stood,
And saw upon his vision burst
The high waves of this boundless flo od.

Yon sun is o'er me, I have seen
His golden streams in other climes;
Earth smiles around me, I have been
Where 'twas as bright in by-gone times;

But ocean, man's enraptured eyes
Ne'er rested on thy wave before,
And heart ne'er felt that glad surprise
Of him who now is on thy shore.

Yes, I behold thee in the pride
Of nature's first untrodden state,
As, heaving high, thy briny tide
In mountains rolls, sublimely great.

Man has not known thee, that deep wave
Ne'er heard the shouting seaman's call;
And thy dark abyss, it ne'er gave
A covering to the sailor's pall.

Then hurry on in pomp and power,
In conscious innocence and glee,
Till time shall usher in the hour,
When man shall prove him worthy thee.

For time shall come, O hail the day!
When thou shalt bear, at man's command,
The stately vessel on its way,
In mighty pride from land to land.

Then fare thee well; when time has rolled—
When many a future age is o'er—
When man's bold prowess long hath told
That thou art known to human lore,

Shall countless millions gladly say
Balboa trod a lonely way
Upon this steep, this rugged mount,
To view,—the first,—thy rolling fount. P.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

TO THE SCOTTISH BARD.

## ALLEINE CONYGNHAME.

Why dost thou talk of death laddie,
Why dost thou long to go?
The master who has plac'd thee here
Has work for thee to do.

What wouldst thou do in Heaven laddie,
What wouldst thou say in Heaven,
When the master ask'd "what hast thou done
"With the talents I have given?

"Thou hast had all of earthly good
"The sons of earth desire,
"I gave thee much, and justly now
"I much of thee require.

"I gave thee wealth and power,
"And the poor around thee spread,
"Where are the sheep and lambs of mine
"Whom thou hast rear'd and fed?

"I gave thee mind and eloquence
"Thy fellows to persuade,
"Where are the thousands, by thy powers
"More wise and holy made?

"I plac'd thee in a land of light
"Where the Gospel round thee shone,
"Where is the heavenly mindedness
"I find in all my own?

"And last I sent thee chastisement
"That thou might'st be my son,
"Where is the humbled heart which says
"O Lord! thy will be done?"

FROM THE TOILET.

## THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND,

How often have the beautiful lines of PERCIVAL expressed the agonies of a wounded and still affectionate heart.

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
And yet he comes not—once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come and chide, and I shall weep,
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
I had a husband once, who lov'd me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel flowers poison sip:
But I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent sweetness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I lov'd him then—he lov'd me too—my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile!
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile.
Caresses which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralizing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured and how faithful I have been.

## Married,

In Shrewsbury, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. William Legate, of this town, to Miss Nancy D. Phelps, daughter of Capt. Azor Phelps.

## Died,

In this town, Sept. 2, Southworth A. son of Mr. Southworth A. Howland, aged 2 years and 2 months.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 13. SEPTEMBER 20, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### ALFRED ANSON.

Among those superior qualities which are either naturally inherent in man, or nursed up beneath the genial influence of his own sound mind and well directed judgment—perhaps there is no one which is more essential to the security of character, or our own happiness through life, than self-denial. It is one of those requisites, without which, though possessed of most others, man seems to be unqualified for passing safely through the numberless temptations, allurements and vices, which so strongly characterize this "sublunary world." Still, notwithstanding it is necessary to constitute a perfect *man*. How unfrequently do we meet with it, to that degree with which we might desire that every one should be possessed of it. Yet, self-denial is a passion, if it may so be termed, which is almost wholly at the disposal of man. Its seed is planted by Nature in his heart, and the power given him to water and to nourish it, or to leave it unmolested in its primitive state. Therefore, as we may daily witness, if guided by reason, he chooses to cultivate this seed, it flourishes and increases, but otherwise, if he permits it to lie unheeded and neglected, in a few short years it withers, decays, dies and is forgotten. There are individuals, however, who fain would cherish this inward principle, and be shielded by its influence, but, owing to a weakness in their natures, their efforts are paralyzed and their endeavors fruitless. Of such a cast was he whose history shall now be given.

Alfred Anson was a young man of warm and generous feelings. In his friendship he was ardent even unto enthusiasm, and he had the power, although young, of selecting those for his companions, whose natural inclinations led them to virtue rather than vice. But, situated as he was in the world, his acquaintance was extremely limited, and his firmest and most regarded friend was one for whom his attachment had commenced in early life. William Ainsworth was nearly the age of Alfred; their introduction to each other was while enjoying the youthful merriments of the street, and the friendship which was then plighted between them, grew firm with increasing age. But yet, there was something entirely opposite in their natures; William carried even in his countenance, that expression which evinces firmness and decision; and in his heart, the power to resist the temptations of the world. Alfred, on the contrary, although he knew the distinction between right and wrong, and would fain choose the better way, had not the manly decision to resist a temptation which came under a garb of pretended friendship, unless immediately under the eye of his friend, and fortunate indeed it was for him that he had made choice of so valuable a person for his friend. Time passed on, the friends grew up to the cheerful dawn of manhood, but at length a circumstance, unfortunate indeed to Alfred, compelled his friend to remove far into the interior of the state, to reside many months. Their parting was truly severe; yet not so much so to William as to his friend, as he was going upon a journey, his attention, while on the road, would naturally be more turned towards the ever-changing scenery of the country through which he travelled, than reflecting upon his home and friends, with all their endearing associations which he had left behind. Alfred was left upon the scene of his youth, to pursue the same routine of occupation, with nothing new to divert himself, and deprived of the society of him, who shared a portion of his heart. Yet, he felt that absence could not "break the tie that binds the hearts of friends," and though William was absent, he felt that they were not entirely separated. They had still one resource left, by which they might exchange their feelings and their sentiments,—through that most useful art, the art of writing, by which those who are in distant and far separated lands can "hold sweet converse," and hearts separated by the rugged hills of many countries, can commune together. In this Alfred found a partial antidote for his sorrows: but, accustomed as he had been, to have a friend constantly with him, unto whom he might reveal the whole workings of his bosom, he soon resolved to mingle in new company, and choose another, a present confidential companion.—But, alas, he went forth into the crowd, and finally was allured, unsuspectingly, to mingle with those unprincipled gangs which surround the gaming table, and throng the shops of liquor. He went, not that his inclination directed him there, but by falling into the ac-

quaintance of one, who flattered and pretended friendship. He followed this enemy to his future happiness to the den of midnight revelry. The destroying bowl, the inebriating draught, the poisonous cup of intemperance came to his lips,—he sipped—his absent friend and his admonitions, together with an inborn sense of doing wrong, rushed like a torrent upon his heart, and he dashed the bowl away, with a brief determination of leaving it forever. But he had been led into an inextricable maze, into the labrinth of vice, the wild of intemperance. His good resolutions weighed but an atom in the balance, when opposed by the flattery and enticements of his false friend, and he was, imperceptibly to himself, hastening forward with an accellerated step towards the vortex of destruction. At length, the gaming table, and the expense of the revelling to which he had been accustomed, began to bring around his walls the ghastly heralds of poverty. Wretchedness, ruin and despair grinned horribly before his eyes. In his more sober and serious intervals, he would answer the epistle of his friend in such a manner, that nothing could be suspected,and William would have remained in total ignorance of his circumstances, had he not been apprised of them, from his own paternal mansion. But he was not aware of the real situation of his friend, until Alfred, finding his case desperate, and his destruction inevitable, sat down in an overwhelming paroxysm of mingled emotions and pourtrayed to William, in glowing colors the sad reality. His letter concluded thus.—"Hasten then, O hasten my beloved, thou to whose breast I have forever clung, as the feeble ivy clings to the giant oak. Hasten, for the verdure of the ivy has withered, the chill blasts of penury, of wretchedness, and must I say of intemperance have rushed along, and swept its garlands far away. Then hasten, for the vine itself is decaying; no longer shielded by the support of the towering oak, it is fast hastening down to mingle with its native dust.—Come ere the last spark of life is totally extinguished, come and soothe the sorrows that weigh heavily upon this bosom, come quiet this haggard brow, and smooth the dying pillow of thy unfortunate, ungrateful, but loving friend,—*Alfred*."

This was a thunderstroke to William; as has been said before, he had been informed of the deviation of Alfred from the paths of virtue, but was not acquainted with his real situation, and such a change, coming so suddenly as it did, could not but awaken strong and powerful emotions. After the first intensity of the shock had subsided, he hastened to return an answer, which, though brief, spoke the whole language of his heart; an extract is given.

"O, Alfred, thou hast fallen upon the rock upon which I always feared thy gallant bark would wreck; my fearful anticipations have been too truly, too sadly realized. Would that it were but the fanciful vision of a midnight dream! but no, I am too well assured of the reality, for intemperance will never acknowledge itself, until upon the brink of distruction. Return then I conjure thee, by all our friendship, by every thing which thou holdest dear upon earth, return to that mode of life in which I left thee. Shrink with horror from the gulf that is yawning before thee. Farewell; I shall return to the home of my fathers as soon as possible, and shall still indulge the hope of finding thee as thou wert formerly. WILLIAM."

But alas, in vain did he cherish so fond a hope. Alfred's conduct, together with the anguish of his mind, threw him into a quick consumption, which hastened him to the grave, and William returned, only to pluck the first blossom of spring which grew near the little mound that covered the ashes of his unfortunate friend. CLARENCE.

## THE HUMOROUS MAN.

You shall know the man I speak of by the vivacity of his eye, the 'morn-elastic' tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. The muscles of his mouth, unlike those of Monsieur Melancholy, (whose mouth has a 'downward drag austere,') curl upward like a Spaniard's mustachios. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a 'mirth-moving jest;' give him that, and he has 'food and raiment.' He *will* not see what men have to care for,beyond to-day; and is for Tomorrow's providing for himself. He is also for a new reading of Johnson's old play of '*Every Man in his humor*;' he would have it '*Every Man in Humor*.' He leaves money and misery,to misers; ambition and blood to warriors and highwaymen; fame, to courtlaureate and lord-mayors; honors, to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death, to such as are not worthy of life; the dread of heaven, to those who are not good enough even for earth; the grave, to parish-clerks and undertakers; tombs, to proud-worms; and palaces to paupers.

It is enough for him if he may laugh the 'hours away;' and break a jest,where tempers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. He says, that if he could allow himself to sigh about any thing, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for any thing, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and lament less.—Yet he hath tears for the orphan and the unhappy; but his tears die even where they are born,—in his 'heart of hearts;' he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it,

which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him the difference between poverty and riches, between wealth and want, and moves his heart to pity, and his hand to charity. He loves no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serves him for the kindling of his wit,—as cold flints strike out sparks of fire.

His humor shows itself to all men and on all occasions. I once found him bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed devil of a rat, who was cringing up in a corner; he was offering him the retreat honourable, with a polite 'After you, Sir, if you would oblige me.' I settled the point of etiquette, by kicking the rat down stairs and received a frown from my humane friend, for my impatient inhumanity. It must have been my humorous friend, and not the atrabilarious Bard of Twickenham, who, coming to a corn-field, pulled off his hat, and bowing profoundly, requested of his wheaten audience' that as he was a poor poet, they would lend him their ears.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of pupyism in pigs that they wear tails. He defines a great coat to be a modern *Spenser*, in folio, with *tailpieces*. He calls Hercules a man-midwife, in a small way of business; because he had but twelve labours. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to convince the Romans that he was not a lame poet. He describes critics to be a sort of door-keepers to the temple of fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond one—not that they always perform this duty honestly.

He asserts that the highest delight on this side the grave, is to possess a pair of bagpipes, and know that no one within forty miles can play them. Acting up to this whim, he bought a pair of a Scotch bag-piper, a poor Highlander, giving him five guineas for them; which, as he boasted, sent him home like a gentleman to Scotland, where he had, no doubt, purchased a landed estate, and was in a probable way of coming into parliament for a Scotch borough. And here he somewhat varied the old proverb, by saying, that 'It was an ill bagpipe that blowed nobody good.' Indeed, if he quotes a proverb at all, it is, 'with a difference.'

He is a polite, man though a wit—which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomed weapons, and wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, had his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man, that he is naturally, not artificially, polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt felt for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtezan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness; the arch devil in a domino:—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any other amiable quality.

Thus he unites humor with seriousness, and seriousness with humor.

In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is the only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and bending the back very humorously. In walking through his garden, a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him: his hat was immediately off, and the bow returned with an old-school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would, perhaps, have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow notions of manners. In this spirit, I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants, as he passed under St. Dunstan's church. He had asked his friend what was the hour; but before he could reply, the giants had informed him: 'Thank you, gentlemen,' said he, bowing to them with a graceful humour.

I have said he is a humane man. He once detected an unintimate cat picking his cold mutton, 'on a day alack the day!' for he was then to poor to spare it well. Some men would have thrown a poker at her; others would have squandered away a gentlemanly income of oaths, and then have sworn by private subscription all the rest of their lives; an absent man perhaps would have thrown his young son and heir, or his gold watch and seals, at her; another, perhaps, his wig:—he contented himself with saying, 'I have two or three doubts (which I shall put forth as much in the shape of a half-crown pamphlet as possible) as to the propriety of your conduct in eating my mutton;' and then he brushed her off with his handkerchief, supped with his head out of window, and went happy to bed.

Some of his jokes have a practicality about them; but they have neither the quarter-staff jocoseness of Robin Hood, that brake heads let them have been never so obtuse and profound; nor the striking effect of that flourishing sprig of the green Isle, that knocks down friend and foe with a partiality truly impartial.

He is no respecter of persons: the beggar may have a joke of him, (and something better,) though he do not happen to apply exactly 'between the hours of eleven and four.'

At dinner, there is but one glass on the table: his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence;—'Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys.'

If he lends you a book, for the humor of the thing, he will request you, as you love a clean conscience, to make no thumb-and-butter ref-

more positive than one affirmative possibly could do. "Ah, then," said Lord Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two negatives, to have made such a positive fellow as you are!"

A singular old gentleman, in a neighboring country was waited upon the other day, with a surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating over its contents for some time, he desired the person in waiting for his answer, to tell his master that the medicine he should certainly pay for; but *that he should return the visits.*

We recollect hearing an old gentleman, somewhat in his dotage, boasting of his son's reputation as a physician, and adding that he always was distinguished for his talents, even when he was a boy, particularly when he used to go a gunning, he always killed whatever he took aim at. A bystander remarked, that the same trait of character remained with him still—that he killed every thing that came in his way.

### THE WISH.

I ask not beauty—'tis a gleam
That tints the morning sky;
I ask not learning—'tis a stream
That glides unheeded by;
I ask not wit—it is a flash
That oft blinds reason's eye:
I ask not gold—'tis glittering trash
That causes many a sigh.
But give me sense, a taste refined,
Candor with honor blended
A feeling heart, a virtuous mind,
With charity attended.

## VARIETY.

### DISASTERS BY THE LATE FLOODS.

At *Hartford.*—A paper of the 9th inst. mentions that the rise of water in the Connecticut was greater than was recollected ever to have taken place in autumn. On the preceding Thursday night, for about five hours, the water rose at the rate of twelve inches an hour. It continued to rise, though less rapidly, till Sunday noon, when it came to a stand, at twenty-two feet above low water mark, and soon began to fall. In 1801 the spring freshet arose to 26 feet above low water mark. So great a flood by rain is not recollected by the oldest inhabitants. The loss in crops, bridges, mills, fences, &c. has been immense. For several hours the river was literally covered with fragments of bridges, lumber &c. Nine head of dead cattle also passed down in the current.—*Farmington Canal* has sustained considerable injury; and the culvert at Granby was again swept away. Much of the timber carried off would probably be secured; but in the state of the water it was difficult to ascertain the extent of losses.

At *New-Haven*—The streams were swelled much beyond the ordinary *spring* floods, but with little injury.—From the interior they had accounts of the destruction of bridges, fences, dams, sluices, cattle and sheep. The meadows in the valley of Watertown were one vast sheet of water; and with the sluice way, at the cotton factory in Salem, 1000 loads of earth were carried away. Messrs. Goodyear and Buckingham, of Waterbury, lost over fifty fine merino and other sheep, and several others more or less. All the intervale on the Housatonic was overflowed. The damage to the *Farmington Canal* it was believed had not been so great as anticipated; and it was hoped would be speedily repaired. The loss is estimated to amount to from 8 to 9000 dollars.

*In Hampden county.*—A passenger in the new and handsome steamboat *Blanchard*, recently built at Springfield, and which made an excursion on Saturday last, mentions, that the waters of the Connecticut and the Agawam were higher than have been known for twenty years—flooding hundreds of acres of corn-fields, orcharding and mowing lands, over which the boat sailed with perfect safety. Here and there were seen spots of land, trees and bushes, and the tops of the standing corn.

### SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

We should make a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his daily duties, who maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of society—whose deportment is upright—and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer, or draws a thread.—There is nothing more distant from all natural rule and natural claim, than the reluctant feeling—the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance, which the well off are too apt to manifest to those a little lower down.

with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently shrink into insignificance.

DREADFUL DISASTER. A letter from New Orleans, of the 13th ult. states, "One of our finest Tow Boats, the *Grampus*, was rendered a complete wreck yesterday morning, by the bursting of her boilers. She was towing up four vessels, one of which lost her topmasts and spars, and another was much injured.—Not a vestige of either of her six boilers was to be found after the accident. Seven men were killed, five missing, (supposed to have been knocked overboard,) and four wounded. The commander, Captain Morrison, was not injured."

The tower of Babel, says a recent traveller in the east, now presents the appearance of a large mound or hill, with a castle on the top, in mounting to which, the traveller now and then discovers, through the light sandy soil, that he is treading on a vast heap of bricks.—The total circumference of the ruin is 2236 feet though the building itself was only 2000, allowing 500 to the stadia, which Herodotus assigns as the side of a square. The elevation of the west side is 198 feet. What seems to be a castle at a distance, when examined, proves to be a solid mass of kiln burnt bricks, 37 feet high and 28 broad.

ANSON GOLD.—A piece of gold weighing thirteen pounds seven ounces, was found Aug. 16th, in Dismuke's mine, in Anson. The lucky finder was a young lad, to whom, according to the terms of working the mine, one half belongs. This is the largest lump which has been discovered in this State, with the exception of the piece of 25 pounds found in Reid's Creek, in Cabarrus, some years since, and is worth about $3000.—*Fayetteville, N. C. Journal.*

OYSTERS TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.—It is asserted by Smellie, that Oysters, stupid and unintellectual as they may appear to be, learn wisdom from experience; for, if an oyster is accidentally left by the tide, it opens its shell, loses its water, and dies; but if it be carried to the sea before it thus perishes, it learns, when left again dry, not to open its shell.

We confess that we are somewhat sceptical as to this, notwithstanding the authority of such a man as Smellie.

DETRACTION DISPLAYED.—Mrs. Opie, who recently published the "Illustrations of Lying," has given to the public another work, entitled "Detraction Displayed." The vigorous mind of this lady seems now to have ascertained the channel through which it can flow with the greatest advantage. She is decidedly a great moralist.

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1828.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A most horrid murder has been committed in Giles County, (Tenn.) Two young ladies were the victims. "It seems the murderer and the father of the ill fated girls were engaged in a law suit—they were the most material witnesses in the case, and the monster, to get rid of their testimony, formed in the absence of their father, the diabolical resolution, in which he succeeded but too well, of depriving them of life. A new Post Office has been established in the west part of Millbury, in this County, called "*Grass Hill* Post Office," and Ephraim Goulding, Jr. is appointed Post Master. The Jamaica papers of July, complain of the renewal of piratical depredations in the West Indies, and the neglect of the powerful British force in that sea to put a stop to them. Dr. Howe has recently published a history of the Greek Revolution, illustrated by a map of Greece, and the Islands.—Com. Porter is about visiting the United States for the recovery of his health, which is somewhat impaired from so long an exposure to an unhealthy climate. Extract of a letter from Gen. Lafayette, dated June 14th, 1828. "My health is now perfectly restored. The session of the French Chamber will be at an end by the 1st of August, when my family will be reunited in our country abode—much preferable to the city, as I can there better enjoy the company of my children and friends, and attend to my agricultural pursuits." The title of the new novel, which our countryman, Cooper, is writing, is, the Child of the Wishton-Wish. The Russian army is making a slow and steady advance into the Turkish dominions. *Greece*—Colocotroni and twenty five other chiefs, have been arrested for a conspiracy against the President, Count Capo d' Istria. It is stated that a large expedition is fitting out at Toulon intended for the Morea, and that an English fleet will cooperate with it. A quarry of Oil Stone has been discovered in Perry County, Ohio, said to be superior to the best Turkey Oil Stones for sharpening razors. A shock of an earthquake was felt at Portland, (Me.) on the evening of the 14th inst. An expedition of scientific men has been fitted out at Paris, to go to Egypt.

"Bot, I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called *Bottom's dream* because it hath *no bottom*."

The remarks of the *Editor* of "The Moralist" upon our paper, are too contemptibly scurrilous to be answered, or noticed in any other terms than those of his ass-eared namesake and prototype, than whom in point of intellect and gentlemanly courtesy a more perfect personification could not be found.

We can bear with decent recriminations and severe retorts, from those with whom we come in collision, but when an Editor descends to such scurrilous abuse as is too indecent to be repeated, we have but one course to pursue, to suffer him to grovel on in the filth of his own polluted imagination, unnoticed. We laugh at your rage, despise your scurrility, and pity your dulness.

## Married,

In this town, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Bancroft, Edward J. Vose, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss Frances Sophia Burling, daughter of the late Walter Burling, Esq. both of Worcester.

In Conway, Capt. John Ware, to Miss Sarah B. Dickinson, both of Conway.

In Deerfield, by the Rev. Dr. Willard, Mr. Stephen Allen, to Miss Malissa A. Arms.

In Shrewsbury, Sept. 16, by Rev. George Allen, William Workman, M. D. to Miss Sarah P. Hemenway, all of that place.

## Died,

In this town, Mrs. Sally Butman, wife of Mr. Benjamin Butman, aged 35.

In West Boylston, on the 7th inst. Mrs. Mary S. Davis, wife of Francis Davis, aged 33.

In Oxford, on the 29th ult. Capt. David Stone, aged 52.

In Grafton, August 27, of the dysentery, Susan Augusta, aged 2 years 7 months and 7 days. September 10, Josiah, aged 1 year and 27 days, only children of Mr. Charles and Mrs. Susan Goddard.

## EVIDENCE OF THE DEITY.

The Sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me;
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

PARNELL.

## POETRY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

Eccl. 11: 7. *Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.*

The living man is blest,
And he has much to thank his Maker for,
And he is happy if he is but good;
("But none are happy else"—'tis Heaven's first law)
And yet there are who wrest
Their blessings from life's web and make them sorrow's food.

Death is the wretch's friend;
But none are such who feel what they enjoy.
What! see heaven's sunshine "free alike to all,"
The groves deep verdure, bright with radiant day
Where all the hues we love their beauties blend
Taste all of paradise which has surviv'd the fall.

Drink zephyrs from the lake,
Whose pruning wings around thy temples play,
Hear the wild birds pour out their tuneful breath,—
Glide o'er the billows, watching twilight's ray
With eye, and mind, to all these charms awake.—
Rich in earth, air and wave, yet praising early death!

Know thou art greatly blest
In will and power of making others so.
The sweet reflective *wish* of doing good,
Even the bland sigh, breathed for another's woe,
The mind still hungering, o'er its ready feast,
All these are sources of beatitude.

Then envy not the dead,
Nor lean with breaking spirit on the earth,
Nor waste thy tears for one who needs them not;
But think of wealth, of talents, power and worth;
The vigorous frame, rich mind and reasoning head.
Enjoy Heaven's lavish gifts and know how blest thy lot.

## EPIGRAM.

First in the grape the wine's red hue,
Next in the bottle glows:
But last, and most, and longest too,
O Cotta, in thy nose.

WORCESTER TALISMAN.

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GRIFFIN AND MORRILL....PRINTERS.

THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 14. OCTOBER 4, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### CHIVALRY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Cervantes, in his inimitable history of the redoubtable Don Quixote and his faithful servant and fellow traveller Sancho Panzy, has painted, in glowing and everlasting colors, the deeds of valor and temerity which characterized the bold knights, in the days when chivalry and knight-errantry were in the meridian of their glory. The libraries of every country teem with this history, which proves not only that the authors name is handed in glory down to posterity, but also, that the history of those remarkable days will live while time shall last. And why, if the chivalry of those days is worthy of so conspicuous a place in the field of history, shall not that of a later day, at least be recorded? Under a conviction that it might be interesting, if not useful, I shall give the following sketch as I heard it from another.

I was sitting one glorious evening before the door of a neighboring cottage, inhabited by a patriarch, not much less venerable than its own age-stricken walls. The patriarch came forth followed by the offspring of two generations, to enjoy the balmy tranquillity of the moonlight night. He sat himself down beneath an aged vine that clung to the decaying timbers of the portico, and while those who surrounded him were all attention, he related the succeeding morceau of history, the heroes of which had been the companions of his better days.

"About three score summers ago," said he "while yet the country around us was barely settled sufficiently to be denominated any thing but a wilderness, there dwelt in yonder cottage, whose walls have now fallen a prey to the great destroyer, an honest, plain-bred farmer, whose pecuniary circumstances were such as to place him fairly beyond the reach of poverty and whose taste for literary acquirements was such, that it was said he had transplanted the contents of the "complete jocky," and various other treatises upon "chyrurgerie," fairly into his heart. He had an only child, and upon her were all his hopes and doatings placed. Nothing which lay in his power was left undone, to render her an ornament to her sex, and far from her native habitation was the name, the acquirements, and the accomplishments of Anna Ellicott heard. Yes, she was beautiful, and would cast many of the belles of the present day far into the shade. Her curling locks of auburn needed not the tortoise shell, or the artificial wreath to deck them,—and her graceful form would be apparent in the mantua of linsey woolsey. It is almost needless to add, as it follows of course, that this lady attracted many of the chivalrous knights of this New England forest, and "among the rest young Henry bowed" and often "talked of love." Henry Wilkins was the son of a sturdy mountaineer, who, by industry, and assiduity had accumulated an independence for himself and family. Thus elevated above want, Henry, whose natural disposition was averse to employment, passed away his time in a manner the most suited to his wishes. He was notoriously addicted to amusement and diversion, which propensity often was the cause of proving that

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do,"

He often displayed scintillations of curious ingenuity, which in those days was productive of serious injury to his character, and of a dozen aged matrons who knew him, most of them believed him to be an accessory with an agent to witches, hobgoblins and midnight fiends. But it was far different with Anna; industry and application were her characteristics.—With a cultivated mind, she had a true balance of judgment to weigh the character and conduct of others. True it was that she loved Henry, but her heart was not so infatuated that she could not discover his faults. There is a mystery in human nature which will forever baffle the most profound philosophers to unravel. It is in the ungovernable nature of the heart. The affections cannot entirely centre where reason might wish, but will find a resting place, independent of the other passion. But to return: at that time, the native forest reared its sturdy oaks where now the denser parts of the village are situated, and most of these fields which now surround us in cultivated luxuriance, were a rugged wilderness. Many a time upon a blithsome summer day, did we see this couple straying through this forest, now over hedge-swamps and deep

quagmires, now up steep and stony cliffs, plucking the honey-suckle, the blue-bell, the wild-wood-brake, and all the other flowers; for, added to her various other accomplishments, Anna had become possessed of, and studied a mutilated treatise upon botany, which from its antiquated appearance, one might judge was published in the days of Richard Cœur de Lion. And partly to please her, but still more themselves, even the little biped urchins of the ville, in their long skirted coats and small clothes, would search every corner and crevice to find some new-born flower, and after gathering them, would sit down, with eyes situated, *a la mode de la lobster*, to hear her detail a long string of staminas, petals, doubles, tripples, &c. about which they understood as much, as does the Indian of the rocky mountains of the scientific table of Dr. Mitchell. Thus month after month rolled away, and nothing definite was understood between them, until an opportunity occurred of testing the ardor of Anna's regard for Henry. In the winter of 17" he was called upon special business, to a settlement at the distance of 25 miles, which journey it was supposed would occupy the space of a fortnight in performing. He commenced his journey upon his father's horse, a broken-winded, spring-halted, superanuated beast, which had long been known by the title of Jenny. With this "vehicle" he travelled at the rate of eight miles per diem, through a solitary path in the wilderness which hardly merited the title of road although the most practicable within twenty leagues. During his absence, a furious North-easter, so common in New England arose, and alas! where were the thoughts of Anna? the situation and the fate of Henry were their constant theme.

It was on the evening of the sixth day, after his departure, that she sat musing alone by a few embers of a solitary fire. There, as she sat with no noise to disturb her wandering imagination; there, as she heard the howling tempest blow with impetuous fury around the corners of her dwelling, and then dying away in hollow and mournful melody, she would see, in her imagination her lover wandering through the wilderness lonely and companionless, while the tempest threatened around his devoted head, until, overcome by the cold, and the increasing storm he sunk exhausted from his seat, and spent his dying breath in the drifting snow, with no one near to cheer his last moments, or tell his fate to wretched survivors. But these were only the visions of a fanciful brain. For a moment the light of hope would gleam upon her mind, and tell her the falsity of her musings, but that light would flutter, fade, and at length sink in despair.

As for Henry, an unexpected occurrence hasted his progress insomuch, that on the night of the fifth day he arrived, on his return, to a lonely cot in the wilderness, situated within a few miles of his home. At this place, although inhabited by a private family, he was welcomed with cheerfulness, and treated with that generous hospitality for which the people of those days were characterized. It was during the night of Henry's arrival here that the storm arose, and when morning came over the world the earth was wrapped in "winter's snowy mantle," and the loud tempest blew through the tall oaks by which the cottage was surrounded. After partaking of the morning refreshments, and equipping his steed, he boldly sallied forth for the last time, to perform his journey. He had long been accustomed to face the roughest tempests, and at this his manly spirit was not daunted. And poor Jenny too, so far from being daunted seemed rather to be enlivened by it. It seemed as if the whirlwind and tempest were her favorites, and, in a word, it blew up her courage to such a degree that, occasionally, coming to a declivity, she would start off, after some pommelling, upon a good round dutch trot for several rods.—But alas! it was only a feeble struggle against the weakness of age, for again she resolved back into the same broken-winded animal. In the mean time the storm continued to increase until it became too tedious for even Henry himself; and, as Jenny was trusty he yielded up the reins to her, drew his hat down low over his forehead, folded up his arms, and closed his eyes against the wind. Night was drawing on, the tempest still increased, and when the earth was sunk in darkness, he wrapped his coat tightly around him, and fearing the icy fingers of the hoary god, he bowed down his body to shield his face, grasped the mane with both his hands, and released his feet from the stirups. He made a curious appearance, *sans doute;* but custom and elegance must sometimes give way to comfort and convenience. Thus accoutred, he was able to withstand the most violent storm; and thus he traveled until he came to the house of his beloved Anna, which he was passing, even at the moment that she was sitting as before described, absorbed in profound meditation.—It chanced that Roger, a goodly old weather-beaten sailor who lived with Ellicott, was passing with a lanthorn, between the straw-thatched barn and house, at the moment that Henry was coming in the opposite direction.—Poor Jenny, although bereft of one eye, had still enough of the blessed boon left to discover the light, glimmering through the darkness, and flickering in the wind. But she saw no more, until arriving directly opposite him, she discovered the moving body of Roger. The appearance was so sudden, that it awakened her fears, she sprang forward with all the vigor of frightened youth; but her memory was poor, and ere she had bounced thirty feet relaxed again into her lethargy. But she had roused Henry; he hastily rose, looked around to discover what had caused the perturbation. but finding nothing, he renewed his former position, little dreaming of the trouble he was causing.

Now let us turn again to the house of Elli-

cott. Roger, who was wallowing and puffing towards the house, discovered nothing of Henry or his steed, until the moment that it started, affrightened. Roger for the moment believed that his final hour had come. He bounded like a feather through the deep drifts, scarcely heeding his antique boots which he confidently asserted had many a time outweighed a bushell of bunkers! One moment of breathless fear found him sitting, pale, and trembling like a withered leaf before the fire. His consternation, which he fain would have concealed could not but be discovered by those who were seated with him. "Well, what may be the matter Roger?" said the old gentleman, as he raised his spectacles from his nose and let them rest upon his forehead.—"Have you been visited by some of the pale-faced gentry, to guard against which you were wont to nail a horse shoe to your mast?" Roger did not openly avow, at first, the cause of his fear, but merely hinted it."—Ah," said he, "many a time have I seen the white-winged fiends playing at the mast-head, when nothing saved us from their freaks but the trusty shoe which you have forever ridiculed; but your daughter shall cast anchor in the bay of single life, and you come over to my belief before you can boast a Wilkins for your son." "Ah ha! it seems then that I hit upon the right subject." "Well," rejoined Roger, right or not right, I have been under the lee of a host of them, but never come to so close a contest before." After a little altercation Roger explained himself, stating that he had seen the ghost of Henry and poor Jenny, flying upon the wind, and concluded with saying that "'twas a gone case with them, as sure as there is religion in Deacon Giles," and "'twas no more than he had been expecting all day, for the cows refused to eat the bean pods, and the geese would'nt touch the turnip tops." Half now he made Ellicott believe, for Henry had gone upon a fortnight's journey, the approach of the storm could not have fore-warned him sufficiently to return,and it could not be that Roger should forge all the story in his own imagination. But Anna had overheard their conversation, and had found fuel in it to renew the flame of her former fears Her only hope had fled, the only dim light faded, the only link upon which she rested her fondest expectations severed. After there had many words passed between Ellicott and Roger, the one half convinced that it was nothing more than real life, and the other, nothing less than visionary, it was agreed that they both should go forth and wend their way, bleak as it was, to the dwelling of Wilkins. With this determination, they sallied out greatly to the relief of Anna's mind. It would be difficult to describe the fluctuating sensations of the two travellers as they wandered through the deep snow, towards the goal where was to be settled the subject in dispute, or the more acute feelings which tortured another bosom during their absence. Suffice it to say, that Henry was found enjoying the fat of the land, with a huge bowl of walnuts by his side and a mug of whiskey upon the table. In short, the whole matter was fairly "cleared up," the opinions of Ellicott confirmed, the fears of Anna dispersed and the laugh turned upon poor Roger.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

## REPUTATION.

Perhaps there never was a truer maxim uttered, than that which would estimate the character of the man, by the company he keeps. It is the genuine index of character. He that is ever found in the society of the virtuous and good—the intelligent and the great, derives from such associates, a portion of their good qualities, as well as a portion of their reputation. Man is almost entirely an imitative being, and will as readily habituate himself, to take for his prototypes, eminence and virtue, as obscurity and vice. It is therefore that the young should be especially anxious in the formation of friendship, and in the selection of associates. Never aim to be the most intellectual among your companions, that is, never make the selection in such wise, that you shall at the first be uppermost—at the head of inferiors, imparting information and deriving nothing of equivalent value in return. If on the contrary you enter into an elevated state of society, however insignificant your station at the onset, a virtuous emulation would point out the highest seat of honor as an ultimate object, attainable only through enterprise, exertion and virtue. We are perfectly aware, that pleasure throws out many seductive lures to the young aspirant of reputation, to win him from the path of honor, and from the ways of preferment. It requires either a disposition of much stoicism, one of much philosophic temperament, or mental energies, more than ordinarily adapted to the ways of the world, to shut out all the fascinations of early life, from the young and consequently unexperienced. Few men can throw aside the sensualities of a city like this, for the laborious pursuits of study, or the still more difficult attainment of an eminent and impeachable

reputation. yet early and exalted reputation, is a treasure to the young, far more preferable than affluence. It is a legacy to their children richer than gold, and far more conducive to happiness. Few men are conscious of their own capacities. They have never been in situations of imminent peril—it has never been necessary for them to develope the utmost strength of their intellectual energies,and because their faculties have gone untasked they are unknown and unappreciated.

How little of Washington's glorious character would have been known, but for the momentous era in our history, which brought his energies into proper exhibition. Of this illustrious patriot, Fisher Ames observes "his great modesty and reserve, would have concealed his talents, if great occasions had not called them forth: and then, as he never spoke from the affection to shine, nor acted from any sinister motives, it is from their effects only, that we are to judge of their greatness and extent."—Yet the fame of Washington is of the unmixed, purest,and lasting character.—It was not the breath of momentary popularity, nor the insane ranting of notoriety, that enkindled it, but it is founded upon the purest motives, resulting in the most glorious consequences. Ames in his character of Washington, likens him to Epaminondas, the brightest name of all antiquity, as being kindred in the purity and ardor of their patriotism. It is such examples as these we would hold up to youth as admirable prototypes, to imitate in struggling for the laurels of reputation. An intimacy with the habits and manners of men, eminent for their virtues as delineated by the pen of a faithful historian, will not be less serviceable, than intercourse with reputable living individuals.

When the memory becomes stored with virtuous traits of character, the judgment naturally reverts to the effects produced upon the history of the individual in a former age, and its dictations are made up accordingly. Channing whilst speaking of the intellectual qualities of Milton, traces much of their vigour, to the immeasurable examples of vice and virtue, with which his intimate acquaintance with history furnished him. It is therefore that we reiterate, nothing has a greater influence upon the reputation of an individual, than his associates. If a man's mind is well versed in history, he will be better capable of selecting such society, as will advance his own standard of capacity—he will see the motives of actions, and their results, and these will be as quicksands on the shores of destiny to be guarded against. Another criterion by which the reputation of a young man is often regulated, is the filial relation which exists between himself and his parents. We were especially pleased with some observations of Richard Dana upon this subject. He says, in other and more diffuse language, there is a beautiful integrity of heart in the character of an affectionate son, particularly in his relation to his mother. Every little attention he pays her, is not only an expression of filial attachment, and grateful acknowledgement of past cares, but an evidence of a tenderness of disposition, which moves us the more, because not looked upon so much as an essential property in a man's character; as an added grace, which is bestowed upon a few. The simple utterance of such a sentiment, does its writer credit in our estimation, and perhaps no better ordeal could be found for the trial of a man's integrity, and for the establishment of his reputation, than the affinities which exist between himself, and his mother,his hoary headed father, and his fond sisters. It is to us a most delightful contemplation to behold the manifestations of a lofty spirit's tenderness, exhibited towards a mother, or a sister, and from that moment, the man's character would be in no trifling degree exalted in our estimation. The guerdon of reputation cannot but be enhanced by such conduct, whereas, he on the contrary, who apparently forgets that he ever had a progenitor, or that the mild voice of a sister would hail his kindness with gratitude, loses much of the esteem which would be devoted to him as a man, and much of the good opinion of the virtuous, which is the only true criterion of a pure and uncontaminated reputation.

## FLOWERS.

True they may be called summer friends—that they vanish beneath the first rough blast of winter, I do not deny. Yet, when their sweet faces again peep forth, and their fragrant breath salutes me, I feel no disposition to repel the claim, no reproach rises to my lips, and rarely does even a sage reflection on the vanity of their short lives intervene, to check the joyousness of long expectant welcome. When betrayed by its rich perfume, the violet courts my search, the spot is as eagerly explored, the prize as triumphantly seized, as in the buoyant days of childhood, when the peril of rent frock, soiled shoes and mamma's reproving glance, enhanced by somewhat of chivalrous daring, the glory of such an exploit. And still I love to be beforehand with the bee, visiting the garden at earliest dawn, to quaff from the rose cup its collected dew, ere the deeper recesses of the honey be explored by my brother florist. Time was, when that bee buzzed not more free from care over the smooth grass-plat than I did; years, without divesting of their wonted enjoyment these hours of sweet recreation, have flung a tinge—I will not say melancholy, but, of more tender interest over the contemplation. With some particular flower, or shrub, or herb, is associated, perhaps, the recollection of a face as blooming, smile as sweet, as the parterre itself can boast; and if that blooming face be now pale with life's experienced turmoil—if that sweet smile be shrouded in the dust of death, or turned in forgetfulness of me upon other and newer claimants—the leaf become a book of remembrance—a page for memory to ponder on; until I wonder to find, after the lapse of years, its very little delicate streak pencilled as of yore, changed in root, and branch, and station, yet the same. They may be summer friends; yet I wish all friends could annually re-appear, if but for a summer's day, to smile upon me with a glow as undiminished as does the faithful rose.

## TURKISH CEREMONIES.

The Turks pray for their dead, and invoke their Saints to intercede for them. Every Mussulman has his own guardian angel. They believe that the soul returns to the body when it is entombed. If the man has led an evil life, the angels of the grave, Monkia and Gunneruir, torment him until the day of judgment. If his life has been virtuous, his abode in the grave is one of pleasure and contentment.—The Turks recognize the ten commandments of Moses, and enforce them with five others added by Mahomet. These are, 1st, to believe in, and worship only one God; 2d, to fast during the Rhamadan; 3d, to pray at certain hours; 4th, to give the fortieth part of their income to the poor; 5th, to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca once in their life. In the observance of the first they were very scrupulous and reverential; they never undertake any thing of importance without invoking the blessing of Heaven.

The second commandment is kept during the Rhamadan, the month in which the *Koran* came down from Heaven. This fast begins as soon as the crescent of the new moon can be seen from the highest hills. When the

"Rhamadan's last sun hath set,"

the festival of the Bairam begins, during which they do their utmost to reconcile estranged friends, and to banish enmities and ill feelings

The Turkish mosques are flanked by minarets, which are surrounded by balconies. When the hour of prayer arrives, the *Muezin* cries from the minaret, "Albar, &c. God is great; hear witness there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet; come and present yourselves to the mercy of God, and ask forgiveness for your sins—God is great." This cry is addressed successively to the South, East, North and West. They pray five times a day—at day break, noon, mid afternoon, sunset and night. During the time of prayer they are grave, attentive and reverential, on their knees and repeating the words of the *Iman* (Priest) in a low tone. After prayers an anthem is chaunted. Three days in the week, the Iman delivers a sermon, explanatory of some points in the Koran. The Iman always concludes with a prayer for the Sultan, and the success of his armies, to which all the people say *Amen.*—*N. Y. Courier.*

## THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

In good society, the men and women always meet together as comparative strangers, however long and however intimately acquainted they may be with each other. So much ceremony, so much etiquette, so many idle notions are forever in the way, that a plain sensible man gets wearied to death, or discouraged in the every outset of his acquaintance with fashionable life. One half appear to be at college, and the other at a boarding school for the greater part of their lives. Things of no moment in his view, are matters of deliberate, grave inquiry with them. They have a settled way of doing every thing and saying every thing. If they bow, it is the bow of a la somebody or other; if they smile, it is the smile of my lord or my lady so-and-so, (borrowed from the stage, perhaps:) and so, too, if they shrug their shoulders, or lounge about, or toss their pretty heads, or give you a finger to shake, it is all done after the fashion of the week—a month earlier or a month later, and that very fashion would be laughed at as vulgar, in *good society*. If they visit, they visit by proxy—sending their card by a carriage or a footman, who, instead of leaving it at the door, as the fashion used to be, when a show of propriety prevailed, meets his fellow-footman at a general receiving house, and interchanges cards with them all round. If they inquire after a dear friend's health, who has had a narrow escape, or returned from a long

journey, they always do it in the established phraseology of a visiting card—saying neither more nor less, whatever may be the nature of the case; and their very congratulations for marriage, and their condolence for death, are laid in by the packs ready printed, in the language of a court-circular—the latter provided with a jet border, to prevent mistakes, and put aside for the day of calamity.

They are indeed a people of strangers: they are always on guard: always prepared, they have no opportunity for mutual surprise. They never allow you to call upon a woman there, as we do here, after a single day's acquaintance; they have no droppings-in there, to say how d'ye do, or to swallow a cup of tea—that cordial of the heart, which in this country will do more in fifteen minutes toward making people acquainted as they wish to be, than all the grape juice that ever flowed there in a twelve-month. But they have no tea-tables there—no such tea-tables, at any rate, as we have here; if they take tea at all, it is immediately after dinner, and pretty much as they take wine, or as the daughters of France take noyeau; and therefore it is that they are what they are—a people of strangers.

Ancient New England Customs.—It appears by the following extract from the records of Springfield, referred to by Mr. Bliss in his excellent address, that the mode of calling people to church, adopted by the ancient settlers of that town, was similar to that which prevailed in Cambridge. We believe that the earliest records of Salem refer to the use of a bell for this purpose.

January 8, 1646. "It is agreed by the plantation with John Matthews to beat the drum for the meetings for a years space at 10 *of the clock*, on the *lecture* days and at 9 o'clock on the Lord's days, in the afternoons only, and he is to beat it from Mr. Moxons to R. Stebbins house, and ye meetings to begin within half an houre after, for which his payns, he is to have 4d. in *wampum* of every family in the town, or a peck of Indian corn if they have no *wampum*."

*Extract from a Speech of Judge Story, in the Convention of Massachusetts.*

In our country, the highest man is not above the people; the humblest is not below the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power. Nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to-day, pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property thus is divided quite as fast as it accumulates. No family can, without its own exertions, stand erect for a long time, under our statute of descent and distributions, and only true and legitimate law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass heaped up by the toil and diligence of a long life of enterprise and industry. Property is continually changing like waves of the sea; one wave rises, and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss. and is seen no more.—Another rises, and having reached its destined limits, falls gently away, and is succeeded by yet another, which, in its turn, breaks and dies gently on the shore. The richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level; and the child, with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office in our government: and the poor man, while he rocks his infant on his knees, may justly indulge the consolation, that if he possesses talents and virtue, there is no fice beyond the reach of his honorable ambition.

Dr. Holley's dying scene. "The sun rose in all the brightness and intense heat of a tropical region. It was a dead calm. Not a breath of air skimmed the surface of the sea, or fanned the burning brow of the sufferer.—The writer of this article, who still lay in silent anguish, as a speechless spectator of the scene, expected, while conscious of any thing but distress, to be the next victim, and who losing, at times, even all sense of suffering in the womanish feeling occasioned by the circumstance of there not being a female hand to perform the last sad offices of humanity, has a confused recollection of horror, of the solemn looks of the passengers, pacing to and fro upon the deck; of a death-like stillnes, broken by groans and half-uttered sentences, and of a little soft voice trying to interpret the last accents of his dying parent. All this she heard without sense enough to request to be carried to the spot, or to realize that it meant death. When the groans and spasms had ceased, it seemed to be only a release from pain, and a temporary sleep. When all was hushed, and the report of pistols, and the fumes of burning tar announced the fatal issue, trusting in that Divine Being, into whose presence she expected soon to be ushered, believing, as far as reflection had exercise, that the separation was for but a little space, she heard with firmness of despair and with silent awe, the parting waters receive the scarce breathless form of him who had been her pride and her boast, as he had been the admiration of all to whom he was known—his winding sheet a cloak, his grave the wide ocean, his monument the everlasting Tortugas—all this she heard and lives."

MRS. HOLLEY.

*Laborious Amusement.*—A young gentleman, a native of this place, has printed several copies of an 18mo, work, extending to nearly 70 pages. This ingenious youth made the whole of the types with no other implement than a penknife. He constructed the press, manufactured his own ink, composed, corrected and printed the whole impression with his own hand, without the slightest direction from any individual, or any idea of a printing establishment.—*Elgin Courier.*

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1828.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Ibrahim Pacha has at length agreed to evacuate the Morea. Greece will now have a breathing time if internal dissentions do not arise, as the Turks have as much employment to beat back the Russians as they can conveniently attend to. Thousands of Portuguese have sought refuge in Spain from the persecutions of their government. William Shaler, Esq. for several years United States Consul at Algiers, has arrived at Salem; he has been an able and efficient servant of the people of this country. Robert Bush, at the term of the Supreme Judicial Court, held in Springfield, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung, for the murder of his wife. It has been announced in England, that the government of that country is about to found another settlement in New Holland; a spot for this purpose has been pointed out, and selected on the banks of Swan River, a stream recently discovered in that country. The law term of the Supreme Judicial Court, for this County, is held this week. Apples are said to be so plenty in Belchertown and the vicinity, and cider so low in price, that it will not pay for making. A disease called the Malaria prevails on Long Island, it is said to arise from heat, moisture and the decay of vegetable substances. It appears from the London Courier, that although George III. has now been dead for seven years, the subscription to raise a suitable monument to his memory is wholly inadequate to the purpose. Mr. Barbour, our Ambassador to England, had arrived at Liverpool. The number of persons who have emigrated since 1815, to the British provinces in North America, is compupted at 350,000.

AFRICAN TRAVELLERS. Much interest and anxiety have been expressed to learn the fate of Major Laing, the enterprising English traveller, who had penetrated the interior of Africa, as far as Timbuctoo, and of whose assassination several accounts have been given.—There was reason, however, to suspect that he was not dead, but to extort money from the British government, means had been taken to cut of all communication with him, and a ship of war has been sent to Tripoli, to inform the Bashaw that he must be responsible for the safety of Major Laing.

We fear, however, that the Bashaw has no power to recover him, if alive, or to punish his assassins. The great extent of country between Tripoli and Timbuctoo, and the many nations and towns through which a passage must be had, after crossing the Desert, puts an end to any authority of the Tripolitans. The couriers, from Tripoli, very seldom penetrate far into the interior—they travel along the coast. The caravans from Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, for Timbuctoo and the interior, meet frequently at a given point, and are numerous and powerful—but a solitary traveller, and a white man, if he escapes the climate, has but a poor chance with the jealous natives.—*Noah.*

## Married,

In Northboro', Mr. Samuel Dalrymple, to Mrs. Nancy Howe; Mr. Clarendon Wheelock, of Worcester to Miss Abigail W. Fairbanks, of Northboro'.

In Rutland, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. John Goodnow, to Miss Parmelia Hooper.

In Brookfield, by the Rev. Mr. Foot, Mr. Ezra L. Hutchens, of Killingly, (Conn.) to Miss Eunice Makepeace of Brookfield, (Mas.)

in North Brookfield, Mr. Samuel Haskell, of Boston, to Miss Adeline Stevens, of the former place.

## Died,

In Detroit, Aug. 30, Mr. Luke Drury, late of Northborough, aged 25. He was a young man of much promise, and his untimely and lamented death affords a striking illustration of the uncertainty of human life.

In West Boylston, Sept. 22, very suddenly, Mrs. Evelince Keyes, wife of Mr. Thos. Keyes, Jr., and daughter of Mr. Artemas Murdock, aged 24.

In Northboro', Sept. 13th, Henry Jackson, youngest child of Mr. Elmer Valentine, aged 7 months.

In this town, Sept. 7. Ebenezer W., youngest child of Mr. Charles. M. Deland, aged 11 months.

In West Boylston, Sept. 8, Mr. Henry K. Holt, aged 40. He was confined to his bed 3 years and 10 months, caused by a fall which injured his back bone so as to deprive him of feeling below his breast, which he bore with great patience and true resignation to the will of God.

In Southbridge, Sept. 1, widow Lydia Walker, aged 71.

In West Boylston, Mrs. Rachel, wife of Mr. Peter Goodale, aged 62.—Warren Rice aged 19.

In Leicester, Aug. 10, Martha Elizabeth, aged 7 years, daughter of Mr. Aaron Morse.

In Athol, Sept. 10, Harriet, daughter of Capt. Francis Twichell, aged 8 years.—Maria, only child of Major Gideon Sibley, aged 2 years.

In Heath, Samuel Miller, aged 20, recently a resident in this town.

## POETRY.

FROM THE BOWER OF TASTE.

### AUTUMN.

I know 'tis bright—'tis beautiful!—but yet
I ne'er could look on Autumn's golden leaf,
Her robe of changeful dye, and not regret
That vernal loveliness should be so brief.

Who sighs not over Summer's fading rose?
Although around us other flowers are wreathing,
Whose bosoms richer, gayer tints disclose,
And with whose fragrance every gale is breathing.

Still, this fair flower, to young affection dear,
If once enshrin'd within a faithful breast,
Oh, never to the heart that lov'd sincere,
Can other blossoms be fondly prest.

Yet when the garden's loveliness is past,
We look upon the forest's towering pride,
Which, though we know too soon must meet the blast,
We breathe a fervent wish to hope allied—

That soft Favonian gales, with gentle breath,
And genial suns the fading scene may cheer,
Arrest awhile the chilling shafts of death,
And sigh a requiem o'er the closing year!

Oh! there's a desolation wild, and bleak,
In winter's dread approach: our bosoms feel
A paralyzing chill, we cannot speak,
Cling round the heart—o'er all its pulses steal;

'Tis nature's death we look on; each cold blast
Sounds as the knell of some departed joy;
The ruthless conqueror o'er each scene hath past,
With mighty arm commission'd to destroy!

AUGUSTA.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

### HEAVEN.

The earth, all light and loveliness, in summers golden hours,
Smiles, in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect bliss and love.

Is this a shadow faint and dim, of that which is to come?
What shall the unveiled glories be of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life, where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light of immortality!

To see again the home of youth, when weary years have past,
Serenely bright as when we turned and looked upon it last;
To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous embrace,
To gaze through tears of gladness, on each dear familiar face—

Oh! this indeed is joy, though here, we meet again to part,
But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful heart,
Where it shall find the loved and lost, those who have gone before,
Where every tear is wiped away, where partings come no more!

When on Devotion's seraph wings, the spirit soars above,
And feels thy presence, Father! Friend! God of Eternal love!
Joys of the Earth: ye fade away before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse of pure and perfect day—

A gleam of heaven's own light—though now its brightness scarce appears,
Through the dim shadows, which are spread around this vale of tears;
But thine unclouded smile, O God! fills that all glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known and see thee face to face!

A.

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THE POST.—A drunken fellow ran against a post—supposing himself imposed upon, he began beating it with his fists, and upon being informed it was a post, said, "why did he not blow his horn."

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When Milton was blind, he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a *rose*.—"I am no judge of flowers," replied Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the *thorns* daily."

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JOHN RANDOLPH.—During some period of Mr. Randolph's political career, he had the ill fortune to offend a coxcombish young fellow, who determined to avenge himself by insulting the Roanoke Orator on the first opportunity that occurred. At length the opportunity presented itself, when the young sprig, meeting Randolph on the pavement walked up to him very impudently and said, "I never give the way to a d—n—d rascal." Mr. Randolph immediately pulled off his hat and making the gentleman a low bow, replied, "Well, sir, I always do," and gave him the pavement.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 15. OCTOBER 18, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALE.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### CHIVALRY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CONCLUDED.

We will now pass over the remainder of this winter, to the time when the birds came forth to sing their requiem over a departed season, and the sturdy boys were sent to whistle through the lazy furrows. Spring's enchanting breezes seemed to play more briskly around this newly inhabited spot, than among the older and busier haunts of men. Every spring of action was renewed, and every bosom made gay. Besides, our little village was replenished with a host of new settlers, which threw an entirely different aspect over the valley. The sturdy "monarch of the hills" now fell oftener before the woodman's stroke, and we began to bear the marks of greater cultivation. Among the new comers of the present spring was a family of the name of Norton, that had for several years resided in the "big city" of the bay state. Mr. Norton had there carried on a considerable mercantile business, which had been very lucrative. But becoming weary of following so long the same monotonous routine of occupation, and having accumulated an independence, he resolved to quit the bustling city, and retire to the peaceful quietude of a country life. His offsprings were few, and the eldest had tasted only the luxuriance of nineteen summers, but his heart, if it had not "far outgrown," had certainly kept ample pace with his years.—The knowledge that he had gained, both classical and general, while at his former residence together with a prepossessing personal appearance, caused him to be beloved and respected by all, unless, perhaps, by some of the younger lads, who looked upon him with a kind of envious awe, known best to those who have in their day felt it. Scarce two months had rolled away after their arrival, ere the busy spirit of the knowing one's was circulating conjectures that the chain was severed which had so long connected the hearts of Henry and Anna, and that Albert Norton had become a rival, and captivated her heart. Upon how stable a foundation these surmises rested will soon be shewn. There was something discovered preying upon the cheek of Albert; the rose of his cheek was decaying, but no one knew for certainty the real cause except himself. He had felt the darts from the dark blue eyes of Anna. But he knew, too well he knew that he had a predecessor, and deeming that the hand of her was won, he strove with all his talents to erase her image from his mind; but his efforts were unavailing. When he found the consequences of his attachment, he roused himself, and avowed his regard to the object of it. It might be supposed that she was shocked at his avowal, but she had long before discovered the truth, and true there was in her own heart a secret communion with that of Norton, a spirit congenial with his, and ere this it had grown upon her unawares. But she was in a far worse predicament than Norton, for still her affections towards Henry remained unabated, while that for Albert was increasing. At this climactric it may not be supposed that Henry was unacquainted with existing circumstances. He had always beheld Albert with an evil and suspicious eye. He was conscious of his superiority, but wished not that others should think him so, and he lost no opportunity of venting his slander to any with whom he conversed. But the object of his slander was too well known, and his character too well established to be impeached without cause. Even Anna herself, although Henry had used every means to destroy her good opinion of his character, saw plainly the superiority of Albert, and ere the summer had rolled away, she gave him every encouragement of success which she consistently could, considering her long attachment to Henry, and finally authorized him to have an interview with her other lover. Elated with his feelings, Albert immediately had the proposed interview. It were needless to describe the scene that ensued, therefore we forbear mentioning any more, than that it ended in a challenge from Henry to settle it in an *honorable* manner. "But," he added, by way of postcript, "we meet on horseback, with any weapon excepting the species of blunderbuss!" This affair was soon spread throughout the little village, and fain would the good old people have stopped the rencontre. But no: there were no laws against it, and to use persuasion were fruitless. But alas! for poor Anna, she rebuked herself for the rash step she had taken.—She recollected the long and firm attachment between herself

and Henry. She knew that it ever had been mutual and true, while that of Albert might be only the wild enthusiasm of youth. She gladly would have interposed but it would not answer. She therefore now consoled herself with the hope that Henry would come off victorious, and in a momental paroxysm of *rhymation*, she sat down, and composed a verse for him to deliver when upon the brink of the onset, which, for its elegant diction, deep pathos, and pure *humane* feeling, should be handed down to posterity as a precious relic from the genious's of former times.

The encounter was, from motives not divulged, placed a month forward from the time the challenge was given, and was to take place upon the ground which is now the site of yonder school-house. Henry was a long time in suspense before he concluded what weapon to choose; at length, chance threw before his eye a lusty poker." "Ay," exclaimed he, "that's the sort," then taking it and waving it manfully over his head added, "this shall do the business." The fatal morning rose over the hills, and an hour before the stated time he was seen solemnly striding poor Jinny through the streets of the village arrayed in complete armor for battle—a leather bitted bridle, and a saddle without stirrups! At length he arrived at the ground for action, where were collected, perhaps, a dozen idle gazers who were seated on distant stumps, or peeping from behind adjacent trees, intending to make sure of their own safety. Henry had not been long waiting when Albert was seen coming upon a stout bay horse and wielding a ponderous loggerhead in his hand! That they should unwittingly have arrayed themselves with weapons so similar is rather curious, and was always related by the *good people* as a remarkable coincidence.

The preliminaries had before been settled and at the signal they started. Henry gave Jinny a most unmerciful blow with his poker; this roused her dormant spirit and she sprung forward upon a stately canter. Henry was totally ignorant of this unseemly gait, and was obliged to hold fast upon the mane with one hand, while the other, whose duty it was to wield the poker, soon found its way instinctively to, and clenched an awful hold upon the pommel of the saddle. In the perturbation of the moment he had almost forgotten the verses with which he had been supplied; however, they popped upon his mind, and he roared them out as loud as his tremulous voice would permit.

O! for an arm like Hercules,
To wield the mighty club,
I'd make you pale as skimmilk cheese
Ere yet it leaves the tub!

How he imagined that the poker was to do its duty while his hand clenched the pomel is a mystery; but there it hung, dangling upon the horses side like one of the bottles of John Gilpin. In the mean time Norton had arrived at his post, and manfully waving his loggerhead, declared "no further than here shalt thou come!" and his declaration was verified, for Henry, just beginning to think of his poker, had raised his hand from the pomel when, unfortunately, Jinny trod upon a rolling stone and stumbling headlong, she threw her unwary rider, poker and all, far over head so that they fell directly at the station of Albert, while shouts came pealing from the spectators, and Albert was indulging in a disdainful laugh. Henry raised himself and shouted that "'twas a bolder push than *he had reference to*;" but I an't agoing to flag yet!" He now crawled back to his post, firm in the belief that he had shewn a wonderful "overplus" of courage! The word again was given, they started as before, but alas! before they arrived to combat, Henry halted and beckoned to Albert to do the same. "I have been thinking," said he, "of an old proverb that tells us to do to others as you would be done by; now I have no inclination to feel your loggerhead, and I presume you have no desire to taste my poker!" At this Albert burst into a sneer of contempt. However, they parted and agreed to settle the affair in a more pacific manner. It was agreed that they should meet the following day, at the same place, armed and equipped with a lusty mealbag, and apparatus for the purpose of suspending it in the air, and the party who should, by force of arms fairly place his antagonist into the said bag should be proclaimed victor. The day arrived; the parties assembled, together with all the villagers whose curiosity to behold so unheard of a combat induced them to be present. All the accoutrements were in readiness; the combatants commenced at the signal. Never did Telemachus himself strive more powerfully to gain the ascendance in his contests than did our heroes. At one time would the intrepid Henry gain an advantage and raise his antagonist from the ground, but the next moment would be equally auspicious for Albert, while shouts of reiterated laughter and applause came from the gaping crowd. But lo! in an unguarded moment Albert was seized by his antagonist and lifted quickly from his *understanding*, and as he rose to the pinnacle of the case, his exulting foe exclaimed, "there fags, I guess your in now." "Ay, yes," answered Albert, shooting his foot forward and alighting fairly beyond the yawning gulf, "I'm more than in,—in over 'tother side." "Fatiguing work for disappointment," exclaimed Henry, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Another onset!" came simultaneously from every by-stander. Again they commenced, and long and ardent was the struggle, but at length Albert became desperate, and rousing all the power of his nerves, he rushed forward and clenching the unfortunate Henry, he raised him and placed him, fairly exhausted, within the case. A universal shout came from the crowd, and Albert, to carry out the conquest, hastily gathered the mouth and tieing the

string, confined him in "dararaville." He then hasted from the field, and left the bye-standers to release the conquered Henry. The bands of Hymen were soon joined between Albert and Anna; they lived happily for many years in the village, and at length removed to a town fai to the South, in MASSACHUSETTS.

## MISCELLANY.

### SMILING.

Smiling is one of the many means which people employ for the purpose of imposing upon and deceiving one another.—There is a wide difference between smiling and laughing. The one can be counterfeited at all times and on all occasions, but the other must be excited by something ludicrous or visible.—We seldom laugh without having something to laugh at, but we often smile because it is fashionable to do so. A man who attempts to laugh heartily when there is nothing worth laughing at, will be readily detected; for his countenance will not bear him out in his hypocrisy, and the unnatural tone of his voice will betray his insincerity. A smile, however, is a "cut and dry" sort of thing, which is always ready and at command.—A laugh will never shake the sides of any of the darker passions, though a smile is often seen to play upon their lips. Hatred, envy, jealousy, revenge, and all the other unseemly passions of our nature, are often observed to smile; and, according to Milton, even Death himself has been seen to "grin horribly a ghastly smile."

In our intercourse with one another, smiling constitutes a considerable portion of our politeness. The higher orders are full of pleasant smiles, and supple bendings of the body. The courtier smiles to the man whom he knows to be his rival and his enemy; the pettifogger smiles to the unshorn client whom he is about to fleece; the apothecary smiles to the sick man who is expiring, or about to expire under his potions; the undertaker smiles when he sees an order for his coffin; and the grave digger smiles when he receives a fee for shoveling him into the bowels of his mother earth. If I meet a man who owes me money, I smile in his face and ask payment; if I owe him'—he does the same towards me. If I am dunned for payment, I try to molify the heart of the dun with a sweet and pleasant smile; though I all the while wish him out of my sight, or at the devil. If I am summoned before a court of law on suspicion of being poor, I smile to the shabby miscreant who brings the summons, by way of bespeaking his clemency when I fall into his clutches; and I smile when put into the hands of a gaolar, that I may obtain from him a commodious lodging and civil usage.

When I go into the company of strangers, I smile to show I am well bred, and when entering a company of friends I do the same thing. I smile *to* a pretty woman, and *at* an ugly one; and thus, by the same means, I show my liking and my aversion. I smile to the man who has done me an ill turn, and to one who has done me an act of kindness. The one is a smile of bitterness and malice, and the other sweetness and good will. I smile when denied an obligation, and when I obtain one.

We often cheat ourselves as well as others with our smiles.—I smile at my own cleverness, and think there is no one to be compared with me. I smile when I do a good action, and take credit to myself for doing it. I smile at my own cunning when I make a sly bargain, and at my own prudence when I deny a friend in need. I smile at my discernment which detects the failings of my neighbours, and at my shrewdness when I have foretold their misfortunes. We smile at our amorous intrigues, at our rogueish tricks, at our waggish frolics, at our jokes,—at our jibes, at our banterings, and at all our other various kinds of follies and impertinencies.

Smiling is tolerable only when it indicates a man's real feelings and sentiments, otherwise it is sheer hypocrisy. When a man smiles because he is good hearted and happy, I like him; but when he smiles because he wishes to be taken for a good sort of a soul, I hate him cordially, and in return for his smile I grin in his face. A habitual smiler is a habitual knave, against whom we would earnestly caution all honest men. No human being can be forever well pleased, therefore no man ought to be forev-

er smiling. You will easily distinguish the frank, good humored smile from that which is counterfeited. The one is expressive of a certain agreeable state of feeling, but the other only indicates a wish to persuade others that we are possessed of that feeling. The former shows that a man is pleased with himself, the latter that his desire is to please others. The one comes from the lips, the other from the heart. The one is a token of goodness, the other of knavery and deceit. TRUTH TELLER.

## INFANT CORSE.

If any object which impresses the mind with solemn sadness, can at any time, infuse the pensive charm of melancholy pleasure, it is the innocent and beautiful corse of an infant, when the chill of death has stilled the pulse of life, and the countenance, which had been changed by disease and distorted by distress, has resumed its placid sweetness. Then to gaze upon its lovely features, though cold in death, is a sight too touching and beautiful, not to awaken all the tender emotions of the heart and soul. The fair forehead adorned with a few little curls of soft and elegant hair; the cheeks, though no longer suffused with the glow of health, yet more beautiful than the most perfect production of the sanctuary; the lips that prattled so sweetly in life, with a light tinge of the coral still remaining, looking as though they might yet speak; the neck and shoulders, of delicate whiteness, and finished symmetry; the little hands and arms more beautiful in death than in life, crossed on the bosom that has ceased to beat: who can behold such an assemblage of loveliness, without being softened down into tenderness, and freely bestowing the consecrating tear of affection and humanity?

The rose is more beautiful when its petals are but partially disclosed, than when expanded to their greatest extent; so the beauties of infancy, checked in their unfoldings, are lovely in death.

LEE THE POET.—When Lee was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to show him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison, Lee moralising philosophically enough all the time to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from the perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm, 'let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant.' 'Any man could jump down,' said his friend coolly; 'we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap, but let us go down, and try if we can jump up. The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap, than that which he had himself proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality.

A MISER.—A letter from Oldham says, "A short time ago a person died at Farnham named Mills, of extraordinary disposition, and strange habitudes. He suffered his beard to grow for some years, till it had assumed a patriarchal length, and, it is said, seldom applied soap to cleanse his face withall. It was known he was possessed of some money—perhaps £1,000, or £1,500; for he denied himself many of the common necessaries, and all the luxuries of life. He had two sons, but they were brought up and educated in a very humble way, and were put to trades, a considerable distance from the inhospitable home of their father. As might be expected, on the old man's death, considerable curiosity was manifested to ascertain how much cash he had accumulated, and those immediately interested were not a little surprised by learning on application at the Bank, that instead of £1,000 or £1,500, he had safely lodged there as many thousands! This agreeable fact stimulated further inquiry, and it was more than suspected, from his close mode of living at home, that possibly a few odd guineas or sovereigns might be left there, as well as in the Bank. Accordingly a rummage was instituted, and a clue being had, the cellar was searched, where, snugly concealed in a corner, were found about ten thousand pounds. As much success had attended the parties below stairs, it was thought prudent to adopt a similar process in the upper apartments. They were not disappointed. Gold coins were found in various places—even in tea cups and pill boxes, and the total proceeds of the search rewarded them with near £12,000.—*London Courier.*

RETROSPECTION. Come and let us muse on days that have past; days, whose remembrance may awaken thoughts, melancholy and sad; yet, days which we love to view through the vista of memory.

Transported by fancy to the scenes of our childhood, how delightful is retrospection.—There we again act each playful humor of

our youth—each innocent pastime of our boyhood. We think of the friends who joined in our mirth—of the parents who promoted our enjoyment. We wander through the same woods consecrated to friendship—through the same avenues sacred to youthful romance.—We listen to the rustling murmurings of the foliage of the forest—to the purling of the shady stream, upon whose banks we formerly rioted in unalloyed pleasure, till we almost fancy those days to have returned with all their joyous gladsome hours.

But memory also brings with it a feeling of pensive sadness, when she reminds us that these have passed away, and with them the companions of our social glee. Then all was bright with hope; the heart was joyous and gay; the little troubles which a moment clouded our happiness, were soon forgotten; and the cares of the world were unknown and unregarded; but now, we see hope blighted—former intimacies destroyed—and thorns, where we imagined nothing but roses and flowers grew. But still we delight to think on the moments of bliss that have past, the friends that have become estranged, and the hearts that once "were near and dear." We cherish their remembrance; and while we admire their virtues, almost forget that we are alienated and become as strangers. A.

*Ariel.*

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THE FEMALE HEART. The female heart may be compared to a garden, which, when cultivated presents a cotinued succession of fruits and flowers, to regale the soul and delight the eye; but when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds, large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Then let this ground be faithfully cultivated; let the mind of the young female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of woman, though undiminished in power, will be like "the diamond of the desert," sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of dessolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral fabric.

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FICKLENESS. Fickleness of heart deserves all the reproaches which are poured upon it; but there is a fickleness of the temper, which, though less criminal, causes as much, if not more unhappiness in society. To-day a person's actions and words all prove him a warm and generous friend, whose house and heart are open for your entrance; to-morrow you will be met with looks of indifference, and received with ill-concealed reluctance. His opinion and regard for you will be still unchanged; but a disobedient servant, a slight misfortune, an interruption in the midst of an interesting volume, a smoking fire, or 'last not least,' an east wind, will produce the ominous change. But it is perhaps generally a friendship not worth the possession, which thus varies with the wind and tide.

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### TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent is a peculiar and habitual disposition of mind, that has a tendency to success in its undertakings. In literature it consists in an aptitude to bestow on the subjects which it treats, and the ideas which it expresses, a certain *tournure* of taste and elegance. Perspicuity, order, facility and correctness, as well as grace and nature, enter into the province of talent. Genius abounds in frequent inspirations; these are also temporary and evanescent; but its peculiar attribute is to create and produce. Hence the man of genius alternately rises and falls in proportion as inspiration flags or revives. He is frequently negligent and unpolished, because he does not take time to give the last finish to his work; he is great on great occasions, because great subjects alone rouse his faculties, and allow full play to the sublime instinct that animates his flight; but, on common occasions, which he feels beneath his notice, his powers lie dormant and inactive. However, if occasionally he devotes himself to ordinary matters, he invests them with grace and novelty, and fertilises their seeming barrenness, because his attention generates new ideas, while it vivifies and warms them, as the sun penetrates the mine, and impregnates the barren rock with gold.

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SHOOTING STARS. The Mohammedans, who are imaginative people, account for shooting or falling stars in the following manner.

The devils, according to their opinion, are a very inquisitive set of beings, who endeavour to ascend to the constellations, whence they may pry into the actions, and overhear the discourse of the inhabitants of heaven, and perhaps succeed in drawing them into temptation. The angels, who keep watch and ward over the constellations, hurl a few of the smaller orders of stars at these ambitious spirits, and thus produce those trailing fires that stream in clear nights over the sky.

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WIT WELL APPLIED. Tom Brown having once asked a man how he contrived to live in these hard times, was answered, "Why master Brown, I live as I believe you do, by my *wits*."—"Faith," replied Tom, "you must be a much more able trader than I ever tho't you, to carry on business, and live upon so *small a capital*."

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CHIT-CHAT. What is said only for the sake of talking, is properly denominated *chit-chat*. There are many kinds of it, and it may appertain to religion as well as to politics, fashion, books, flattery, scandal, or any common

and well beaten subject. We may know well the language of a country we have never visited; and thus the truths, most important to man, may be the themes of easy conversation for those who feel not their value. While the greatest subjects are degraded by these familiar and unmeaning discussions, the most trifling receive from them neither grace nor interest. The weather, a new novel, great doctor, celebrated painting, street-quarrel, general or select cotilion party, love-making, birth, death, and burial, may be ingenious passwords to the free and pleasing interchange of thoughts in intelligent but unstudied conversation; but when they constitute the conversation itself—"words, words, words!"

LOVE. Pecuniary interest should never be the basis of an amorous connexion:—it renders it shameful, or at least suspicious. But when a tender union is well formed, interest, like sentiment, becomes common; every thing is mutual; and there is but one fortune for two sincere lovers. If they be equally honest, and incapable of making a bad use of it, this is just and natural; but frequently the complaisance of one, makes him or her partake too much of the misfortunes and errors of the other.

Love should never have any thing to do with affairs. It ought to live on pleasures only. But how is it possible to resist the solicitations of a beloved object, who, though she ought not to participate in affairs which she has not prudence or courage enough to manage, yet having, always, for a pretext, her interest in your reputation, welfare, and happiness,—how is it possible to resist an amiable woman, who attacks with such weapons?

THE FAIR-HAIRED GIRL. I have ever had a 'propensity' for a fair-haired beauty. There is something so soft, and so retiring, in the vision-like loveliness of a creature, whose sunny tresses seem almost to mingle with the light that surrounds her, that I always feel half inclined to 'worship as I pass.' Her mild blue eye, too, reflecting the hue of heaven! and her tender blush stealing like morning's beam upon a wreath of snow —— Oh! I love to gaze upon such a woman!—She seems incorporate with the pure elements that form her being—yet less of earth in her compound than falls to the share of other terrestrials. I love a fair-haired girl, of spirit meek and mild—her very look—her soul-appealing confidence in man's protection, knits a charm that holds his heart in thraldom!—The bold unbending gaze of the dark eye, may fascinate—nay, even "take the prisoned soul,'—and the crimson blush of conscious victory seal the bond;—but Woman, in her gentleness—such as God gave in paradise to man—she of the azure eye and golden hair—

*Her's* are the chains my heart would fondly wear!

## THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1828.

"As for the really great, one expects mischief from Kites and Eagles, *but to be squirted to death by understrappers*, would provoke as dull a dog as Bottom himself."

The editor of the Moralist has again let fly a voly upon our paper, but his efforts, like the gun in Hudibrass,

"When aimed at duck or plover
Bore wide and kicked its owner over,"

recoil upon and work injury only to himself.

So far from intruding to reply to the pitiful railings of wounded vanity, vented by him, we even owe an apology to our patrons for the small space occupied in our paper by notices of his vile scribblings; we confess they were too miserable to bear comment and too contemptible to require our notice. We know not what opinion others may have of the man who prostitutes the sacred scriptures to the purposes of blackguardism, but for our part, we would avoid coming in contact with such an one as much as possible.

## WORCESTER COAL.

What has with some been long a matter of doubt is at length reduced to a certainty, if they will but trust their senses, that Worcester Coal will burn. Those who have in derision talked of building fire proof houses of this coal, would perhaps say it was a deception of sight in such persons as have seen it burning, and that the heat proceeding from it when ignited was also a deception—we could wish, however, to all such disbelievers, the comfort of a good fire of this coal during every cold day of the approaching winter.

## THE BLACKSTONE CANAL.

It is expected the whole line of the Canal will be opened for the full trade in the course of a fortnight. Boats now come up as far as Uxbridge, laden with cotton and other goods.

The day of the arrival of the first boat from Providence in this village, was a proud and joyous one to the people of this County as well as to the Stockholders and others interested in the execution of the work. The honor of this undertaking is not with one man or one body of men only, it belongs not to this town or

that town in particular preference to others, it is due to that spirit of enterprise which appertains to the people at large, although it has put forth its powers slowly and cautiously and advanced with a hesitating pace; we trust it will long continue to exert a beneficial influence, and that its promoters will be ultimately, if not immediately rewarded. We presume that those persons who a few years since expressed a desire to live no longer than to see the completion of the Canal, have prepared their wills and made all necessary arrangements for their departure—they little thought at that time how short a term of years they were wishing for, but the best calculators are sometimes deceived.

### CATTLE SHOW.

This is and well deserves to be a day of great importance to the farmers of our County, and they manifest the deep interest they take in this fair, more strongly every succeeding year, by exhibiting the finest animals the country affords, in no small numbers. It may, perhaps, be safely said that no County in Massachusetts can show a finer stock of cattle, or produce butter and cheese of a better quality, than the County of Worcester. It has well been called "the heart of the Commonwealth," it is a just and proud title and well maintained by our farmers. The exhibition of animals was said never to have been better at any previous Show here. The show of manufactured articles was good, but not so extensive as in previous years.

Many specimens of female ingenuity were exhibited which did honor to the industry and taste of the makers. It would perhaps be better for society generally, if more young ladies in the community were skilful performers upon that venerably ancient and now all most unheard instrument of music, the spinning wheel: doubtless it would improve their morals much better than retailing scandal.

The Berkshire American, says, that the loss of pumpkins has been so great by the freshet in Connecticut, that he fears the people will not be able to celebrate "Thanksgiving."

"Whoever shall review his life, will find that the whole tenor of his conduct has been determined by some accident of no apparent moment."—*Johnson.*

The monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, erected in the Upper Garden of the Chateau, at Quebec, the mason work of which is just finished, is a quadrangular column, about 50 feet high, standing on a square pedestal, with stais to ascend, of a gray cut stone.

"Fight against your spleen, I know how fast that sly enemy will creep into the mind and body of man, and what cursed work he will make when he is there!"—*Bolingbroke.*

"To make a man happy, virtue must be accomplished with at least a moderate provision of all the receptions of life, and not disturbed by bodily pain."—*Budgell.*

## Married,

In Grafton, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Otis Converse, Mr. John V. Leland, to Miss Adaline J. Axteell, both of Grafton.

In Holden, Mr. Henry A. Wheeler of Concord, to Miss Dolly Kendall.

In Petersham, Sept. 24. Josiah S. Prentis, of Ward, to Mrs. Mary Stevens of Petersham.

In Braintree, on the 9th inst. by Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. Daniel Haskell, of Boston, to Miss Lucy Clarey.

In Boylston, Oct. 5, by Matthew Davenport, Esq. Mr. Aaron Bond, to Miss Lydia F. Harrington, all of Boylston.

In Hubbardston, by Samuel Swan, Esq. Mr. Edmund R. Greenwood, to Miss Susan H. Slocomb, both of Hubbardston.

In Upton, Mr. Thomas E. Wood, to Miss Sarah Ann Chapin.—Mr. Simeon Wood, to Miss Maria Jackson.—Mr. Sewell Perry, to Miss Anice Forbush.—Mr. Chandler F. Childs, to Miss Louisa McFarland.

## Died,

In Winchendon, Samuel Prentiss, Esq. aged 65.

In North Brookfield, Mrs. Ruth Hale, wife of Hon. Thomas Hale, aged 84.

In Sterling, Mr. Emory Wright, formerly of Lancaster, aged 26.

In Princeton, on the 14th inst. Miss Sally Powers, daughter of Mr. John Powers, aged 27.

In Sterling, 7th inst. Mr. Ezra Kendall, aged 50.

In Grafton, on the 7th inst Mr. Joel Brooks, aged 39, only son of Elijah Brooks.

In Wilkinsonville, Sept. 26, Catharine Whitney, daughter af Mr. Shadrach Whitney, late from Boylston, aged 19.

In Charlton, Sept. 28, Mrs. Roxy, wife of Mr. Sanford Gorton, aged 34.

In Leicester, on the morning of the 16th inst. after a lingering and painful illness of 13 months, Richard Earle, eldest son of the late Timothy Earle, deceased, aged 19.

## POETRY.

### "THE HEIR OF THE WORLD."

The Egyptian boy—dark featured Ishmael
In beauty grew and manliness; his eye
Glowed like the sun o'er Nile—and like a bell
On Sabbath morn his voice went thro' the sky;
His proud lip curl'd, and on his cheek the dye
Of days of archery sunk dark and deep;
Full strong and flexile grew his form, and high
His dusky brow, and, all too proud to weep
His sovereign spirit soared—his heart that could not sleep.

But doom'd to be his own sole world of pride,
And driven forth by jealousy and scorn,
The Lord of Arabs wander'd by the side
Of out-cast Hagar—many an eve and morn,
O'er realms of death where nought but hardy thorn
Shelters the basilisk and sand-storms roll!
To be the sire of nations he was born,
Of nations conquerless—Time o'er his soul
Burst like the electric light of glorious northern pole!

In Paran's waste and burning wilderness,
With none to counsel none console—alone,
Alone, where none could love admire and bless
His spirit lighten'd o'er the seasons gone,
Resolved to conquer all that had been done,
Rise unsupported and reign uncontrolled,
And many a bold Bedouin on his throne,
And many a Barian chief of iron mould,
Hath sternly proved that steel may triumph over gold!

And in her age the Hebrew mother clasp'd
The heir of Salem to her wither'd breast,
And in the breathlessness of rapture grasp'd
Despairs deep hope that made her wildly bless'd,
And in the pride of woman who hath press'd
The image of her beauty, she forgot
Lone wandering Hagar and her son distress'd,
And reck'd not of the evils of her lot—
But there was *one* whose eye and justice slumber'd not.

### IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh, 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time,
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With the depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Lov'd nurs'd among pleasures, as faithless as they,
But the love, born of sorrow, like sorrow is true!

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

### MIND.

Wo for those who trample o'er a mind!
A deathless thing.—They know not what they do,
Or what they deal with!—Man perchance may bind
The flower his step hath bruised; or light anew
The torch he quenches, or to music wind
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew;
But for the soul!—oh, tremble and beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries *there*.

HEMANS.

### WOMAN'S HEART.

That hallowed sphere, a woman's heart, contains
Empires of feeling, and the rich domains
Where love, disporting in his sunniest hours,
Breathes his sweet incense o'er ambrosial flowers;
A woman's heart!—that gem, divinely set
In native gold—that peerless amulet
Which, firmly linked to love's electric chain,
Cements the worlds of transport and of pain.


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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 16. NOVEMBER 1, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### A SCENE FROM '76.

"Yes, you are doomed to leave me: but Andrew, O when will you return? inform me now, that I may not lengthen the tedious intervening hours by hopeless anticipation; tell me, that I may trim our cottage to welcome your return." The young but manly warrior who was thus addressed, threw off, with a hasty motion, the nodding plume that waved upon his head, and pressing the hand that beat in unison with his, answered,—Adaline, ask not that of me; you know that a veil of mystery is darkly drawn over the future;

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state,"

and therefore, let us forget to think upon days which are yet to come, and meditate only upon the present; for surely the sorrows which this day's sun has brought upon us, are of sufficient magnitude without increasing them by anticipating those of to-morrow. Yes, it is painful for congenial hearts to sever, for the ties of affection to be thus severely tried. But, shall that tendril of friendship, that wreath of mutual love which has been so fondly cherished between us now wither? No my Adaline, though the hills and the forests rise, a weary distance between us, though the roar of the cannon strikes my ear and its flashes dazzle my eye, yet the image of her whose love is the strongest cord that binds my soul to its frail tenement shall be before me. It shall nerve my arm in the fight, it shall sweeten my cup of bitterness when on the weary march. When the din of warring hosts, and the clashing of their arms is around me, then I will love to think of you, and of the quietude in which you are placed. Should I be tormented by pain or hunger, then will I love to think of you. Should the enemy drag me in iron shackles to merciless bondage, then will I love to think of you. Should my days be harrassed by unceasing sorrows, then will I love to think of you; and, knowing as I do, that the life of every man must inevitably be chequered with clouds of woe, mine shall be mitigated by an assurance that I have tasted the full cup of content in days that are past." "But will you not return when the robin sings to the morning, when the rivers burst from the mountains, and the vallies resound with the glad voices of spring? O, I shall watch with an anxious eye for you; I shall guard, I shall cherish and nurture the roses in your favorite bower; and will you not return to behold their bloom?" And she wiped away the tears that sprung into her eyes. "I fear," said Andrew, "that I am sacrificing that patriot spirit which should animate every soul at the present day, upon the altar of conjugal affection; and yet the whispers of my heart inform me that there can be no sweeter, no worthier sacrifice. Adaline, you have heard the shout of Liberty, you have heard the summons of my country, which calls me to aid in her rescue. Oppression is bearing his iron hand upon us, and tyranny has thrown galling fetters around us. But let us believe that the oppressor is building his temples in vain; that his bulwarks shall fall before the united power of an injured people, and his barriers crumble to dust at the fearful voice of opposing Liberty. It is the hour when a struggling land is calling upon all her forces to be put in operation, and I must depart; but when we are separated, and you are smiling to the smiles of that infant cherub, press its precious lips to your own, and deem it a token sent over the rude hills, between us, from his departed father." The warrior seized his arms, hastened away to the place of rendezvous, followed by the eyes of her whom he loved, until distance dimmed her vision.

Many and almost insurmountable were the trials of our forefathers, the heroes of the revolutionary struggle. A young and feeble country, groaning under the merciless lash of despotic power, was their habitation; an avaricious king, zealous for the exaltation of his kingdom and subjects at home, at the expense of the injury, degredation, and servility of those abroad, was their ruler. They could not brook the numerous injuries to which they were subjected, their manly spirits resolved to rouse and spurn with open hostility the source from whence these wrongs had sprung. They came forth, an enthusiastic band, and blew the trumpet of defiance upon their hills, which ceased only, to yield its place to the echoing peal of deliverance. This was the fated 'time that tried men's souls,' and this too, was the

time of the parting which has been delineated. Many were the partings of a similar nature in that fearful day. Age was called to bid adieu to large circles of offsprings, and youth, in its full vigor was summoned to sever from kindred and friends, perchance to yield its breath in the cannon's mouth, upon the tented field of battle. All the tender feelings, the passions, the sympathies of the human heart were called up, and put in requisition beneath every roof.

Andrew Sanford was a man of amiable disposition, and of tender feelings; but, when his country's existence was at stake, he was endowed with the most heroic fortitude. He had been educated under the guidance of a father, who was well aware of the necessity of "training up a child in the way he should go," and, following the precepts as well as examples of that father, he had passed so far upon the journey of life, unknown to the evil qualities which cast so dark a stigma upon the character of man. He was poor, but virtuous poverty is honorable; and yet, by his persevering industry and frugality he had accumulated a sufficient sum to purchase his little cottage, and here, after having united his hand and his heart, with one who was the choice of his younger days, he found a home of happiness. The phantoms for which men in exalted life forever wrangle were unknown to him. Almost unmingled felicity had been his portion, until the trump of battle sounded through America's forests. Andrew, it is true, had been a participator in the injuries which were the precursors of the war. He had beheld with an indignant eye the conduct of that nation whose standard has been dyed with the blood of every country, and before whose fleets the world was ready to tremble. But calamities however large, which fall upon a nation, will be but slightly felt by individuals. Of this Andrew was well aware, and, situated as he was, in so humble a sphere of life, he would have preferred that his country should still suffer her steel to remain unmolested in the scabbard, than forego all his domestic enjoyments, and the happiness which was concentrated in his home. But when the die was cast, when the watchword was spoken, and contending countries were rushing in arms impetuously to battle, to contend for life and liberty, he was endowed with a sufficient love of country to cause him to go without repining.

Adaline mourned her separation as it merited to be mourned, with all the intenseness of a feeling heart. Her's was not the evanescent love of enthusiastic and changeable youth, but the pure and strong regard of long cherished friendship, ripened to its full maturity. It was autumn when Andrew was called away, the forest was putting away its vernal hue, and changing to a sallow paleness; the chequered clouds of a cooler sky were hovering over the earth, and all decaying nature proclaimed a dying year. This sober-suited season contributed much to the melancholy of the lonely mother; she knew that she must pass the icy winter with her darling child, while he who was her support was stationed at a garrison, so far distant as to preclude all hopes of hearing occasionally of his welfare. That winter passed, the spring came forth with an airy step and a song of gladness upon the earth. There was joyfulness notwithstanding the struggle in which our country was engaged, for the spirits which are attendant upon spring find no depression. But this gaiety entered not into the confines of one dwelling; the heart of Adaline knew no renovated lightness, but on the contrary, became more and more depressed; not that she could not bear a protracted separation, but now six long and dismal months had elapsed and she had received no tidings from Andrew. The campaign opened and battles were fought, still he came not, neither did she become acquainted with his situation. Her spirits became depressed by this suspense, and she gave way to the most dismal forebodings. Had he forgotten his house? she upbraided herself for admitting so calumnious a thought. Had he fallen before the enemy? Alas, combining circumstances rendered this but too probable. Thus did she commune with herself full many a day, while the rose which bloomed upon her cheek seemed hurrying to decay. But she did not neglect her domestic avocations; she recollected her pledge to cherish the bower of roses and she kept it inviolate; although, as she wrought around their little roots with a painful pleasure, she often felt that her toil was useless, "for," said she, "he will not return to see their bloom." Why is it that virtue must pass through the furnace of affliction?—Why should female goodness be sullied with worldly sorrows? How can this be answered, but that it is the fate of mankind. But Adaline had not reached the summit of her afflictions. That nursling infant upon whose sweet little countenance she beheld plainly delineated the features of its father, was falling a prey to disease. How did she watch, with all a mother's anguish, the slow progress of sickness wasting upon its form. How did she dream of days departed, as she gazed upon its pallid features and beheld the expression of its sire in every lineament; and how were her sorrows augmented by anticipating the day when she should be left alone upon a cheerless world. There is a sublimity in the fortitude and patience of woman in sustaining afflictions, and although her heart may eventually give way to the tempests of the world's sorrow, yet it falls not like that of man; his sinks in a moment, as the oak is riven by the thunderbolt, but her's bends gently like the pliant willow, and at last, when unable to sustain the force, falls noiselessly to the earth.

The hand of death was fast drawing a veil over the brow of the mourning mother's infant, —daylight's last tinges were lingering upon the hills when a faint knock was heard at the door, and a soldier entered the room. What

conflicting emotions, what varied dreams of delight rushed instantly across the brain of Adaline; she rushed to meet him whom she loved, but an unknown countenance and a stern eye met her fond gaze; she fell back into her chair, in all the agony of disappointed expectations. The heart of the soldier was melted into sympathy at the scene before him, and he, indeed, could pour healing balsam upon her wounded spirit. He had brought a letter from Andrew; this was a messenger of joy to her afflicted heart, and had she not felt the weight of another sorrow, she would have been comparatively happy.

Summer came, but Adaline had seen her bud of promise laid beneath the clay cold turf. The child had gone down to the grave, but not unwept; there were tears of real woe shed at its departure from this "vale of tears."—What words shall now pourtray the situation of this forlorn child of affliction, who was doomed to bow beneath such adverse winds upon a stormy sea? We will not attempt the description, but hasten to show how much happier was her lot, after having born with fortitude her afflictions, than were thousands of others, who were placed in a similar situation during that trying period. Another year passed slowly and sadly away, without bringing any farther tidings from her absent lord.—As she was sitting one fine afternoon in spring, pale and emaciated, at her window, she beheld a person coming towards her dwelling; there was something in his appearance that reminded her of better days. She knew that it was Andrew. He came from battle, not a conquerer with the laurel crown of victory, to a palace of festivity; but a humble soldier to a humble cottage. Yet all he loved on earth was there; and his was happiness superior to that of the victor who has conquered a nation. He met the partner of his former years with undiminished love, but when he turned with a father's anxiety to search for his infant treasure, his eye fell upon a vacant cradle; the child's voice was not heard echoing from the walls, or resounding in the air, and he went in the height of his sorrow, and plucked a new blown rose from that arbor which Adaline had so fondly cherished, and whose pendant boughs waved mournfully in the breeze, and shed their scented leaves upon the little grave of his lovely child. CLARENCE.

## CELIBACY.

We have frequently looked round among our acquaintance, and asked who seemed the most felicitous through life, the married man or the bachelor. Almost invariably has the reply been in favor of the former, and as invariably have we traced the causes of celibacy to exist either in an avaricious temperament of mind, an apathy to all generous impulses or social sensibilities, or in a first disappointed and unrequited appropriation of the affections.

"Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert,"

might be truly inscribed upon the title-page of many a bachelor's history, as the true index to the barrenness of his consanguinities. And it is very frequently, individuals who in early life, were in a peculiar degree endowed with a aspen-like susceptibilities, and feelings of the most trangible temperament, who in after years, grow misanthropic in their habits, apathetic towards the influence of female charms and callous to the general world.—Nothing falls with such a blighting and devastating influence upon an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, as the fondest hopes of the human bosom procrastinated, and finally destroyed. So withering a blow to impassioned impulses imparts a tinge of melancholly, if not of cynical bitterness to all the pages of after existence, and where we see a bachelor whose circumstances in life have always been respectable, we either pity him as one of disappointed hopes, or despise him as one of contracted principles. Yet there are other and important causes which may be ascertained as sources of celibacy. Many men who really possess, or who arrogate to themselves peculiar and remarkable properties of mind, in their search for a wife, picture as the object of that search, some creature so immaculate in personal and intellectual endowments, that the ordinary specimens of women fall far short of the beings of their imaginations; thus the heydey of youth and feeling evaporates long before this delusion of self arrogance is dispelled. There are others again whose admiration is changed, and whose fidelity is revolutionized, merely that they have discovered their object of idolatry a mere moral, affected with the same weaknesses and propensities as the rest of mankind. These nice men generally become old bachelors, and like Philander in the story, are miserable in their old age because they were fools enough to believe nothing short of an angel worthy of them when young. It is true it sometimes happens, that a man may live more than two score years without having met a creature who could kindle up the day dreams of a fonder emotion than friendship, and consequently by that time, loses all susceptibility, and becomes a bachelor through fate. He is one to be lamented, and with such, all philanthropists would sympathize. In this country the affections are far more important and paramount in the formation of marriage covenants, than in England, and it is asserted by a modern writer of some pretensions, that in England people marry in fear—love in terror—and pray that the marriage bed may prove unfruitful. The birth of a child, instead of being considered as a blessing, is looked upon as a curse, and a numerous progeny considered an unfortunate visitation of Heaven. Cases of this kind are numerous in the medium state of English society, and the principal cause assigned, is the increase of expences which the maintenance

of a family, keeping a house, servants, &c. bring with them. It is a miserable condition of existence, and one to be dreaded and guarded against by a free and republican people.—When external ornament, pomp and equipage, are from the state of society considered preferable to peace of mind, internal felicity, and unity of sympathies, it argues against the morality and principle of the people, and is an omen of evil import in reference to their laws, government and liberties. An increase of celibacy should from every view which might be taken of its causes and effects, be considered as an evil, and every measure calculated to create a disunion of sentiment between the sexes—to cut off the dependance of man upon woman, and woman upon man for the largest portion of human happiness allotted to the descendants of "our general mother" should be deemed inimical to the good of society, to the refined civilization of life, and to the diffusive and participative happiness of all mankind.—That there are men who have selcted or who would select a life of celibacy from choice, seems improbable. Marriage enlarges the scenes of our domestic pleasures—opens new springs of action—new incentives to ambition—new motives for virtue, and in short, increases a man's weight in society, gives more importance to his character and opinions, and bids him look upon himself as one fated to fill an important link in the chain of creation, and to transmit to posterity a name that will not dishonor his children. This doctrine is one of acknowledged truth, yet why are there so many wealthy bachelors among us?

It is to be regretted that of late years some of our young women have lost all, or many of those natural charms which rendered them such fascinating models of good sense and republican simplicity. Foreign customs and absurd fashions have crept in among us, despite of every precaution, and it is too frequently we find affection, (the darkest shadow that could fall upon beauty) associated with some of the fairest and purest examples of the female sex. In common conversation this foible is peculiarly prevalent, and comes like a mildew to wither and destroy some of the most angelic and admirable emanations of virtue.

It is a boast with some of our modern fair ones, which they make with a peculiar toss of the head, that they never even made themselves a dress—assisted in the preparation of a dinner, or knew the composition of a pie or pudding. So woderful has been their idolatry of high handed notions, that head dresses, flounces and false curls, have superceded all ideas of primitive simplicity, modest deportment, domestic economy, and what is of still more importance, domestic virtues. We of course admit there are many exceptions to this denunciation, but there might be more, and we trust that the influence exercised by many of our own excellent female writers, will be still more effective in correcting the follies which have mingled with the virtues of their own admirable portion of the creation.

Franklin was the earnest and able advocate of early marriages. Few men have ever lived possessing a more experimental knowledge of human nature, and none whose maxims are more worthy of being treasured up as truths. As Lord Bacon remarks, "a man when he marries gives a hostage to society of his good and correct deportment," whereas the victim of celibacy has no check upon his licentious habits, no sharer in his honors; and of the pleasures of a married life no man can form an adequate estimate, until he assumes the dignities of that station, for which he was designed and created, and of the horrors of celibacy, none can adequately describe save him who has pined in the loneliness of the mind's solitude, and sighed in vain for one into whose bosom he might pour the gladness of his heart, and sympathize with, in the hours of gloom and adversity.—*Phil. Album.*

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WOMAN.—Women, in their nature, are much more gay and joyous than men, whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile, or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul; I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the guilt of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their mind that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the path of reason.—This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, woman, by a thoughtless gaiety. Where these precautions are not observed, the man degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxities of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humor of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.—*Addison.*

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CHILDHOOD.—There is in childhood a holy ignorance—a beautiful credulity—a sort of sanctity, that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feelings with which one should approach beings of celestial nature. The impress of divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—fresh and unsullied by contact with this withering world. One trembles, lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And

how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children feel and repeat to their own hearts—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"—Aye which of us, of the wisest among us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child?—Which of us, by comparison with its divine simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness, the insincerity, the worldliness, the degeneracy of his own.

Destiny.—Hunt has recorded in the "Periodical of Pisa" one of those little tales, so common in the east, inculcating the great oriental dogma of fatality. Solomon was walking in his garden with one of his attendants, when they observed a strange and fearful figure approaching them. "Solomon," said the attendant,—"who is that strange and mysterious being, his appearance fills me with dread; send me, I pray thee, to the remotest mountain of India." The king in his quality of magician sent him thither. The figure approaching said, "Solomon, how came that man here? My errand was to seize him on the farthest mountain of India." "Angel of death," replied Solomon, "*thou wilt find him there.*"

The Mind.—The mind of man, when nicely scrutinized, exhibits the most astonishing phenomena. It possesses the features of a divine origin. How wonderful and multiplied are its powers! The understanding perceives, the will rules, the operations of the mind develope a variety of emotions, generally termed affections or passions.—The understanding is intimately connected with thought, imagination, memory and conscience. The will unites with choice, desire and determination, and in the train of the affections and passions, flow love and hatred, joy and grief, meekness, and hope, and fear. All these, though we should pronounce them at first glance, seperate and distinct powers or faculties of the soul independent of each other, are but one simple, uncompounded principle, putting forth its energies in a variety of forms.—*Maffit.*

Maria Regina Roche.—Miss Maria Regina Roche was born in England, and has made herself known, in the republic of letters, by a number of interesting Romances. Her writings have had a fashionable success, not only in the country in which they were composed, but also in France and Germany, where good translators have made them known and sought after. One of her translators, M. Morrellet, himself a distinguished literary man, has said, in speaking of Miss Roche: "Of the modern English romances,(Walter Scott had not then published any of his works,) without excepting those of Miss Burney, which have a reputation so merited, none can be preferred to the Children of the Abbey, and the greater part cannot be compaired to it. It is in truth the best of her works. Some of her other productions have been censured for a want of probability even in the fable and a too frequent use of the marvellous, after the example of Mrs. Radcliffe, and some imitations of Fielding, Stern, and Miss Berney; but these critics have little relish for writings of Miss Roche, who has always found a number of readers, and particularly among the ladies." She has written the Vicar of Lansdown, 2 vols; The Maid of the Hamlet; The Children of the Abbey, 4 vols. translated into French by M. Morrellet; Clermont, 4 vols; The Nocturnal Visit, 4 vols; The Banished Son, 5 vols; The Houses of Osma and Almira, 3 vols; The Monastery of St. Columbia, 5 vols; The Trecolpeck Bower, 3 vols; &c. This lady is still living, and continues, from time to time, to amuse the public by her agreeable fictions. None, however, have attained the celebrity of her Children of the Abbey, which, though now superseded by the more masterly productions of Walter Scott, was once in the hands of almost every novel reader in Europe and America.

Cervantes.—Cervantes, the author of a romance which all ages and nations have agreed to consider inimitable, was either impelled by his vanity, (of which he had his share,) or forced by his misfortunes,(of which he had more than his share,) to attempt dramatic writing, a species of composition requiring a peculiarity of talent, seldom found to exist in a successful novelist. His plays were all either rejected by the performers, or damned by the audience; who, if they have shown themselves very silly in the treatment of some plays by other authors, certainly prove themselves to possess a little common sense in their reception of these.

A sketch of one, (he did not print half the number that he wrote,) will serve to give some idea of his dramatic skill. He manufactured an affair, which may be denominated in English, "The Sainted Scoundrel:" the hero of which is represented as being 'the exceedingest knave' in all Seville, a city formerly notorious for inquisitors and sour oranges. He is at last converted and changed to a priest, and as might be expected from his previous reputation for wickedness, he becomes so sanctimonious and exemplary, that he is singled out by Old Nick, from the crowd of devout fanatics, as a peculiar subject for torment and tempta-

tion. The spectators are amused and edified by various terrible battles betwixt these two worthies, (the priest and the devil,) in which the former always comes off victorious. Our holy hero is called to the death bed of a sinful woman, whose crimes are so numerous, that, hopeless of absolution, she refuses to confess, until the devotee, in a transport of enthusiasm or curiosity, proposes to exchange with her his virtues for her vices, in order that she may have the greatest chance for heaven. The proposal is accepted: she confesses, and a covoy of angels bear her lucky soul to paradise, while a congregation of infernal spirits attack the magnanimous philanthropist, and afflict him with boils and ulcers. From their machinations he is again rescued by his faith: and to cut the matter short, after working a few miracles to prove his right to canonization, death draws the curtain of futurity from before his eyes, and the players drop the curtain of the theatre before those of the spectators.

## FAWNING.

Sycophants of every character are contemptible. He that will flatter for gain, would plunder for the same object, under other circumstances. Nothing is so contemptible as the man who sells his judgement for profit—nothing so detestable as a hireling pander. He that will fawn upon you in the hope of obtaining a favor, will slander you in revenge if unsuccessful. The smile of the sycophant is ever dangerous—there is a curse lurking in his heart. The praise of a parasite is the food of treachery—shun it as you would the fascination of a serpent. From such, curses are far better than adulation—the one may be provided against—the other has a concealed purpose, and may not. He that would lick your feet in prosperity, will scorn you in adversity. The mind that is regulated by fortune is blended with a corrupt heart. Independence of spirit hath no change in all relations of life, its emanations are governed by one principle. A sycophant may be discovered in the most trifling action. A smile is almost perpetually upon his countenance—a compliment in his mouth—and a fawning air in his every motion. If you have no personal beauties yourself—he will allude to those of your relatives or friends—if you have no mental qualifications, he will praise those of a personal nature—if you are not of a good family, he will call such a distinction vain and futile—and if you have no particular admiration for any object, he will make that the theme of his plaudits, and thus in some trifle or other, discover a tangible point of attact. There are but few individuals who are not susceptible of flattery, when dexterously applied. The most of mankind have some quality of which they are in a certain measure vain. It is this weakness of human nature that renders men liable to be duped by the sycophant. Throw *self* out of the question, and people would seldom make arrant fools of themselves. But get a man to conceive he is endowed with some peculiar faculty in an eminent degree, and he will make himself ridiculous in a short time, whilst attempting to develope this to others. It is to the vain and ignorant that fawning is a pleasant tribute. Yet men of the soundest minds, are frequently particularly tangible to the arts of the parasite. It is so pleasant to be genteely bespattered with praise—so agreeable to be called a being of wonder—that the spell when magically woven, is irresistible. In monarchial governments, a circle of sycophants is the necessary appendage of every man in power. Their business is to flatter his follies, and perform the underhand business of his office. They are a kind of spies retained in the service—a sort of machinery that moves with the changes of his countenance. In a republic like ours, affairs are not carried to quite so great an extent. Yet men in office have their parasites—their eddies that undulate as the great fountain evolves a bubble—cringing sycophants that have no opinions of their own, and whose souls are bartered for a straw. Of all species of fawning, that is the most abject and servile, which is entirely subservient to the will of some affluent fool. To be subjected to the anathema of his ignorance and the curse of his passion—to quail at his frown, and cringe when he threatens—to advocate

some absurd project, in direct oppoistion to better judgment—there are human beings who do all this, and revel in its performance.—*Phil. Album.*

EXTRACT.—The heart of man, after it becomes sordid and worldly, retains many delicious sentiments of young remembrance, as the withered rose does the sweet perfume of its beautiful blushing; but of all the gentle affections of generous humanity, there is none that endureth longer, nor beareth fresher, so much of the pure, the excellent, and the exquisite, as the gracious largeness of parental love. It is the artery supplieth the equality of tenderness in the spirit of man and all that hath the holy name of charity and mercy, draw some portion of their virtue from its ventricle. But in its flowing, there is a mystery to cause both wonder and sorrow: for often it engendereth but aches and anguish; and yet to those to whom it is a fountain of such affliction, it would seem to give only an augmentation of delight—making them cling to their children long after they have outgrown all need of care; yea, prompting them to encounter singular humilizations, and to fondle over them, even while they are fatally tainted with the foul plaguespots of crime, as if they loved the more because they esteem the less.

RELIGION OF CHINA.—Dr. Milne says that every kind of idolatry exists in China. The Chinese have gods of the hills, of the vallies, of the woods, of the shop, of the kitchen; they adore gods who are supposed to preside over the thunder, the rain, the fire, the grain, the small pox, births and deaths; they worship the sun, moon and stars, and the genii of the mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas; they address prayers to the spirits of departed kings, sages, heroes and parents, and have idols of gold, wood, stone and clay. Every one possesses charms and spells, which are hung about the neck, stitched in the cloths, tied to bed posts, or written on the door. The Emperor, statesmen, philosophers, merchants and people are idolaters. Many of the learned affect to despise the superstitions of the people, and to worship only heaven and the earth, but at the hour of death, not knowing the true God, they send for the priests of false gods to pray for them. In health they laugh at the foleries of the more idolatrous sects, but in sickness employ the priests to offer masses, write charms, ring bells, &c.—*Hamp. Gaz.*

SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL.—This periodical, which is devoted to the Arts and Sciences, is now at its fifteenth number.—There never has been a publication so extensively circulated in our country, or whose objects were more calculated to advance the general views of literature. It is a credit to our nation, and it has long been considered as standard authority among foreign nations. As a guide to the natural features of our country, its geological botanical and zoological productions, it is invaluable. Its editor has long sustained the Professor's chair of Yale College with honor to himself, and credit to the institution. Every lover of the sciences should be a patron of this work.— *New York Opera Glass.*

Two lovers, at Paris, lately hung themselves hand in hand, because the parents of the lady would not consent to their marrying.

A merchant who lately advertised for a clerk who could bear *confinement*, has been answered by one who has lain *seven years in jail.*

*Yankee Story.* A living eel is said to have been found in a duck's egg, at New Bedford.

## Married,

In this town, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. George Perrin, to Miss Hannah C. Chamberlin, daughter of Mr. Harmon Chamberlin, all of this town.

In Providence, by Rev. Mr Edes, Mr. Jonathan Gladding, to Miss Amey Stoddard.

In Smithfield, Mr. George A. Streeter, to Miss Ann Francis Sprague.

In Shrewsbury, on the 1st inst. by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Whisken Whitney, of Bolton, to widow Lydia Who, of Harvard.

In Columbia, S. Carolina, on the 31st July last, Mr. Frederick W. Green, (late of Worcester,) to Miss Sarah Briggs, daughter of Mr. William Briggs, of Columbia.

## Died,

In Leicester, on the 27th inst. Miss Charlot Draper, daughter of David Draper, aged 23 years.

In Westford, Jesse Minott, Esq. aged 69, formerly a representative of that town in the Legislature.

In this town, on the 17th inst. Mr. Jonathan Grout, aged 85.

In Hubbardston, Sept. 26, Col. Moses Greenwood, aged 42.

In New London, Conn. John C. Brainard, Esq. former editor of the Connecticut Mirror.

In New York, Count D'Espinville, Consul of France at New York.

In Newport, Miss Louisa Brown, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas W. Brown, aged 20.

In Salem, Sally Parker, aged 2 years.

## POETRY.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### THANATOPSIS.

"Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die."
YOUNG.

Then what is it to die, that it should be
Essential to our happiness? It is
To throw off all things worldly, all the dross
That man is heir to, and go forth again
Clad in the vestment of our better being.
And what is it to die? it is to cast
This mortal off for immortality.
It is to leave this solitary sphere,
This lone companion of material worlds,
And wing our flight to blessedness. It is
To take a spiritual image, and soar on
To unknown regions, to unfathomed worlds,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.
'Tis to depart from this precarious home,
Where life is bounded, and its little span
Marked out by moments; where the material sun
Counts transient days and seasons, and to go
Where time has never wandered, where whole years
Dwindle to moments, and a moment grows
Into the length of ages; where the past
And future meet in one eternal present.
And what is it to die? 'tis to begin
The glorious journey of the human soul,
Towards infinite perfection. 'Tis to leave
The troubles and afflictions that attend
The attributes of time, and in a state
Of meet and fitting purity, to hail
An everlasting, an eternal day
Of joy and happiness. It is to go
And traverse regions and inhabit realms
Which we had often heard of, but of which
We had no real knowledge. 'Tis to go
And search the mysteries of the universe,
And read in Heaven's high record-book, the laws
Which govern worlds unnumbered * * * *
There was one
Whom I had known from infancy; one whom
I loved to claim as kindred, who was called
Away from earth and all its glittering things,
To claim his heavenly mansion. He was one
Whose heart was stamped in virtue, and his soul
Was dimed not, tarnished not by the world's vice.
'Twas autumn and a chill and withering breath
Blew o'er the flowers of summer; earth's bright things,
The beautiful, that gave delight to hearts
And buoyancy to spirits, all proclaimed
A dying season and a waning year.
He withered with the gems of nature; died
With summer's beauties, and as calmly too.
The earthly tabernacle of his soul,
Pale, and emaciated by disease,
Was hushed as Jordan's waters, and he slept
When the delighted spirit bade adieu,
To mortal bondage and commenced its flight
Up to its Giver, there to find a home
Immutable, immortal, everlasting.

P.

FROM THE BOWER OF TASTE.

### TO S * * * *

"Take back the ring—take back the ring;"
'Tis valueless to me,
I would not that the fragile thing,
Should make one thought of thee.

The gem is rayless now, and dead,
It is no longer mine—
Its former lustre, all is fled,
And so alas! has thine.

On Friendship's hand, I once believed
It *could not* fade—'tis strange
I thought so! but I was *deceived*—
Time, thou hast wrought a *change*.

No art can now repair the gem,
No power, thy *truth* restore—
Believe me, friendship's diadem
Once tarnished, beams no more!

### EPIGRAM.

When Harry was old, to Maria he said,
"My dear, if you please, we will marry;"
Maria replied, with a toss of her head,
"I never will wed thee, Old Harry!"

He waited till all her gay suiters were gone,
Then cried, "a fine dance they have led you;
The hand that I proffered, you treated with scorn.
And now the OLD HARRY wont wed *you*!"

### OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea—over the sea,
Lies the land that is loved by me;
A sunnier sky may be o'er my head;
And a richer soil beneath my tread,
And a softer speech in my ears be rung
Than the notes of my own wild mountain tongue,
But never, oh never, so dear to me
Can the loveliest spot in this wide world be
As the bleak cold land where the heather waves
Round the place of my birth—o'er my father's graves.

**WORCESTER TALISMAN.**

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 17. NOVEMBER 15, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### MARY BENSON.

"The good are better made by ill
As odours crushed are sweeter still."—*Rogers.*

Ah, my child, said Hannah Benson to her daughter, a bright eyed damsel, full of sentiment, love and poetry," you have yet seen and known but little of this deceitful world, and you must consider that inexperienced as you are, your judgment cannot have arrived to a sufficient maturity to stand in competition against that of those who have arrived to a considerable age, and been accustomed, for a long time, to view men, their manners and their characters, with a candid and impartial eye."

"But mother" rejoined Mary, you will not hesitate to acknowledge that I have been an inhabitant of this bright world a sufficient time, and seen enough of the beings by which it is peopled, to have a judgment of my own, which can discriminate between beauty and deformity, worth and worthlessness." "Indeed you may, when a person appears to be what he realy is, but experience must teach us to fathom the heart, in order to know the real character." But I must tell you, that in you I have the sorrow to behold a painful instance of the misguided affections of inexperienced and untutored youth; and in James, the person upon whom your fond attachment is placed, I mourn to discern the fickleheartedness of man, and with what ease deceit will throw a cloak over an abandoned heart.

"It is painful indeed to hear such words from a mother, a mother too in whom I have ever found all the tenderness that is attached to that name; but, although I would not wilfully arraign my judgment against yours, although it may be rending to your bosom, and overthrow all fair, delightful expectations in your daughter, and, although I may perchance be accused of a want of filial affection, yet I must acknowledge that I cannot but believe him to be sincere; it were ungenerous, ungrateful in me even to harbor a doubt respecting his sincerity, and ——." "Mary, I cannot accuse you of a want of affection towards me, the lapse of seventeen happy summers has proved your regard; and concerning James, I did not speak of his sincerity, possibly he may have a friendly regard for you; but we must, before placing our unlimited affections upon a person, thoroughly investigate his whole character, and especially, be well acquainted with his standing in society and his name in the world. We are too much prone to be easily captivated by external appearances, personal beauty, and artificial accomplishments. Marriage, my daughter, is a subject of too great importance to be trifled with; it is the greatest step which we can take during existence, and therefore, like a blind man, we should examine and become acquainted with the ground before us, ere we trust ourselves upon it. Remember that when the barrier is once passed, we never can return; our destiny is marked out for the future, and escape is impossible. We cannot scrutinize with too scrupulous an eye him upon whom we bestow our love and expect to call our own; we must be wholly convinced that we can live happily with him. We must carry ourselves forward in imagination, through a few years of wedded life, and consider if we shall *then* be happy. Yet paint not those days of futurity with that halcyon light which is thrown around the present; garnish them not with those gaudy colorings, but behold them marred and tarnished with the cares and afflictions of life. Imagine the truth of our situation then by seeing it in others now. But alas, you young people are too enthusiastic in your love, too warm and generous in your feelings; you behold a person young, handsome, genteel and accomplished; he immediately captivates your hearts, and you brand him with the mark of perfection's paragon. Your day-dreams are inhabited by his presence, and your midnight visions are peopled with his form; and alas, you persuade yourselves that you are actually in love. But as I mentioned before, earthly goodness is not to be measured by external endowments, or worldly happiness to be found in gaudy dress."

"What!" answered Mary, "would you make me a convert to a belief in that cold and heartless love which is nursed up in the frigid atmosphere of reason and philosophy? "No, such love may answer for those who are far advanced in life, those who have passed the grand climacteric, at which all that is tender and feeling in the human heart becomes dormant;

but what, I would ask, is like the love of young and ardent souls? what is like the affection of congenial hearts in youth? when the springs of life are gushing freely, and all the generous emotions of the human heart are in their primeval purity and warmth? All that is noble, confiding, deep, pure and deathless, is pourtrayed in the love of those, who in the ardent and aspiring season of youth can, with undoubting confidence, trust to each other every thought of the bosom."

"True my child, there is a beauty in the mutual attachment of congenial hearts; but there is an affection of the youthful heart that is kindled up, and glows as bright as the sudden flash of the summer storm, but which like that flash, is fading and evanescent. Let but a few of life's tempestuous winds blow over it and it falls into forgetfulness. But there is another, a pure, a genuine, a holy love; it is that, which, founded on an everlasting basis, withstands all the vicissitudes of life. Planted firmly in the deepest and most sacred recesses of the bosom, like the surf-beaten rock in the midst of the ocean, it feels alike, unheeding the tempests of adversity, or the billows of affliction. The love that is calculated to constitute substantial happiness in matrimony, must be like this; the various trials of life, its affections, its cares and troubles gnaw like a canker at the root of all other love. Mary I charge you to remember what I say, and recollect that it is a mother's advice, that although you may now believe that James is worthy your love, yet I enforce it upon you, as a duty that you owe, not only unto your parents, but also to yourself, to reciprocate no vows until you have had a sufficient length of time to become thoroughly acquainted with his character."

Mary's love towards James, was too ardent to admit of her discovering of his frailties; he had ingratiated himself into her favor at that season of life when the tender fibres of the heart are the most ready to twine around beloved obects, and the bosom the most susceptible of the deepest friendship. He had sworn fidelity and his vows had as yet remained unbroken. She loved him in the innocence of her heart. Pure and spotless as was her own bosom, she had never believed the tales of the coldness, the baseness, the ingratitude of man. Every thing looked bright and promising before her; life seemed but one expanded sea of calmness teeming with luxuries and beneath the auspices of joyous winds and sunny skies. Alas, that there should be that within the heart of man that might crush so beautiful a flower.—A few days subsequent to the foregoing conversation, a jolly servant in Mr. Benson's family, named Jonathan, went to the apartment where Mary and her mother were sitting, to replenish the fire. Jonathan was a lawless personage, a clever sort of a fellow who liked to broach conversation with every person, of whatever cast whom he met. King and subject, master and servant, were alike in his estimation, and he was as good or bad as either. All his happiness seemed to be centered in having a jolly laugh, a sociable chat, or a cheerful glass. "Now Miss Benson" said he, turning towards Mary while he stirred the coals, "I guess as how you'd 'a laughed to 'a been down to Bill's shop last night.—That ere Jim Hathaway is as fine a feller as you ever seed. Now I know sunthin as how you are takin a likin to him; well Mary, he's jist the one that I should provise for you, he can push round the can as fast as any on us. I like sich ere fellers hugely." Poor unsuspecting child of Bacchus; while he was happy in thus delineating what he considered as the good qualities of James, he had commenced the sharpening of an arrow which was to pierce the bosom of Mary. Jonathan passed out of the room, as regardless of what he had said as the tempest of the leaves that are hurrying before it. While he had been speaking, not a syllable escaped the lips of either mother or daughter, but the mother's watchful eyes were firmly rivetted upon her child, to mark the effect which such unexpected news concerning her lover, might have upon her.—Doubts and fears rose alternately, in quick succession, in the struggling bosom of Mary; it was the heaviest stroke of sorrow that she had experienced; but, overmastering her feelings, and quieting the tumult of her bosom, she endeavored to appear entirely composed before her parent. "What now, my daughter," said Mrs. Benson, breaking their silence, "is your opinion concerning the habits of James, are you not assured that he is a visitor to those dark and unhallowed haunts, where the voices of the abandoned and the profligate weary the dull ear of midnight with their revelry." Mary felt that her love for James was undiminished, and that she must use her endeavors to vindicate him, and save him from the unjust tongues of calumny "O, my mother," said she, "you are ungenerous and illiberal thus to condemn a person, immediately, with so little ground for accusation; is it not the fashion for people to "take a cup of kindness," occasionally, in a sociable, friendly manner."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A BROTHER'S LOVE.

There is something transcendently virtuous in the affection of a high-hearted brother towards his gentle and amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty—he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows on himself—he can press her bright lips and her fair forehead, and still feel that she is unpolluted—he can watch the blush steal over her features with pleasure when he tells her of her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her overloaded heart. With woman there is a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for

her brother. She looks upon him as one fitted to brave the tempests of the world, as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged or oppressed, as one whose honor is connected with her own, and who durst not see her insulted with impunity. He is to her as the oak is to the vine, and though she may fear all others of mankind, she is secure and confident in the love and countenance of her brother.—Nothing affords man such satisfaction, and nothing entwines a sister so affectionately among his sympathies and his interests, as a profound reliance upon her virtue, and a strong conviction of her diffidence and delicacy. As these two latter qualities are far the most delicious qualities of a beautiful female, so are they the strongest spells for enticing away the affections of the other sex. A female without delicacy is a woman without principle; and as an innate and shrinking perception of virtue is the true characteristic of a pure hearted creature, so is it the most infallible bond of union between hearts that truly beat in response to each other. There is more tenderness in the disposition of woman than man; but the affection of a brother is full of the purest and most generous impulses; it cannot be quenched by aught but indelicacy and unworthiness, and it will outlive a thousand selfish and sordid attachments. Byron, in his tragedy of Cain, has beautifully exemplified the sincerity of a brother's regard for his sister. Some of the sentiments which he places in the mouth of the first murderer, whilst addressing Adah, the partner of his earliest joys, are full of delicate, yet passionate affection. Cain's affection for his children is there also admirably delineated. When conversing with his youthful bride on the sorrows of man's fallen condition, how eloquently he breaks out—

"My little Enoch! and his lisping sister!
Could I but dream *them* happy! I would half
Forget—"

his own unfathomable fate. Mrs. Hemans has also some noble passages, on this subject, as has Miss Baillie in the drama of the Bride. A deep-rooted regard for a gentle creature born of the same parents with ourselves is certainly one of the noblest feelings of our nature, and were every other feeling of the human bosom dead save this, there would still a bright hope remain that the fountain of virtue and principle was not yet sealed. M.

*Phil. Album.*

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

## ECONOMY.

This is the cabalistic word of Americans.—It is used by all classes, and found useful in all cases. The politician, when he would secure a snug office, and good salary for himself, has only to boast of his skill in promoting, 'national economy.' The man of business, when asked to tell the secret by which he has lured his neighbor's gold to his own coffers, whispers, ''tis economy.'

The divine, when urging the necessity for an increase of salary, always alludes to his 'economy.'

The farmer and mechanic owe all their wealth and importance to the successful 'practice of economy.'

The ladies are thorough economists. You will meet with none who advocate extravagance, however unthinkingly they may practice it. The truth is, the women know the potency of the word, as perfectly as do the men, and that to secure a rich husband, it is necessary to *talk* of economy. Hence, those who always purchase 'the dear and far-fetched,' materials for their dresses, will tell you it is "good economy;" because of their superior durability, color, lustre, form or some other excellence; never taking into account how soon they may become unfashionable. The Miss, who displays her India wrought shell combs, will say, that her mother thinks such far more *economical* than horn, because girls will be more careful to preserve them. The next day, perhaps, her comb is sent to have a tooth replaced. In short, economy in our practice, if not language, quite as often means spending as saving. Persons without a judicious and methodical system of regulating their expenses according to their income, seem to imagine that the practice of some little, mean, paltry act, or management, by which they do not save sixpence, is economy. They will feast the rich—'tis hospitality. They will cheat the poor—'tis economy. In short, economy, as it is now understood in our community, appears to be a literal following of the old proverb; take care of the pence, and let the pounds take care of themselves. 'Order is heaven's first law,' and whoever boasts of economy, except it is in conformity to a system that has justice for its basis, and then has reference to the best good of the individual, family, or country, for whom the plan was framed, is not an economist.

FIDELITY. A faithful friend is the repository of our secrets, and is like a precious stone, which has no spots, and which is not to be purchased but by returns of the same nature.—Happy he who finds such a friend; for to him he can entrust his most secret thoughts, and in him find a consolation at all times.

Diodorus, the Sicilian, says, that among the Egyptians it was a criminal matter to discover a secret with which they were entrusted; and one of their priests, being convicted of this offence, was banished from his country. Certainly nothing can be more just, than that a secret entrusted to a friend, under the sanction of good faith and secrecy, should be considered as a sacred thing, and that to divulge it, under any pretence, whatever, is a profanation of the most sacred duties.

Plutarch remarks, that the Athenians, being at war with Philip, king of Macedon, one day intercepted a letter, which he had written to Olympia, his wife. They sent it back to him unopened, that they might not be obliged to read it in public, saying that their laws forbid them to betray a secret.

The infidelity of a friend is certainly repugnant to nature itself, and that to betray a secret entrusted to us is truly detestable. A man who entrusts his secrets to another, is like him who surrenders his arms, and declares himself a slave; but how great would be the infamy of him, to whom we have surrendered them, were he to turn those very arms against us, and assassinate us in that defenceless state! Thus fidelity is the greatest treasure a man can find, and the secret entrusted to him the highest mark of sincere friendship.

CHARACTER. It is ever to be kept in mind that a *good name* is in all cases the fruit of *personal exertion*. It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is not a necessary appendage of birth, or wealth, or talents, or station; but the result of one's own endeavors—the fruit and reward of good principles, manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable action. This is the more important to be remarked, because it shows that the attainment of a good name, whatever may be your external circumstances, is entirely within your power.

No young man, however humble his birth or obscure his condition, is excluded from the invaluable boon. He has only to fix his eye upon the prize and press towards it, in a course of virtuous conduct, and it is his. And it is interesting to notice how many of our worthiest and best citizens have risen to honor and usefulness, by dint of their own persevering exertions. They are to be found in great numbers, in each of the learned professions, and every department of business; and they stand forth, bright and animating examples of what can be accomplished by resolution and effort. Indeed, in the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second and the third virtue.

Nothing great or excellent can be acquired without a good character. A good name will not come without being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed are the results of untiring application and industry. Nothing can be more fatal to the attainment of a good character than a treacherous confidence in external advantage.

PROMISES. The facility of making promises, and the difficulty of performing them, are almost similar. It is a folly to ruin ourselves by promises, and it is a meanness to enrich ourselves by avoiding the performance. An old proverb says—"Promises are females, and the performance of them males, since we see more of the first than of the last." It is generally observed that those who are the most ready to promise, are generally those who are the least in condition to fulfil their promises. It is a very great imprudence to make promises in order to gain friends for a little time, and afterwards to make them our enemies by thinking no more of what we said. It seems to me, that it is infinitely better to oblige without promising, than to be mean ourselves by promising without effect. The fool makes engagements with all the world without the least discrimination; but the wise man obliges only those who deserve it. The man who readily offers his purse to another, who he knows will not accept of it, will not, when asked, lend any man a half-penny. Indeed, we hold great promises in so little esteem, that the instant they are made us, we would very willingly give them up for the least reality.

COMPASSION. There are two sorts of men who are incapable of compassion. The first are the great and rich, who, being ignorant of what want and oppression are, cannot be so sensible of misery as they ought. The second sort are those, who, being naturally hard-hearted, are insensible to the misfortunes of their neighbors. The first would be, in some measure, excusable, were they ignorant of the divine precepts, which the sacred writings hold forth to them concerning universal charity; but the second sort are totally inexcusable, since it is through cruelty and malice that they look with consummate indifference on the miseries of others.

RANK. The pride of rank or title is certainly one step beneath the other follies of this world. It seems to be the completion of human vanity and impertinence, to consider it as a necessary point, to take the first seat at a sumptuous entertainment, merely from the consideration of being possessed of a title.—The elbow chair or the stool will equally display merit; and he, who occupies the latter, may probably have more sense and discernment, than he who lolls at his ease in the first. The man, who is not seated at table according to his rank, generally enjoys little comfort of his dinner. What folly! Is the soup better, when placed where his vanity wishes to have a seat than at any other part of the table?

CONCILIATORY MANNERS. Napoleon's letter to Savary, on sending him to Russia, is a good specimen of the acuteness of his mind in matters that a mere military conquerer usually knows nothing about. "In your conversation," says he, "carefully avoid any thing that may be offensive." For instance, never speak of war. Do not condemn any opinion, or comment upon any absurdity. Every nation has its peculiarities; and it is too much the habit of the French to compare all cus-

toms with their own, and to set themselves up for models. This is a bad course, and, by rendering you obnoxious in society, it will prevent you from succeeding in any thing."

## ADVERSITY.

The touchstone of friendship in this world is the hour of adversity. Let a man, by some sudden stroke of fortune, be either elevated or depressed in circumstances, and his character will immediately change, as also will the estimation of his friends and acquaintance. A Roman writer has said "honours change our manners, but not always for the better." The same remark will apply to the revolution in a man's fortunes. It is an ordinary if not an inseparable occurrence with the sudden elevation of a man to wealth or power, to see him become affected with arogant notions of his own importance, and too frequently with ungenerous feelings towards those, among whom he formerly ranked as an equal. Nothing will so truly develope a man's character as a sudden accession of wealth. There is no better ordeal for the trial of his sympathies, virtue and integrity of heart. On the contrary, adversity is the proper element for a philosopher. The wisest philosophy is that which is gleaned from experience and taught in the school of sorrow. He that will boast of his self-denial—of the impossibility of any worldly change affecting his principles, his feelings or his mind, should be tempted for a season from the sunny copses of the world, and left desolate and divested of resources, among the briar paths of life. He should be tossed awhile upon the treacherous sea—stranded upon some rock-girded shore—his character aspersed unjustly—his friendship made the sport of treachery, or his love wasted upon hard-heartedness and coquetry; and if amid all these complicated evils, he can still gaze calmly along the stream of life, with a mind untinged and a disposition unaffected by the storms of fate, he is indeed, one to whom the world is a place of trial, and in truth and test a philosopher. There is not, probably, one human being in the whole wide scale of existence, having lived two score years, who would not at some moment of life, when the dusky clouds of fate lowered around him, willingly have exchanged this world with all its shade and sunshine, for the realms and the uncertainties of eternity. The energies of intellect and the buoyancy and recklessness of disposition inherent to a portion of mankind, are insufficient to provide against the withering and all-overwhelming potency of despair. It is in vain for man to presume he can bid defiance to adversity, let it approach him under ever so insidious a mask.—Human nature is the same weak and subservient thing in all its forms and capacities. The individual who is full of high thoughts and potent faculties, is also possessed of the weaknesses and passions of a mortal. In one feature or another of his character, these weaknesses will be displayed, and he will thus be made liable to the adversities of life. The children of genius are especially liable to misfortune.—Their passions are stronger than those of ordinary men, and their propensities to have them indulged are greater. These passions lead them into excesses, which it is impossible to avoid, merely because they are inherent, and not to be restrained by the will. With genious there is little of that cold and plodding disposition, calculated for the obtainment of wealth. All is haste and enthusiasm, recklessness and adversity. It cannot grovel, and opportunities that would be embraced with a view to mercenary emolument by calculating knaves, will be passed by with careless indifference by the gifted in mind. It is therefore that the children of genious are so frequently the children of adversity. They provide rather for the mind than the body, and a feast of Apollo with them, is far preferable to a feast of Mammon. It is, perhaps, a necessary provision of the Creator, that man should be so unequal in mind, as well as dependent upon fortuitous circumstances for his standing in society, and his individual rank. Yet we have often pondered upon the idea of there being no distinctions of this character, and imagined the revolution it would effect in the order of life. If this were the case, however, it would be necessary for dispositions, principles,

and feelings to be balanced more equally than they are at the present age; or the obloquy that would proceed from a division of tastes and habits would be productive of continual collisions. It is astonishing, however, in the present state of society to observe the influence of self-interest upon man, even so far as matters of a mercenary nature are affected. This motive is indeed the prime minister to all our designs and passions—high and low—all classes and grades of mankind are its subjects. "Self-interest" says a French writer "appears to me to resemble dust, which the demon throws into the eyes of men, in order to make them blind to justice, duty, honour and friendship. It is interest that stifles the natural sentiments of relations for each other, embroils man and wife, sows the seeds of hatred among brothers and sisters, and extinguishes friendship among friends. In public it assumes the name of prudence, but in private it stoops to any meanness or injustice that can promote its ends." It is this passion, therefore, that has a great influence upon our prosperity or adversity—indeed it has the greatest influence. Mankind frequently, in an attempt to better their condition, though an interested motive, plunge themselves into guilt and infamy, and thus destroy their every hope of happiness. Seldom is any deed of villainy ultimately successful. The ways of Providence are so inscrutable—the mazes of destiny so intricate, that some plan which to the eye of interest would seem certain to ensure success, frequently ends in ruin. It is thus that men frequently find themselves surrounded with adversity, when they anticipate an altogether different result.—Nothing will so properly bear up the mind of one thus situated, as a consciousness of rectitude and virtue. He who has not this stay to support him in the dark hours of trial, generally grows weary of the world and of life—becomes desperate, and dies "unpitied and forgotten."

ROMEO.

*Phil. Album.*

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By continual meditation in the sacred writings, a man as naturally improves and advances in holiness as a tree thrives and flourishes in a kindly and well watered soil.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

"Slander that worst of passions, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds."—*Hervey.*

There is, Mr. Editor, in almost every village, a certain few, whose chief pleasure as well as business it is, to interest themselves about the characters and affairs of other people, to listen to, seek after and circulate reports unfavorable to others. It matters not with them whether friend or foe is the subject of a scandalous report, and it is of as little consequence how groundless the tale may be, it is implicitly believed by them, and is circulated the first opportunity that offers with alterations and additions. Some persons have, as it were, a kind of innate propensity to scandalise and detract the characters and reputations of all with whom they come in contact; every action is viewed by such through a medium colored by their envy or malice and their representations of it, are accordingly distorted and aggravated. Even the most trivial circumstance is tortured to an unfavorable construction by their malicious ingenuity. Reputations before unspotted are blasted by their slanders, characters too pure to be attacked openly are secretly undermined by their calumnies and detractions. "Slander," says a distinguished writer, "arises either from a mischievous temper or a gossiping humor; it is the resource of ignorant and vacant minds, who are in want of some serious occupation." It is the opinion of the writer, Mr. Editor, that the person who would invent some harmless exercise for the tongues governed by such "ignorant and vacant minds," so that they might be partially if not wholly restrained from scandalising other people, would deserve, the praise and respect of the present times, and to have his name held in lasting remembrance by posterity as a great benefactor of mankind.

SCRIBLERUS.

"Mr. Editor" does not exactly comprehend the drift of Scriblerus' remarks; but deploring the mischief that is frequently done by reporting tales without sufficient reason for believing them true, and detesting slander from whatever source it may come, he has concluded, as the article appears free from personal allusions, to acquiesce with the request of the writer and insert it.

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A SURE WAY OF GETTING A WIFE.—*A receit calculated for those who doubt of success or are fainthearted.* Become interested in the management of a Bachellor's Journal for three or four months, and if at the expiration of that time, the person (even though he should be o determined bachellor propensities) does not find himself married or at least engaged, his case must be past remedy, and hopeless.

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1828.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

It appears that the Russians find more trouble in invading the Turkish dominion than they had anticipated. At the seige of Choumla they have sustained some reverses and are not like to get possession of that place without much loss.

The French expedition to the Morea is commencing operations there. It is stated in letters from the officers, that the accounts of the devastation committed by the Turks there, were exagerated and that the country has not been laid waste so much as is represented.

The Blackstone Canal is now opened, and boats are passing between Providence and this place weekly. A map of the canal on a large scale, is to be prepared by the resident engineer, and probably one upon a smaller scale will be published at some future day.

We have received the circular of the publishers of the "Philadelphia Album," but it being too long to be conveniently inserted in our small paper—we shall give a short sketch only. "New works are noticed, immediately on their publication, briefly, but with integrity and truth. Nothing of foreign growth finds admission here unless it bears the stamp of sterling merit. In making selections the most assiduous attention is paid to beauty of style, chastity of thought, and purity of sentiment. All the foreign magazines and domestic periodicals of worth are at the command of the Editor; quarterly engravings accompany the publication, illustrating American Scenery, History, and Public Institutions. We can add cheerfully that we have long esteemed this paper to be one of the best of the kind published in this Country that has come within our notice. Its terms are two dollers fifty cents per annum.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The essay "On the pleasures of a single life," by "A Bachellor," is under consideration. The Editor although he has no doubt of the comparative happiness of the two situations, a married and single life, being in favor of the latter, yet has some doubts as to the expediency of advocating any measures calculated to increase the number, but would rather the cause of Bachellorism should rest upon its own intrinsic merits.

HOME. The heart may seek to conceal itself from the outward world, but in the sanctuary of home it takes refuge from constraint, leaving its excellence or its depravity, its charms or its defects to the observatoin of others. A multitude of little circumstances that we can neither foresee nor event; daily make discoveries of our principles and actions to those that surround us, and happy is the individual whose conduct will always bear this microscope of home!

The atheists only hope ceases where the christians strongest hope begins; he leaves life without being reduced to the necesity of repentance, for he thinks his race is run; the latter takes the last opportunity of preparing himself for a state, where every thing worth enjoying, is to be placed before him.

Nothing is so despicable as the buffoon, who, by awkward endeavors to raise a laugh against others, becomes himself the object of it.

Those who jump into your proposals immediately, are not so safe to deal with as those who wait to weigh them.

## Married,

In this town, on the 9th inst. by Rev. Jonathan Going, Jubal Harrington, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss Lucretia Keyes, both of Worcester.

In this town, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Levi A. Dowley, to Miss Calista Corbet, daughter of Otis Corbet, Esq. all of this town.

In Brookfield, Mr. George Howe, to Miss Susan B. Walker.

## Died,

In this town on the 9th inst. Charles D. Walker, only child of Mr. Dwight Walker, aged 17 months.

In Petersham, Oct. 29, Mr. George Wetherell, aged 66.

In Uxbridge, Miss Lavina Raidsan, daughter of Capt. Simeon R. aged 22.

In Ashby, Susan, daughter of William and Elizabeth Gates aged 15. She had lately parted with a limb, in the feeble hope of preserving life.

In Shirley, Miss Mary Hammond, aged 27.

In Grafton, Mr. Robertus Flagg, aged 73.

In Springwater, N. Y. Mr. Edward Walker, formerly of Brookfield.

In North Brookfield, Lieut. J. Bush, aged 87.

In Lancaster, Mr. Varnum Gibson, aged 23.

## POETRY.

### STANZAS.

While softly falls yon silver ray
  Upon each sleeping thing,
How sighs the spirit o'er the harp,
  As memory sweeps the string;
To thee, to thee was breathed the fire
  That first awoke to song,
And thine the last sad murmur now,
  That steals its wires along.

Like the fair rainbow forms we trace
  Around the setting sun,
On which we gaze until each tint
  Of loveliness is gone;
Thus came the day-dreams of my youth,
  But brighter, lovelier far
Than ever curled the golden cloud
  Around that sinking star.

The laugh of morn, the midnight's sigh,
  Were music to my ear,
I heard a deep and thrilling voice,
  Forever breathing near,
Knelt to my heart's creations wild,
  Bright forms of purity,
And loving, living, dreaming thus,
  How could I turn from thee?

Oh never—and though thou art dead,
  No touch shall cross the chord,
In solitude, like thine, my harp,
  Be all its sorrow poured,
And mirth and youth and revelry,
  For heart and harp shall bring
Only the spirit's lonely sigh,
  As memory sweeps the string.

### THE STARS.

Yes bright and glorious are ye set,
  In unalloyed and stainless light,
Like gems around the coronet
  That gilds the dusky brow of night.
High—high above the darken'd earth
  Your mystic course hath ever been,
Shedding the same pale radiance forth;
  Upon the dim abodes of men.

Earth's glories pass—her proudest things
  Give token of their sure decay—
The shade of final ruin clings
  Around the beautiful and gay.
The tower that guards the monarch's form
  Is numbered soon with visions past—
The oak that battles with the storm
  Lays down its verdant head at last.

But there ye shine—in light and love,
  As pure as at creation's dawn,
When through the glorious realms above
  Your anthem hailed the rising morn!
The chance and change of human ill
  Affect ye not—nor stain of crime,
But there ye shine in beauty still,
  Unsullied by the wing of time.

The earth has much to lift us up
  Beyond its scenes of care and strife,
And mingle in our bitter cup
  The foretaste of a happier life;
But nought of all created things
  Hath power like yonder starry sky
To lend the soul etherial wings,
  And lift the chainless thought on high.

*Salem Courier.*

*From the German of Gleim.*

### MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

My native land, on thy sweet shore
  Lighter heaves the breast;
Could I tread thy soil once more,
  How I should be blest!

Heart so anxious and so pained,
  Fitting is thy wo:
My native land, what have I gained
  By wandering from thee so?

Fairer green decks thy fields,
  Lovelier blue thy skies,
Cooler shade thy forest yields,
  Dew brighter on thee lies.

The Sabbath-bells a sweeter note
  Echo far and near;
Thy nightingale's melodious throat
  Thrills more sweet the ear.

Softer flow thy lavish streams
  Through the meadow's gloom;
Oh, how beautiful the dreams
  'Neath thy linden's gloom!

Fair thy sun and temperate,
  Genial light and heat:
To my father's household gate
  Let me bend my feet;
There forgetting all the past,
  I will rest my limbs at last!

### NIGHT PRIMROSE.

Oh! Faithful to the darkling hour
  When the last sunbeam on the sea,
And evening dews fall on the flower,
  And mountain winds breathe o'er the lea:
In that soft time—when whisper'd love,
  Finds rapture in its favourite bower.
The pale blue star that shines above
  So coldly from its western tower,
Brings more of joy, lone flower, to thee,
  Adorer of the silent night.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 18 NOVEMBER 29, 1828. VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALE.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### MARY BENSON.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

"Fashion my child, I am well aware, has established such a custom; but for a creature formed like man, so fully a votary to habit, it will not answer to follow fashion through all her devious paths; we may indeed be her disciples, so far as relates to external embellishments, harmlessly; (unless there be harm in a gratification of vanity,) but when she would entice us to follow her into the road of destruction, into that path, by pursuing which we shall destroy all that is noble in ourselves, and blast the powers of an immortal mind, of how high a cast soever they may be; then, I say, we must alienate ourselves from her.—The heart of man is of so malleable a nature that it may be moulded into any form, and if its propensities are of such a cast as to lead it into the polluting vices of the world, it soon becomes divested of all those manly qualities which seem native in it, and is rendered a cold and callous, a degraded and despicable thing. The dignity which is natural to a being placed in so high a station of the universe as that which is occupied by man, is brought down to inevitable destruction."

"Perhaps," said Mary, "you may call me giddy, but I cannot perceive the benefit of so much moralizing. This philosophy always looks with a cold and ungenerous eye upon the life of man; it turns away, indignantly, from the bright and sunny side of human existence, and prefers to rest entirely upon those parts which are shrouded in darkness." "Truly;" rejoined her mother, "a strict examiner, and thorough investigator of human nature, discovers so little that is really what you denominate "sunny" in the dispositions, propensities and passions of man, that it cannot find a sufficient space of brightness whereon to rest; 'tis true, like Noah's dove, he may discover some diminutive spots of that for which he is seeking, rarely interspersed, and may pluck an olive branch of goodness therefrom, but there is no room for rest. But I am wandering into words uselessly, as it seems that all this conversation has fallen upon your ear unheeded; therefore, after reminding you of my former charge, I shall say no more."

Mary discovered herself to be in no very enviable situation. Should she satisfy her own inclination, she would do it in direct opposition to the will of one whom she loved and honored, and the thought was agonizing that she should incur her severe displeasure. But this thought was partially mitigated by placing too much confidence in her own judgment respecting James, and, in the waywardness of youth, in believing that her mother had been building up imaginary castles of sorrow. She could not steel her mind to look upon James, otherwise, than as the person with whose destiny, through life, her own was to be cast.—And it was her joy to look upon him as such; she loved to believe that she could lean upon him for support, and that he would shield her, beneath the banners of the purest, the most unsullied affection. Poor devoted child of sorrows, how vainly were all those bright imaginings cherished, those fancy pictures of ideal happiness brought into fictitious existence. The time was to come, and was not, even then, far distant, when all her delightful expectations of enjoyment were to be forever blasted. Futurity was not to clothe those day-dreams of happiness with reality, but it was destined to open a book of sorrows, too accurately foreseen in the mind of her parent.

Vice cannot forever shield itself beneath the panoply of deceit, and the character of a person, be it of what description it may, will follow him, although he may cross the trackless ocean to flee from it. James had resided but a few months in the town of Mary's nativity, ere unfavorable rumors respecting his character were circulated, even among that class of people by whom he desired that his life might be considered the most unexceptionable. Reports, derogatory to his honor, were received from places at which he had formerly resided, and his acquaintance of respectable standing in society began to look upon him with jealous and inquisitive eyes. It was evident that he was a man of good education, and had been bred in a family of elevated rank in life. His affable manners, his gentlemanlike appearance and his courteous demeanor, recommended him to the highest classes of society. But alas, there was that

lurking in his bosom, which was the bane to every thing that is good, and caused him to place more satisfaction in the loud clamor of drunkenness, than in the high places of refinement to which he had easy access. It is indeed mournful that there should be such characters in the world; that there should be those who know the superiority, and the value of virtue, and yet will so deface themselves as to walk in the dark and contaminated shades of vice. And not only this, but will put on the beautiful mask and clothe themselves in the pure garment of seeming virtue, to delude the world; and finally, as the climax of their baseness, and the fruits of their hypocrisy, will bring down the young, the virtuous and the innocent, to unmerited misery. But we must mourn, for there are such.

After people had been busily engaged for a while, in circulating these reports, they began to question concerning the circumstances which had led James to take up his abode among them. What wonder that they had not thought of that before! No answers to this question could be given that gave satisfaction, and it was soon discovered, that his conduct had originally compelled him to leave his home and seek a refuge wherever it could be found.

James at length discovered that his character was divulging itself before his acquaintance, and, instead of endeavoring to redeem it from its stains, he rendered it the more despicable by abruptly and secretly departing without taking leave of any class of his acquaintance, or even one solitary individual with whom he had associated. We will not trace his character and conduct through their dark and disgraceful shades, or paint those scenes in which he was a conspicuous actor, at the recital of which the heart would sicken with disgust, and which proved him to be a person, at whose presence even infamy herself would blush.

Mary endeavored to bear her afflictions with fortitude; but where is the heart so steeled against the ills of the world, that, when all the hopes which it had on earth were wrecked, could brave the tempest unhurt? But she finally overmastered her feelings with a manliness of spirit, and came forth again into the world initiated into its secrets, and with a bosom prepared to meet its woes. She discovered and acknowledged the justice of her parents advice, and her heart learned to cling with more fondness around her who had thus guided her in the paths of rectitude. She wept at her own want of discernment, and was assured that there is a material difference between sober experience and youthful impetuosity.

CLARENCE.

## MISCELLANY.

FROM THE MIRROR OF TRAVELLERS.

I once had two near neighbors, who lived in a couple of old fashioned Dutch houses, which thought they made no great figure without, were very snug and comfortable within, and accorded very well with their circumstances, which were but moderate. One of the houses had sunk at one of the corners a few inches, in consequence of some little defect in the foundation; but this had happened twenty years before, and the building had ever since remained perfectly stable, being reckoned not the least injured, or the worse for its eccentricity of shape. The other house had some little defect in the chimney, which although it might as well not have been there, was no serious consequence. Both lived perfectly content, and if a wish would have removed these effects, they would hardly have taken the trouble to utter it.

In process of time, however, the spirit of improvement got into our part of the town, and some great little busy body, suggested to the owners of the two houses, the perfect ease with which the sunken corner and crooked chimney, might be remedied at a trifling expense. At first they wisely shook their heads; but the advice was repeated every day, and every body knows that the perpetual repetition of the same thing, is like the droping of water—it will wear away a stone at last. My two neighbors at length began to talk over the matter seriously together, and one day came to consult me on the matter. "Let very well alone," said I, and they went away, according to custom to do exactly contrary to the advice they came to solicit. The owner of the house with the sunken corner, and he of the crooked chimney, accordingly the next day went to work under the direction of the disciple of public improvements, to remedy these mortal inconveniences which they had borne for more than twenty years with the most perfect convenience. One got a great jack-screw under the delinquent corner; the other raised a mighty beam against his chimney, and to work they went, screwing and pushing with a vengeance. In less than fifteen minutes, the crooked chimney, being stubborn with age, and withal infirm, instead of quietly returning to the perpendicular, broke short off, upon the garret floor, carried that with it, and the whole mass stopped not to rest, till it found sol-

id bottom in the cellar. It was well that the dame and all the children, were out of doors, witnessing the progress of the experiment. Here was an honest, comfortable little Dutch house, sacrificed to the improvement of a crooked chimney.

The man of the sunken corner, succeeded to his utter satisfaction in placing the four corners on a level, and was delighted with his improvement; until going into his house, he beheld with utter dismay, that the shock given to the old edifice and the disturbance of its various parts which had cemented by time into one solid mass, had crooked his walls, so that they looked like a fish net, dislocated the window sills, removed the ends of the beams from their ancient resting places, in short, wrecked the whole establishment. It was become like a sieve, and the next time it rained, the whole family came out like drowned rats. There was not a dry corner in the whole house, nor a dry thread on its occupants.

The poor man set himself to work to remedy these inconveniences, and from time to time laid out a great deal of monney, in stopping crannies and setting the dislocated limbs. But all would not do—The whole frame of the edifice had been shaken to the centre, by the disturbance of its parts. There was no mending it; and nothing was left but to pull it down, and build a new one, with all the modern improvements. The man of the crooked chimney resolved to do the same. But the man who begins to dig a new cellar, very often commences undermining his own prosperity. The houses were at last finished, and very fine houses they were—but they did not belong to the owners. They were mortgaged for more than half they were worth, and in process of time money growing very scarce, they were sold for just enough to satisfy the creditors. The end of all was, that my neighbors had changed the little houses, with the sunken corner and crooked chimney for an immense mansion without walls or chimney. They were literally turned out of doors. "I wish we had let very well alone," said they to me, as they departed to the wilderness to begin the world anew.

## MADRID.

The ordinary sights of Madrid are amusing. On entering in the morning by the gate of Toledo, or the Place De La Cenada, where the market is held, nothing is more striking than the confused mass of people from the country and the provinces, who variously clad, are arriving and departing, going and coming. There a Castilian draws around him with dignity the folds of his ample cloak, like a Roman Senator in his toga. Here a cowherd from La Mancha, with his long goad in his hand, clad in a kilt of ox-skin, whose antique shape bears some resemblance to the tunic worn by the Roman and Gothic warriors. Further on may be seen men with their hair confined in long silk. Others, wearing a kind of short brown vest, striped with blue and red, conveying the idea of the Moorish garb. The men who wear this dress come from Andalusia.—They are remarkable for their lively black eyes, their rapid utterance, and expressive animated countenances. At the corners of the streets and places of resort, are to be seen women preparing refreshments for all those who have no permanent abode in Madrid.

On arriving, we observed long trains of mules, laden with skins, containing wine and oil; and large droves of asses under the care of one person, speaking to them incessantly. We were met by carriages also, drawn by eight or ten mules, ornamented with small bells. A single coachman guided them either at trot or gallop with wonderous dexterity, making no use of reins, and urging them forward with his voice alone, shouting most savagely. These mules are trained all to stop at the same instant by one long shrill whistle. They might be mistaken for teams of stags or elks, by their long tapered legs, the height of their stature, and the bold lofty carriage of their heads. The shouts of the coach drivers and muleteers,—the constant chiming of the bells of the churches,—the various dresses of the men,—the more than sufficient show of southern energy displayed by their gestures and loud sonorous cries in a language we did not understand,—their manners so unlike our own; all contributed to give

to the Spanish capital a most strange appearance to people accustomed to the quietness with which all is done in the north. We were the more struck with it, because Madrid was the first large city we had found peopled after we entered Spain.

At the hour of the Siesta, and more particularly in summer, during the heat of the day, all this uproar ceased, and the whole city resigned itself to sleep. The only sound then heard in the streets was the echo of the trampling of the horses of some of our troops of cavalry, returning from, or going their rounds or the drum of some detachment of infantry about to mount the solitary guard. That very drum had already beaten the march and the charge in Alexandria, in Cairo, in Rome, and almost in every city of Europe, from Konigsberg to Madrid."

## PARTING WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

About two years ago a sailor had the misfortune to take on board more grog than ballast, and falling into the hold, dislocated his shoulder. The poor fellow was at sea, and being without proper surgical aid, he lost the use of his limb. It hung useless from his body, and proved a great burthen. Having applied to the most celebrated surgeon in London, he was told that nothing could be done for him but removing the arm from the socket. He was not so ready at first to part company with his arm, but being told it would never again render him any assistance, Jack consented to have it cut off, observing at the time that no hull should keep aboard more cats than could catch mice. He was admitted, some months since, into Guy's Hospital, and prepared for the operation. All the pupils attended to see the operator take off the arm, and nothing could exceed the skill displayed by Sir———, on the occasion. The arm was put aside to be taken away. Jack never uttered a word until it was over. He then said, "I should like to see my arm, if you have no objection." "None," replied Sir———, "if you desire." The amputated limb was brought, and Jack, taking the hand, exclaimed very deliberately, "farewell messmate! You and I have weathered many a tough gale together, and now we must part: you have been a good friend to me: I shall never find such another!"—The surgeon was struck by the manner in which he had taken leave of his arm, and a handsome subscription was entered into for his benefit. He got well in a few weeks, but has not yet lost the recollection of parting with his old friend.

ARABIC SAYINGS.—Reside where thou wilt, acquire knowledge and virtue, and they will stand thee in the place of ancestors: the man is he who can say, "See what I am;" not he who says, "see what my father was." When God would display in broad day, a virtue hidden in the shade, he excites against it the tongue of the envious. If the flame did not catch every thing surrounding it, the exquisite perfume of the aloes would be unknown.—Thus life is but a fragile fragment; senseless is he who attaches himself to it: what is past is dead; what is to come is hidden: thou hast only the moment in which thou breathest.—Thy life is divided into two portions; consider well what they are: that which is gone, is a dream; that which remains, a wish.

POMPEII. Ten days ago we went to Pompeii. It was all marvel and beauty; the city a wonder, and its site fairy-land. You do not descend, you rise to Pompeii. Its first aspect is that of a mound of earth, and, when you enter, above lofty columns and walls you see large trees growing. The ashes that overwhelmed the city, and the soil thrown out in making the excavations, have produced this mound-like exterior.—But what shall I say of the interior? Perfect streets, rows of shops, theatres, palaces, temples, standing in majestic and silent desolation: our aged guide and ourselves, the only human beings visible, amidst edifices, and in places once thronged, and noisy with multitudes, intent on business, or pleasure, or piety!—*Tour of a recent Traveller.*

GERMAN SMOKERS. The devotion for tobacco is here no *sham* or affectation, but a real downright, hearty national infatuation—the air seems impregnated with the smell. The clerk, whose hands are engaged in engrossing, smokes, holding his pipe between his teeth, the bowl of it resting some yards off in a window seat. The postilion, when the disentanglement of a contumacious knot in a package obliges him to quit his, lays it down as he would surrender his heart's blood—with a dismal groan. The students more gentle and book-learned, make more ingenious and acceptable sacrifices to their Indian God; sixteen of them came here, occupying the Diligence, from Halle, each armed with his pipe

and store of ammunition; they sat with the windows closed that the valued fume might not escape, puffing away and revelling delighted.

A COMPLIMENT RETURNED. Hogarth being once at the house of Vanloo, then the fashionable portrait painter, and looking over a legion of his portraits, Monsieur, with a low bow, told him he had not words to express how much he admired *his charicatures*. Hogarth returned his bow, and told him *he equally admired his*.

A PAIR OF POCKETS. No prince was more addressed than Charles II.; but the very people who sent these generous, nay, extravagant offers, scarcely allowed him the necessary supplies. Killigrew gave private orders to the King's tailor to make one of his majesty's coat-pockets of an enormous size, and the other scarcely larger than a thimble. The King, being informed that this was done at the desire of Killigrew, asked him the reason. 'May it please your majesty,' replied the wag, 'the large pocket is to receive the addresses and professions of your subjects; and the other is to put the *money* in, which they present you with.

HAPPINESS. That all that are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousnesses. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. This question was very happily illustrated by the Rev. Mr. Robt. Brown, of Utrecht. "A small drinking-glass and a large one," said he, "may be equally full, but a large one holds more than the small."

When straw bonnets first became general, it was common to trim them with bunches of artificial wheat or barley in ear, on which the late Miles Peter Andrews wrote the following lines:—

Who now of threatened famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes!
Our barns are now transferr'd to the drawing-rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their graneries may *thrash their wives*.

BYRON. At the time Lord Byron was one of the committee for the management of Drury Lane, a pretty young woman, who had been smitten with the disease of scrawling poetry, went to his house with her manuscript, to request permission to dedicate her work to his lordship. He received her in his library, and made many enquiries respecting her situation and mode of life. Finding she was dependant and had formed the intention of trusting to her pen for her future subsistance, he urged her in the most eloquent and gentle manner, to abandon such a thought, and pointed out the wretchedness of a mode of existence at once so laborious and precarious.—He warned her of doing what she had then done, and counselled her never again to visit a young man, either in his own house or any where else; and having ascertained what she expected to receive for her manuscript, which he advised her not to publish, he presented her with a £50 note, and dismissed her, full of gratitude, and deeply affected by his dignified kindness and the sterling value of his advice.

## WHAT CAUSE HAVE WE FOR GRATITUDE.

I often consider that were we, more frequently than we do, to contrast our own political and social privileges, with the degraded condition of the wretched of our race, in many parts of the world, we would hence find, and I think, feel an imposing cause for individual and national gratitude. A few reflections on this subject, even though desultory, may nevertheless prompt useful thoughts and considerations.

In regard to our social relations, we cannot prize too highly the means within our grasp to improve them. Among these, and perhaps the greatest of them, are freedom of inquiry, the security of individual rights, and the maintenance of rational liberty. These privileges are derived from the genius and construction of our government, and secured to us by the provisions made for the proper and efficient administration of it Good government, therefore, and social happiness, are as intimately connected as cause and effect, the latter depending on the former. No country, it is conceded, can boast of the same equality of rank and fortune among its citizens, and the same like dissemination of social interest and enjoyment, as our own; consequently, the argument results in favor of the ascendant genius and provisions of the American constitution, as the operative causes of our political and social prosperity.

With the privileges, and general fund of happiness which, as individuals, and as a community, we enjoy, let us for a moment contrast the degraded character and conditions of the world. Many parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, contain millions of the human family, who, in consequence of "man's inhumanity to man," are doomed to suffer, under different forms, the iron hand of oppression in all the wretchedness of hopeless penury. This, thank Heaven, is not a stain upon our national escutcheon. In some portions of Asia and Africa man claims kindred with the brute, and feasts upon his fellow.—Humanity shudders at the very suggestion,

and weeps over this extreme degredation of our nature. In other regions, thousands of our species daily writhe under the severity of the lash, or other instruments of torture far more cruel and excruciating. Here is the gibbet, and there the stake, from the one suspended, and at the other burning, in quick succession, unnumbered immolated victims whose lingering tortures are insulted by the jeers of their unfeeling tormentors. Inventions are sought out, and even the productions of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, are laid under contribution, to aid in administering to the wretchedness of millions. Plains once verdant are now red, and mountains streaming with the blood of nations. The crown and the crescent meet in deadly combat, the former, the avenger of Grecian wrongs, the latter, the defender of assumed and unholy pretensions.—From these accumulated sufferings, even woman is not exempt. Though the oppression under which she is brought does not, like that to which degraded man is subjected, lacerate her body, and exact her blood, yet it is no less subduing. Not to speak of the wretched penury of her condition, vassalage is her portion. If she is a mother, she is doomed to be separated from her children, and see them faint, perhaps expire under the merciless scourge. If she is young and blooming, let the imagination depict her sufferings; the pen recoils from the description.

These, reader, are but imperfect outlines of the miserable condition of millions of our species. We, who bask in the sunshine of peace, and drink at the fountain of social happiness; who neither feel nor fear the hand of oppression; and whose budding hopes are every day blossoming and maturing into realities; we do not appreciate as we ought our high and enviable destiny. The most abject creature of the American republic, is a prince, when the means of his enjoyment are contrasted with thousands of Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans. Could we occasionally witness degraded and wretched man as he exists in some parts of the earth, we would then value more justly than we do, and see cause to be thankful for our "goodly heritage;" a legacy bequeathed to us by Heaven through our forefathers, for which the least return we can make, is the expression of our undissembled gratitude. SILVANUS.

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## NECESSITY OF CULTIVATING THE MIND.

Amidst the infinite variety of subjects which the varying scenes of life call to our attention, perhaps there is none of more importance than the cultivation of the mind. Indeed, this is a subject in which all are concerned, because the true interest and happiness of all are intimately and inseparably connected with it — It is unnecessary to enter on a process of metaphysical reasoning to show that the permanent felicity of *man* depends upon the ascendency of *mind* over *physical nature*. The great advances of the intellect in the pursuits of knowledge at this period of the world, supercede the necessity of such an argument; yet it is necessary that the reader should be reminded of the general truth; and I would further remind him that it is in the great influence the cultivation of the mind has upon the character and moral condition of man, that its importance consists. Nations have arisen or fallen in the scale of power and greatness, in proportion as they have attended to, or slighted the cultivation of the mind. It is the neglect to improve it, that constitutes the difference between savage and civilized man. Those therefore who are disposed to impute the miseries of human life to any other cause than man himself, should be cautious lest they offend against, and incur the displeasure of Heaven: for I do contend that it is contradicting all our knowledge, both natural and revealed, of the infinite justice, wisdom, and goodness of Deity, to suppose that so much inequality in both the physical and moral condition of man, as is discoverable in reviewing the nations of the earth, could have been the work of an infinitely just, wise and good Being. Let us therefore cease impiously to impugn the justice of Heaven, by attributing to Deity the authorship of a state of things wholly incompatible with his nature, and turn our attention to the investigation of the causes of those apparent inequalities, and the consequent wretchedness of man, upon principles deducible from facts, and from a just consideration of the attributes and character of the Deity. It is an observation of the celebrated Addison, that the most of the difficulties and misfortunes incident to human life, result from our own imprudence and indiscretion. The same doctrine is taught us also, but under different circumstances, by an apostle of the Saviour of man, when he declares that by our works we must stand or fall. These authorities are sufficient to establish the truth of the position, (even if all others were wanting,) that the happiness of man, either collectively or individually considered, depends upon himself. He, therefore, who in consequence of misfortunes, repines at the dispensations of providence, offends against the clearest lights of reason, and stands in the presence of Deity, a guilty violator of his revealed will.

But if it be true that our happiness, or misery, is thus at our own disposal, how, it may be inquired, is it that we find so much human misery and wretchedness in the world? This interrogatory is answered by the argument showing the necessity of cultivating the mind. When this is neglected, reason loses her empire, the judgment is distorted, and man thus deprived, as it were, of his understanding, is rendered incompetent to pursue regularly those means which religion, reason, and human discretion prescribe as best calculated to avoid the evils of life, and to secure a happy immortality. In viewing the history of man from the earliest ages to the present time, it will be found that those nations who attended to the

cultivation of the human mind, and with whom literature, science and the arts flourished to the greatest extent, were alone great, powerful and happy: and, on the contrary, that those nations who neglected the improvement of the mind, remained shrouded in the mantle of ignorance, wretchedness and obscurity. Now, those means which are best calculated to enhance national prosperity, wealth and happiness, are equally adapted to the same purposes in individual life; for whatever is calculated to increase the physical power, and improve the moral condition of a whole nation, must necessarily improve the condition of every individual in it. Upon these principles, then, let us profit by the experience of ages past. Let man study the history of himself, that he may improve his condition; for the world has existed long enough to afford experimental knowledge sufficient for the government and happiness of its inhabitants, without having recourse to theoretical speculations in any of the departments of knowledge. We ought, therefore, however discordant our opinions in other matters necessarily connected with the journey of life, and as we value our own happiness, or that of those around us, to be united in the cultivation of the mind, as affording a rational ground of securing individual happiness, as the best security of a free government, and as the true foundation for the perpetuity of the American Republic. CLERICUS.

MISERIES. To be compelled to listen to the story of an honest man who has been unfortunate, and not to possess the means of relieving his distresses—A full heart and an empty pocket!

To have as much of sound principle as will keep you silent when a company of slanderers, like a flock of buzzards round a stray horse, are regaling themselves upon a *character*:—knowing that you are deemed an idiot for not being fluent in scandall.

To be dunned by a wretch who stands before you with each fist resting upon money in his pockets, while you are full of *honor*, but empty of *cash!* feeling a painful desire to kick him down stairs, but constrained to soothe and to treat him with courtesy for the sake of those who look up to you for bread.
—Oh misery most refined!

Passing along the street in attendance upon a lady who speaks so loud as to leave you in a confusion of doubts, to know whether she is addressing the world or yourself—speaking to the *public*, or mildly replying in your private ear.—No small misery.

At an exhibition, to be seated behind the portentious screen of a Leghorn, or the *total eclipse* of a dandy's dozen capes, and compelled to stretch your neck another joint—looking ever afterwards as if you were half hanged!

AMBITION. It is natural for great souls to wish to procure immortality to their names, in order that a something may remain of them after their earthly dissolution, to collect laurels, and to make them the objects of admiration to posterity. Pliny the Younger made this confession: "I confess," said he, "that nothing employs my mind more than the extreme desire I have of immortalising my name, since such appears to me to be a design worthy of a man of honor and virtue. He, who knows his life to be free from reproach, fears not to have it handed down to posterity."

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, NOV. 29, 1828.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

It is stated that a new method has been invented and patented in France, for the instruction of children of all ages in reading, in from two to six days. This will probably eventually prove to be as great a hoax as many of our fortnight systems of learning grammar, mathematics, &c. However, it might be well enough for our legislature to make some statutory provision for the teaching par force all the children within the limits of our Commonwealth to read in the shortest manner possible, in case the wonderful invention should actually be of as great worth as it is thought to be. It might serve to amuse for our legislators and lengthen out the sittings of the general court as well as legislating upon the width of wheel rims that the people may be permitted to use, and the times and manner they may be allowed to take fish and shoot birds, it being presumed that "the intelligent yeomanry" of the state have not sufficient discretion to direct themselves in such important affairs.

It was announced some months since that Capt Morgan was supposed to be in Smyrna, a recent letter from that place contradicts the supposition of that person being Morgan who was supposed there to be him.

Great excitements exist in Ireland among the Catholic population, and it is thought they will eventually resort to force to assert their rights.

The advances of the Russian Army in Turkey have by no means fulfilled the expectations of Europe. They are wasting their strength and time before second rate fortresses, and recent accounts state that their army is about retiring for winter quarters.

## POETRY.

### DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholly days are come, the sadest of the year,—
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the summer leaves lie dead—
They rustle to the edying-wind, and to the rabbit's tread:—
The robin and the wren are flown; and from the shrubs, the Jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, thro' all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the bright, young flowers, that smiled beneath the feet,
Of hues so passing beautiful, and breath so passing sweet?
Alas! they all are in their graves—the lovely race of flowers,
Are lying in their lonely beds, with the fair and good of ours.—
The rain is falling on their graves;—but the chill November rain
Calls not, from out the silent earth, the lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the Briar-rose and orchis died amid the Summer's glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the astor in the wood,
And the yellow Sun-flower by the brook, in Autumn beauty stood—
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold Heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the blossom never smiled again by upland glade or glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days must come,
To call the squirrel and the bee, from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the leaves are still,
And wrinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill:
Then the south-wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the field, and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty died,—
The fair, meek blossom that grew up, and faded by my side;—
In the cold, moist earth, we laid her, when the tempest cast the leaf—
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:—
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,—
So buoyant and so beautiful, should perish like the flowers. BRYANT.

*From the Crystal.*

### HENRY SECOND OF ENGLAND.

BY A LADY.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child. SHAKESP.

Monarch!—there's paleness on thy brow,—
Hath sickness blanch'd thy cheek?—
A pang doth set its seal even now
Which language fails to speak;—
The crown gleams radient on thy head,—
Thy royal robes are gay,
Far realms behold thy might with dread,
And Albion lords thy sway.—

Though valiant, wise, and glorious, King,
What demon blasts thy days?
What wo hath power a breast to wring
Which pride and envy praise?—
I question'd long, ere word or tone
From his stern lip did part,—
At length there rose a hollow moan,—
"*Go,—ask a father's heart!*"

"What!--are thy princely sons laid low
In honour's scutcheon'd bed?—
And therefore do thy sorrows flow
To wail the early dead?"—

*From the Hesperus.*

### HOME.

Far, far on the track of past years,
Still bright in its smiles and its tears,
The home of my childhood appears,
With an interest which distance endears.

O, ne'er will its warm sunny ray,
From my lone bosom vanish away,
But will shine at the close of life's day,
Undimmed in the midst of decay.

The smile of affection that calls
The lone wanderer back to its halls,
*May* triumph o'er *time's* fated thralls,
Ere *its'* shade of forgetfulness falls.

With friends we may part with emotion,
But home claims the heart's still devotion,
As beaconfires may shine o'er the ocean,
Unquenched by its waves' wild commotion.
IVES.

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

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## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### A FRAGMENT.

DISCOVERED IN COUSIN CALEB'S TABLE DRAWER.

Thomas Davis was always a firm and staunch friend of mine, notwithstanding his peculiar character. He was rather eccentric withal; having a decent opinion of himself, (who has not?) and a great admirer of the ladies. Tom, being human, necessarily had his faults; but they were not of so glaring a character as to cause the enmity of any person living, but rather were of that kind which generated sport among his associates; and consequently, he was often the laughing stock of the company when absent, although his presence was greeted with glad smiles and similar hearts. We all were delighted with his company, and certainly, a better hearted fellow never lived. But Thomas was led astray by

'That passion which springs in the depth of the soul,
Whose beginnings are virginly pure as the source
Of some mountainous rivulet, destined to roll
As a torrent, ere long losing peace in its course.'

This was the very circumstance that spoiled Thomas; he believed females, to be a race of beings entirely distinct, and in most points vastly different from men, and thought that they would be better pleased with the frippery of dress, than the decorations of the heart; and with a superficial polish of manners, than the high cultivation of the mind.—Here, I say, was Thomas's error; for this idolatry of the ladies caused him to take upon himself so many disagreeable airs, that he rendered every person in his society uncomfortable. Sociability was interrupted and that freedom and ease which is the very zest of friendly conversation was banished. Another distinguishing trait of my friend's character was, (and I consider it as a convincing proof that love and poetry are connected) a great love of romance and poetry. His thoughts seemed to be moulded in a romantic mind. He drank inspiration from a beautiful landscape, and read volumes of poetry in the glistening stars. He would wander away alone to enjoy some lonely solitude, and often has he been known to stand by the hour together, wrapped in a profound reverie, gazing at the translucent ripples of a bubbling brook, or the broad expanse of a mighty river. But where am I wandering? It was not my intention to delineate Thomas's whole character when I commenced, neither should I have ventured to say any thing concerning him, had it not been for one incident in his life, the occurrence of which delighted me. Thomas was a dupe to flattery, and by flattering himself and being flattered by others for their own diversion, he had wrought his mind to believe that the lovely Miss Waterman whose

"rich soft hair,
In radiant ringlets down her bosom fair
Fell, like the beams of morning on the prow
Of the light heaving bark,"

was to be his partner through life, and share with him its various trials and afflictions, its joys and its sorrows. Diffidence was a family failing among the Davis's, and in truth, Thomas inherited no small portion of it. This hung as ponderous a weight upon his mind as time does upon the hands of the indolent. His case was desperate, but he eventually acquired confidence to go upon an adventure in which he considered that his whole happiness for life was staked.

It was a beautiful evening in the summer. The moon was walking majestically in brightness beyond a light and fleecy cloud, which was seen wandering alone in the sky like a being lost in the wilderness. Not a breath of air was stirring among the trees, but their dewy leaves were reposing in the moon-light, sparkling like a bed of diamonds. The world was sunk in repose that seemed as sweet and quiet as an infant's dream, while thousands of happy insects were lulling it with their notes of melody. Setting at my window to enjoy the goodly prospect which nature spread before me, I beheld Thomas pass, and knew, as it were intuitively, the object of his night walking. He hastened upon his way with a step as light and buoyant as a dancing leaf. His breast was beating high in hope, and his spirits were elevated by his fond expectations.

In precisely half an hour, Thomas passed my window in a retrogade direction with a slow and melancholy step, repeating to himself,

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!"

FOR THE TALISMAN.

## ANTI-MATRIMONIALISTS.

The Editor differs entirely in his views of the matrimonial state from the writer of the following piece, but as he appears to have written in the honest sincerity of his heart, his views upon the subject, and is desirous of having them in print, the editor has inserted the communication.

What a clay cold heart must that man possess, how lost to all the feelings and delights of nature must he be who in his sober senses can curse the sacred union of marriage. What a cold, chilled, frozen, soul must he inherit, who can bar the entrance of one glow of admiration, when witnessing the mutual accordance of two ardent hearts, and corresponding minds, that have been bound together by nuptial rites. But I was once an Anti-Matrimonialist. It was then my pride and pleasure to rail against the sacred union of mankind: I would get comfortably seated perhaps, by a good fire: And all alone, would begin thus.—As for matrimony, I'll none of it; here I live, lord of my little domain, which contains a good stove, a chair, and a bed, (which perhaps, had been made within a fortnight,) I can retire when I please, can be absent when I please, and leave without having my anxiety taxed with the gnawing idea that I have a wife.—Somehow I at length became half convinced within myself that my Anti-Matrimonial doctrines were not sound. To decide upon the case, I immediately vacated my little dirty, smoky room,* and went to board with an acquaintance who had entered the bonds of wedlock some three years since. Here I was every day a witness to scenes that made the sandy foundations of my doctrine tremble. To see him return after being absent a day or two and join the little circle of wife and children; the latter run and meet him, their countenances lighted with such innocent smiles, and clambering upon his knee the moment he sat. And then his wife with her ever cheerful countenance by his side, it was a welcome that any one (not a possessor) might envy. And perhaps after supper to see them form a circle around the blazing hearth, was a scene of happiness perfectly delineated.† About this time being called away upon business, had to visit several of our large towns and cities, I strictly observed those of my acquaintances who had partaken of the sweets of matrimony.—Taking the sum-total of their pleasures and happiness and comparing them with my own, I assure you my belief in bachelorism was fast failing. My doctrines grew weaker and weaker, until I arrived in the town where you are located, (and you cannot name one more pleasant to my taste,) when down they went with a tremendous crash upon my pride. I took a room fronting the street, where I could see the passers-by on both sides. I soon had a call from a friend, almost the only one I had in town, who knowing my former principles, soon began to crack his jokes over my poor weather-beaten bachelor head, which I had not the heart to repel had it been in my power. In the mean time, I saw many pretty faces pass the window and not one of them but my friend would give me to know who they were. "All attractions," said he, "and if you will make a short stay in town, you shall be made acquainted with them." My pride could not con-

* A smoky dirty room would be enough to force a bachelor to the uncomfortable alteration of suffering matrimony and running the extreme risk of finding himself linked to a scolding wife, an evil second only to a smoky house. The writer would doubtless have retained his bachelor propensities firmly and consistently if he had a pleasant room, and kept it as neatly as bachelors are wont to keep their "*dens*" as the ladies civilly call their rooms.

† Quere, did the children never scream and squall? were they never cross and worrisome? was madam always in good humor, always smiling? Why, this state of affairs as here told, would almost tempt the Editor to become—"Benedict, the married man." But there is a tedious sameness in these ever smiling faces, that, like the sand plains of the south, weary one past endurance, for want of variety. No Sir, you present too pleasant a picture to the eye for us to easily credit that its counterpart ever existed in real life. We know woman's mind too well, together with the thousand ills which flesh is heir, to expect all sunshine and soft words from them. The fairest, brightest summer's day is often but a prelude to the thunder storm, and other violent commotions of nature. As we have no wish to make converts to our cause, or to restrain the unwilling and reluctant of our numbers to bachelor principles if they desire to change their condition; the Editor adds, that he will do his best to assist J. in our village if his friend should chance to be out of town when J. comes with a mind bent on perpetrating matrimony, though the Editor considers it an affair little short of assisting a man to become *felo de se*.

It is exceedingly amusing to see the triumph displayed in the countenances of the ladies and the multitude of gratulations that pass among them when it is announced that another of their number has plighted her faith (to remain constant we suppose until whim or caprice shall dictate a change) & yet they have much reason to exult, for they well know, that the men hold the reins and that they cannot be married unless these "obstinate brutes" of men choose they should be. G.

sent—and ordering my horse and gig, I steped in and drove home quite an altered man. And I have now come to the conclusion that I shall soon give my friend a call in hopes of receiveing a renewed invitation. J.

## FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

HANNAH MORE, a lady who has, for a length of time, held a conspicuous place in the literary world, is the youngest of five daughters of a clergyman, who resided near Bristol, England, and who was distinguished for his classical knowledge and goodness of heart. At an early period, the subject of this sketch, discovered a taste for literature, which she cultivated during her leisure hours. Having read through all the works in her paternal library, she put in requisition, the books of her village friends. During this period her sisters conducted a small school, in which they acquitted themselves so well, that, at the solicitation of several ladies of fortune and discernment, they were induced to remove to Bristol, and open a boarding school, which afterwards became one of the most celebrated in England. Miss H. More accompanied her sisters, and assisted them in their laudable employ, where she acquired the friendship of the Rev. Dr. Stonehouse, who not only encouraged, but improved her literary taste. Her first work, "The Search after Happiness," appeared in 1779, was favorably received, and induced her to publish "Sir Elder of the Bower," "The Bleeding Rock," and a tragedy, called "The Inflexible Captive," founded on the story of Regulus. By Dr. Stonehouse's kindness, she was introduced to Mr. Garrick, who advised her to write for the stage. In consequence of her acquaintance with the inimitable actor, she wrote "Percy," a tragedy, which was well received, and established her fame as a dramatic writer. Her thoughts, however, soon took a more serious turn; and in 1782, she published "Sacred Dramas," and took the opportunity to declare, that she did not think the stage, in its present state, becoming the countenance of a Christian, and she renounced all dramatic attempts, except as poems. In 1786, she published "Flora," a tale, and the "Bas blue, or Conversation," two poems; "Thoughts on the manners of the Great" was published in the same year anonymously, and was for some time assigned to Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Porteus, and others.—This was soon followed by "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," which excited much attention. About this period she formed a society for instructing the poor in the duties of the Christian religion, and devoted much of her time to this charitable object. The Sunday schools, likewise, owe much of their success to her pen and indefatigable exertions. In short, whether we view her as a public or private character, goodness of heart seems blended with comprehensive powers of mind. This excellent woman has long been confined to her chamber by a distressing malady, but still employs her pen, in writing for the press. In this state, she has produced some of her best performances, among which are "Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess:" "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," which appeared in 1809, and was so much admired, that it ran through ten editions in one year. "Practical Piety," in 1811, "Christian Morals," in 1815; "Moral Sketches," in 1819. Her works have been published in this country in nine volumes.

## KNAVERY.

I have often, too often been tempted, at the daily relation of new knaveries, to despise human nature in every individual, till, on minute anatomy of each trick, I found that the knave was only an enthusiast or momentary fool. This discovery of momentary folly, symptoms of which assail the wisest and the best, has thrown a great consolatory light on inquiries into man's moral nature: by this the theorist is enabled to assign each class and each individual their own peculiar fit of vice or folly; and to contrast the ludicrous or dismal catalogue with the pleasing one of sentiment and virtue, more properly their own.

The above is from Lavater, and the doctrine is as true as it is peculiar. If we look with the eyes of abhorrence into the manifold dishonourable and dishonest actions, which are daily and hourly committed throughout the world, and view their perpetration with horror, as proceeding from malignity of heart or dishonesty of purpose, what a degrading and contemptuous opinion must we form of our fellow creatures. But all who are knaves, are not so from downright depravity and villainy—passion, ignorance and a want of self controul, frequently counteract the operations of those who really imagine themselves possessed of rectitude of heart, integrity and honour. Many a man is a knave because he cannot help himself. Many individuals will deliberately commit a fraud, which were he capable of viewing in the light that others do, he would shrink from as an act despicably debased. The human character is a complete paradox of inconsistencies. One act of an individual's life, will frequently counteract the good opinions which his history has afforded for years. We do not

pretend to say that any man is constitutionally a knave. The education, society and habits of life are altogether accessary in the formation of disposition, and as some by these means become peculiarly passionate, or otherwise, so will they imbibe honourable or dishonourable propensities with regard to the material points of character. Over this destiny arising from the course of human events, man can possibly have no controul. The principles are not in the heart, but are mainly the fruits of the fortuitous and uncontrolable circumstances of life. Therefore is it that knavery is as frequently the product of folly as of vice. Somebody has said "every knave is a fool," and used as an argument to make this doctrine good, that sooner or later, knavery redounds with ten fold violence upon itself. An imbecile villain is of all God's creatures the most contemptible. He inevitably foils himself, and is made the dupe of his own stratagem. Yet these pitiful wretches are certainly deserving of mercy as well as contempt. They are a harmless tribe and the retributive sword of justice should rather tremble above than crush them. But speculation upon the follies and crimes of human nature is an unpleasant though sometimes a necessary employment, and we will conclude this article with this noble sentiment, "he who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror."

*Phil. Album.*

Indian Traditions.—The Dog-rib Indians, who, derived from the same stock with the Chippewayans, say that, according to the tradition of their fathers, the first man was named Chapewee. He found the world well stocked with food, and he created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit, the black and the white, but forbade them to eat the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion for the purpose of conducting the sun to the world. During this first absence, his children were obedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it all: the consequence was, that when he a second time absented himself to bring the moon, and longed for fruit, they forgot the orders of their farther, and ate of the black which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased on his return, and told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they would be tormented by sickness and death; penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day. Chapewee himself lived so long that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life: but he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver tooth into his head.

## MRS. HEMANS.

Were it not entirely superfluous, we should like to express, in full, our opinion of this lady's productions; but when there is an universal acknowledgment of her lofty imagination, of the depth and clearness of her thought, and of her surprising facility in embodying her conceptions, an acquiescence to the public voice is all that can be required of us. Her lighter efforts, those which have been thrown off to comply with the solicitations of Magazine Editors and manufacturers of Souvenirs' are familiar to every reader. They are seized upon greedily by the proprietor of every newspaper, however obnoxious some of them may be to criticism—are read, and studied, and treasured up in the heart, as are the verses of no other man or woman now living. It is certainly true that Mrs. Hemans is the only writer whose words are upon the tongue of every reader, be he but the mere seeker out of ship news, or the searcher after advertisements of bales of cotton and quintals of cod-fish. But her character as a poet does not depend upon those flashes of inspiration, the light of which is scattered so widely. It is in her larger poems, her laboured efforts, that her glory beams forth—that her masculine strength is developed. These are indeed offerings meet for the acceptance of Apollo. In them she tells us of the high purposes of patriotic souls, of the passing love and firmness of woman, of the agony of the broken heart, and the triumph of the proud one, even in death

itself. She accomplishes her purpose in every thing she attempts; not with the aid of artificial, unmeaning flourishes of language, but by her intimate acquaintance with the human mind. Its secret workings she traces out, its darker meanings she translates its dimmest visions she interprets.

To the honor of the age which may justly boast of its Hemans we believe she could with safety say, that she has never written *one line which, dying, she could wish to blot.* *Bryant.*

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Fox, the Quaker. This individual, many years deceased, was a most remarkable man in his circle; a great natural genius, which employed itself upon trival or not generally interesting matters. He deserved to be better known than he was. The last years of his life he resided at Bristol. He was a great Persian scholar, and published some translations of the poets of that nation, which were well worthy of perusal. He was self-taught, and had patience and perseverence for any thing. He was somewhat eccentric, and had the quickest reasoning power, and consequently the greatest coolness, of any man of his day, who was able to reason. His house took fire in the night; it was situated near the sea; it was uninsured, and the flames spread so rapidly nothing could be saved. He saw the consequences instantly, made up his mind to them as rapidly, and ascending a hill at some distance in the rear of his dwelling, watched the picture and reflection of the flames on the sea, admiring its beauties as if it were a holy day bonfire.

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Italian Proverbs. He who serves God hath the best master in the world. Where God is, there is nothing wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's esteem.—He hath a good judgement who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converses with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom. He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after. Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friends, of your enemy neither well nor ill.—The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door. The monody you refuse will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom.

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Egotism. Of all the follies which men are apt to fall into, to the disturbance of others, and lessening of themselves there is none more intolerable than continual *egotism* and perpetual inclination to self panegyric. The mention of this weakness is sufficient to expose it; since I think no man was ever possessed of so warm an affection for his own person, as deliberately to assert, that it, and its concerns are proper topics to entertain company. Yet there are many, who, through want of attention, fall into this vein, as soon as the conversation begins to acquire life; they lay hold of every opportunity of introducing themselves, of describing themselves, and if people are so dull as not to take the hint, of commending themselves; nay, what is more surprising than all this, they are amazed at the coldness of their auditors; forgetting that the same passion inspires almost every body; and that there is scarce a man in the room who has not a better opinion of himself than of any body else.

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A new road across the Alps. We learn from the French papers, that the Sardinian government have undertaken the construction of a road across Mont du Chat, from Chamberry to Yenne and Belley, in the direction which it is supposed Hannibal followed, in his invasion of Italy. A branch from the route, will lead to the Abbey of Haute Combe, which the king has built, a delightful country seat.

In respect to its style of construction, this road is spoken of as one of the finest in Europe; and the police being lately much less rigid in their requirements, travellers will pursue that route with great pleasure and convenience.

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The Whale The greatest supply of oil yielded by a single whale was the enormous quantity of 117 butts, or about 43 tons; it was struck by a person of the name of Pashby, who was harpooner to the *Fanny* whaler of Hull; and as the blubber is supposed to weigh about one-third of the whole, this animal did not weigh less than 129 tons. Such are the dimensions of the Greenland whale, that jaw bones of this animal have been seen measuring more than twenty feet in length. The tongue of a large whale weighs two tons, and yields 126 gallons of oil; and of so enormous a size are its lips, and so much do they abound in blubber, that one alone has afforded sufficient of the latter to yield two tons of pure oil.

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No colds at St. Petersburgh. It is a fact which will startle my readers, that "a cold" is seldom to be heard of in St. Petersburgh. That anomalous species of disorder is indigenous to England, and above all to London. It does an infinity of mischief, and covers many a blunder. In the capital of Russia, few people complain of "a cold;" and if a person of consequence (who has been for a great length of time dying of disease ill understood, or badly managed,) does actually fall a

victim to the complaint, the candid physician does not, as in some other capital, attempt to mistify the friends, by remarking that "the patient was getting better, but *caught cold* and died." There are, seriously speaking, so few diseases of the chest, catarrhs and defluxions, and feverish colds in the Russian capital, that I was quite surprised on hearing consumption quoted as almost an epidemic complaint.

*Granville's Travels.*

## FRIENDSHIP.

Beware of those who on a short acquaintance, make you a tender of their friendship, and seem to place a confidence in you: 'tis ten to one but they deceive and betray you: however, do not rudely reject them upon such a supposition; you may be civil to them, tho' do not intrust them. Silly men are apt to solicit your friendship and unbosom themselves upon the first acquaintance; such a friend cannot be worth having, their friendship being as slender as their understanding; and if they proffer their friendship with a design to make a property of you, they are dangerous acquaintance indeed. Not but the little friendship of the weak may be of some use to you, if you do not return the compliment; and it may not be amiss to seem to accept those of designing men, keeping them, as it were, in play, that they may not be open enemies; for their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. We may certainly hold their vices in abhorrence, without being marked out as their personal enemy. The general rule is to have a real reserve with almost every one, and a seeming reserve with almost no one: for it is very disgusting to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few observe the true medium. Many are ridiculously mysterious upon trifles, and many indiscreetly communicative of all they know.

Marriages in Holland.—Marriages in Holland are merely civil obligations, which require no ecclesiastical sanction to give them validity. A week or two before the intended consumation, notice is given to the Burgomaster; the certificate of baptism, and the consent of the parents (when that consent is necessary) are deposited with the magistrate, and on the day fixed, the parties attend with their friends in the town hall, and the article of the code is read, which records the obligations of the matrimonial condition; then the Burgomaster asks in a loud voice, whether the parties consent to fulfil the matrimonial obligations, and on their answering "yes," or bowing the head in assent, he declares the marriage valid. The protestants sometimes proceed to the house of the Dominie, or minister, to ask his blessing and sometimes the Burgomaster himself accompanies the civil ceremony with a word of advice, or a friendly benediction. As marriage is one of the sacraments of the Roman church, the right is not completed, if the parties are Catholics, until the following Sunday, when they confess themselves, and partake of the Lord's Supper.

Divorces in France.—The following is the system of divorce in France:—If either the man or woman wish to be divorced, they must give notice of it to the Prefect, and six months' time is necessary before it takes place; in the interim the necessary arrangements for the maintenance of the children are made, which are as follows—"The girls are generally consigned to the care of the mother, and the boys to the father; a very minute investigation takes place of the father's or mother's fortune, so that the children are certain of being provided for. If a man is rich, and is the party that sues for divorce, he must return half his wife's jointure, and settle a maintenance on her for life. If a woman sues for the divorce, the wife must return every article or present she has received from her husband, even before marriage. The woman is not compelled, however, to maintain her husband after divorce, but must her children. If the father marries, and has heirs by his last marriage, the children by the former wife have the same claims to the patrimony as the others."

A Wife.—In a new piece of Love and Reason, old General Dorlan is persuading Adjutant Vincent to marry. 'She is an angel,' says the General. 'I don't want an angel—I should'nt know what to do with an angel,' was the reply of the single hearted Adjutant. 'She is all sweetness,' rejoins the General.—'So is a bee-hive,' answers Vincent, 'but it does not follow that I should like to thrust my head into it.'

Mr. Cobbett's Beau-Ideal of a Laborer.—The following characteristic advertisement appears in Cobbett's Register:—"I want three or four laboring men *for the winter*, at three shillings per week, boarding and lodging in my farm house. They must be *single men*, young, stout, and know how to work upon a farm, and willing to rise early, to keep home steadily, and to be, at all times, sober. None need apply if they have lived a week, at any time, *within forty miles of London*. I prefer men from any part of Wiltshire, and from North Hants; but I object to no county, provided the parties have not lived within the above distance of London, and have been in farm service, or farm work *all their lives*. In the spring the men may go away, if they like; and, indeed, they may quit my service whenever they like, I being at liberty to quit paying them when I like."

"N. B. No man need come, unless he have a smock frock on his body, and nailed shoes upon his feet."

DR. PARR.—The rudeness of Dr. Parr to ladies was sometimes extreme. To a lady who had ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterwards apologised for herself by saying "that it was the privilege of women to talk nonsense;"—"No, madam," replied Dr. Parr, "it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle."

When we request the opinion of a friend upon any subject either relative to ourselves, or others, we should by no means rely upon its being always favorable to our wishes, or congenial with our own. It is *truth* we seek for, not *compliment*. We should therefore be prepared to hear it expressed without disguise, and be assured, those who have not sufficient independence to render, the candid decisions of their judgment on *all* occasions are not worthy of being consulted on *any*.—*Bower of Taste.*

The following highly poetical inscriptions, instead of the vulgar insignia of "boots and shoes," are to be found on the signs of two brethren of the craft of the metropolis:—

"Here's the man that wont refuse
For to mend both boots and shoes;
My leather's good, my charges just;
Excuse me—I must not trust."

The next is more sublime; but as it has less of the business-like style than the former, we should be inclined to prefer the man of modest pretensions for our cobbler.

"Blow, O blow, ye gentle breezes,
All among the leaves and treezes;
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
And I will mend your boots and shoozes."

WINTER is much dreaded before it arrives, yet when it comes it brings many enjoyments. It gives a new impulse to the social feelings—for the very cold that freezes a man's finger, seems to give a kindly thaw to his feelings.—The little family circle is never so closely united and so happy in itself as in a winter evening, especially when the storm is beating upon the window, and he ought to be a happy man who listens while one of his little children reads, and watches his eyes sparkling when he reads of an act of magnanimity, or his lip curl in scorn, at baseness and ingratitude.

CHANCE. Chance is the prime minister of fortune, and executes whatever that blind divinity decrees with respect to mortals. It flies as swift as thought, and comes as unexpectedly as the thief by night. It sometimes suddenly raises us to honors, for which we should have never presumed to hope; and at other times, hurls us from the summit of prosperity, into the gulf of irrevocable ruin. It sometimes suddenly presents occasions, which according to the use we make of them, decide our happiness or misery for the rest of our lives.

EPITAPHS. The last vanities of men are their epitaphs, and are often a surer proof of the pride of the living, than of the virtues of the dead. It should seem from hence, that falsity is so inseparably united to man, that it accompanies him even to the tomb, and triumphs over his ashes. The expense attending monumental erections is often only with a view to give credit to imposition; and eulogiums which are engraved on marble in honor of the deceased, are too often only a portrait of what we would wish they had resembled, rather than a faithful picture of what they had been.

YOUNG EAGLES. In one of the Crags of Ben Nevis, Scotland, two parent eagles were teaching two young birds the manœuvre of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain, in the eye of the sun, (it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate.)—They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted: and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to the aching sight.

## Married,

In Greenwich on the 27th ult. by Rev. Joseph Bladget, Mr. Zeba Snow, to Miss Eliza Ann Warner, eldest daughter of Col. John Warner, all of Greenwich.

In this town Mr. Walter R. Bigelow to Miss Eliza Mower.

In Hallowell, Danforth P. Livermore, to Miss Eliza Spaulding.

In Brookfield, by Rev. Mr. Foot, Mr. Alfred Gilbert to Miss. Caroline Allen, all of Brookfield.

## Died,

In North Brookfield, Oct. 25th, Mr. Judah Stevens, aged 74 years—a soldier of the revolution.

In Ward, on the 3d instant, Mrs. Anne Cary, wife of Recompense Cary, Esq. aged 62 years. While engaged about the ordinary business of the household, her clothes accidentally took fire. Being alone at the time, she was severely burnt before the flames were extinguished. She survived the accident several days and expired in great agony.

In Oxford, Cyrene Augusta, only daughter of Mr. John Mellish, aged 5 months.

## POETRY.

*From the New England Weekly Review.*

### TO ——

Yes, lady, thou wilt die.—That lip of snow
And that pale brow foretell thy early lot;
The wing of death is o'er thee—thou wilt go
Where broken hearts and blighted flowers are not.
Thou art too beautiful to linger where
The rainbow brightens but to melt away,
And the sweet sounds that wander on the air,
But swell the dirge of sorrow and decay.

Yes thou wilt die.—Thy spirit soon will leave
This dull cold exile for its place on high,
And like a bright cloud on a summer eve,
Melt in the deeper glories of the sky;
Thy home will be where bluer skies are glassed
In brighter streams mid love's undying bowers,
And where the winds of ruin never passed,
Nor serpents writhed round Passion's sweetest flowers.

Aye, thou wilt die—and I shall linger here,
When all the blossoms of the heart are fled,
To muse on thee, and mourn with bitter tear
The cold, the lost, the beautiful, the dead;
And as life's stars in loneliness depart,
Thy memory still amid the deepening gloom,
Will shine upon the ruins of my heart,
Like a lone fire-fly on the midnight tomb.

### MY WIFE, MY CAT, AND ME.

Let Winter come, with chilling look,
And strip the summer bower;
He cannot rob me of my Book,
Or philosophic hour:

Yes, let him come, with aspect chill,
The leaves strip from the tree,
There's three that can be happy still:
My Wife—my Cat—and Me.

The storm may howl, the snow may fall,
The frost may glitter bright;
I heed them not, while on the wall,
The hearth fire shows its light,

Nor care I how the winds may blow,
If from a dun I'm free,
For little will suffice you know,
My Wife—my Cat—and Me.

The fool may pleasure take in wealth,
I covet not his pelf;
He's richer who's a mind in health,
Who does not fear himself;

How sweet to hope for brighter days,
Though they should never be,
While warm we sit before the blaze,
My Wife—my Cat—and Me.

### FROM AN ABSENTEE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Let me wander where I will,
Thy sweet voice is near me still—
On thy dumb untrodden mountains—
In the silver-speaking fountains—

In the wandering winds that roam,
And never, never find a home—
In the sky-lark's merrier measure,
When she fills the morn with pleasure,

And by day, and in the night,
Thy soft eyes are my love-light,
While thy tender voice doth cherish
Hope to life, which else might perish.

O voice, which comes o'er land and seas!
O eyes, bright 'midst the tamarisk trees!
Why need I dream of vast emotion?
Of distant skies? of severing ocean?

'Midst toil and war, 'neath Indian suns,
'Midst deserts where no river runs,
What care I? *Ye* are shade and river—
Are hope—are joy which faileth never!

### SACRED MELODY.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

There is a thought can lift the soul,
Above the dull cold sphere that bounds it—
A star that sheds its mild control
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it.
And pours a soft prevading ray,
Life's ills may never chase away!

When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope it cherish'd
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—
Beneath woe's withering touch hath perish'd
With fadeless lustre streams that light,
A halo on the brow of night!

And bitter were our sojourns here
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,
The herald of a brighter morrow,
A gracious beacon from on high
To guide us to Eternity!

The Chinese cultivate many aquatic plants in the lakes, canals, pools and rivulets. Many of them are unknown in Europe, but are used for food by the Chinese.

**WORCESTER TALISMAN.**

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## POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

"I would recal a vision that I dreamed
Perchance in sleep."

"Tired nature's sweet restorer" descended with silken wings and laid his hand upon my weary eyes. Slumber, that delicious balm that woos us from our troubles, folded me in her downy arms, shielding me from all earthly cares, and I was as if divested of mortality.—Of things past, present and future, I was ignorant. My mind had become a subject to forgetfulness, and was shrouded by an impenetrable gloom. How long I remained in this state I cannot judge, but at length the darkness in which I was enveloped began to disperse, and the clear blue heavens, studded with their countless gems appeared bright and beautiful above me. Immediately upon coming to a state of perfect sensibility, I discovered that I was alone, winging a feeble flight through the depths of immensity. I beheld that I had an inconceivable motion, but I knew not its origin. Onward, onward, onward seemed stamped upon me as my future destiny. Bright stars were glistening above, below, and around me, and my flight was among them. I discovered suns and passed by worlds that I knew not.—After having thus wandered, seemingly without a guide, through a large portion of the immeasurable abyss, I felt my flight retarded, and a world opened to my view upon which I alighted; but I had forgotten that I was man, that I had ever inhabited any place but the unsubstantial fields of ether. I knew not the name of earth, and all the knowledge of myself was, that I existed. The spot upon which I found myself in this stranger world, was a portion of a delightful valley, in which a numerous assemblage of beings, peculiar to this land, had assembled. I gazed at them with intense interest, and as they passed before me, some kind voice whispered their names into my ear.

The first who passed was a being who came with a buoyant and graceful step; long and flowing ringlets of auburn hair, waved about her snowy neck, and her brow was as pure and transparent as alabaster. Her name was Beauty, her eyes were beaming with a lustre native to themselves, and her lips were speaking with smiles. I beheld her again; she had bathed in the stream of Time, a river whose deep broad waters rolled noiselessly but unceasingly. She had formed an acquaintance with Sorrow, with Care and Affliction; she had met the meagre herald called Decay, and each of these had tended to tarnish her appearance. Combined together, they had stolen her graces and she was an altered being.—Fear came with a watchful eye and a step as silent as the summer wind; but he was formed so frail, and of so timid a temperament, that even the faint echoes of his own footsteps startled him and he fled as if to escape from himself. Joy rushed along with an elastic bound, his eyes were sparkling and a heartfelt smile played upon his cheeks. Heedless of any impediment that might perchance be thrown before him, he hurried on in his glad career; but alas! how transient was that career, stumbling against an unseen object, which, as I learned, was placed in his path by an arrant damsel yclep'd Fortune who had gone before, he fell and disappeared from my sight. But, from the point at which he met his fate, a person, clothed in sable garments, arose, and I heard her moan. Her eyes were suffused with a flood of tears, and ever and anon she heaved a deep and long-drawn sigh, which pierced me to the heart. She seemed to be suffering beneath a burden that was ready to rend her bosom. This was Sorrow. She had walked but a few moments, when several damsels, beautiful in themselves, hastened to soothe her. Pity, with a tender and feeling expression of countenance, came forward and offered her assistance, and Sympathy whispered sweet and affectionate words in her ear. But still I discovered that she received no permanent relief from their aid, nor could she find any effectual remedy until she bathed in the passing stream of time. There was another who seemed not only sister to, but the same as Sorrow, known sometimes by the appellation of Affliction.—The only material difference between the two was, that the one was of a more incurable nature than the other. While one underwent the long and tedious ablution performed by the stream of time, the other found almost immediate relief in the restoring power of a kind and benignant, a peaceful and beautiful friend, known generally by the name of Religion. There was a glow in this fair maiden's countenance that shed a heavenly lustre upon

every object by which she was surrounded.—But it did not require very close scrutiny to discern that there were great and universal differences in opinion concerning her. Those who were best acquainted with her, found her kind, gentle, peaceable and lovely; while those, to whom she was a stranger, were continually uttering their dislike of her. To them she appeared to wear a dark and gloomy brow. Coldness was in her words, and she looked upon them with a chilly frown. These hurried from my presence, and Poverty, with a meagre form and tattered habiliments, came forward, relating a dismal tale and asking relief from those by whom he was surrounded.—I was not a little interested to observe the vast difference in manner with which his story was heard by those to whom it was addressed.—Avarice, a cold and heartless wretch, with a mean and sordid mind, but whose coffers were overflowing with abundant riches, cast an indignant and unfeeling eye upon the sufferer, and bid him begone. Pride, a person of so despicable a character, as to be universally disliked, hastened by him with a haughty look, and self-important carriage, as if no suppliant was there. Humanity, who wore a mild and generous aspect, spread out his banners and received him under them with a willing heart. Charity, the deserving handmaid of Humanity, streched forth an open hand and freely gave a liberal gift to relieve the distressed. When the supplicant sufferer received the benevolent assistance of the two last mentioned, Gratitude walked up with a speaking smile, and rewarded the donors with a thousand heartfelt thanks. Shame, the stedfast attendant upon Guilt, was lurking behind, endeavoring to screen himself from the public gaze. Jealousy, an ugly fiend, with an envenomed weapon, was chopping through the tender roots of the green and beautiful tree of bliss, that had been flourishing under the fostering care of Love. I beheld him, with sorrow, engaged in his horrible purpose, but nothing could dissuade him from accomplishing the foul and ill-fated deed. All the endearing accents, the kind remonstrances of Love, the foster-parent of the tree, availed not; he persevered with untiring assiduity, until the noble tree was undermined, and it fell, withered and decayed, and finally crumbled to dust beneath the chill and palsying hand of Neglect. Justice brandished a glittering sword for the purpose of protecting the star-eyed maiden Innocence, and punishing that offspring of Sin, denominated Guilt, Indolence, a sluggish fellow, was slumbering upon a couch prepared by the hands of Lethargy, while Industry was intently engaged in some useful employment. Beneath a tall and waving sycamore, whose branches whispered to the passing zephyr, and in the shade of whose leaves, the songsters of a perennial summer-sky chanted their varying songs, two beings, whose hearts and souls were one, were seated. Every thing around them was luxuriance and fertility. Beds of flowers were scattered thickly, whose grateful perfume filled the air. A little cherub of beauty was playing upon its mother's knee, and it smiled with the smiles of its father. Virtue was their most forward and their principal attendant, and I saw her binding a wreath of evergreen flowers around them. I was convinced that, if they merited the name they bore, Sorrow, the sable-vestured maiden whom I had seen, must never venture under their bowers, and every one, whose disposition was not moulded and tempered to peace and tranquillity, must remain beyond its borders. This group was Happiness; yet, I was assured that it was nothing more than a picture conjured up by a fickle being called Imagination. 'Tis true, there might be a transitory existence of it, in reality; but all the opposing spirits which were attributes of the situation in which they were placed, were continually harassing them, pulling down their bulwarks, and entering upon their grounds; this was ruin to the existence of true Happiness. Another scene delighted me; a person wearing a serious but happy countenance, was seated beneath the spreading branches of a willow. He appeared to have but few inveterate enemies; there were many indeed with whom he would have cheerfully dispensed, but, if Sorrow trespassed upon his borders he suffered her to pass without giving any considerable pain; and did any other enemy appear he suffered them to pass as harmlessly as possible, considering that their conduct was ordained by Him who was the Author of them all. Vice however, let her appear before him in whatever form she might, always created uneasiness in his mind, and was totally rejected from his presence; his name was Contentment. Hatred stared me in the face, Anger darted by me with an impetuous motion, while lightning seemed flashing from his eyes, and his cheeks flaming with fire. Revenge, cool and meditating Revenge, buckled on his armor with composure, and rushed forward to commit some foul and hellish deed. I looked through a long vista that receded before me, and beheld a numerous train of beings, attendants with those whom I have mentioned; but while I was eager to trace the developments of their characters, a person named False Friendship approached me, but by his disgusting pretensions, and his endeavors to ingratiate himself into my favor, he so disgusted me that I awoke, and discovered that it "was not all a dream."

CLARENCE.

## WAR.

One great obstacle to the extinction of war, is the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors, by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest; and

this so elevates and engrosses the whole man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families. There is a gracefulness in the picture of a youthful warrior, burning for distinction in the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepest animated throng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor struggle for the remembrance of a home, and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise from our view the mangled carcasses of the fallen, and the writhing agonies of the hundreds, and the hundreds more who have been laid on the cold ground, where they are left to languish and to die. There no eyes pity them! No sister is there to weep over them! There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture or bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening fury of the combat, have been given and received by the children of one common father! There death spreads his pale ensigns over every countenance; and when night comes on, and darkness is around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the untended bed of his sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of tenderness to his distant home—without one companion to close his eyes!

I avow it—on every side of me I see causes at work which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the back ground of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history, which tells me of superb appearances of the troops and the brilliancy of their successive charges —I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images and figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle, and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room, are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the sickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men, as they fade away upon the ear and sink into lifeless silence!—all, all goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war would never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness; and I can look to nothing but to the progress of Christian sentiments upon earth, to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle, on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate—and the wakeful benevolence of the gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever, from its simple but sublime enterprises, for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world; and war, cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war, will be stript of its many and its bewildering fascinations.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

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*Mothers.*—If any thing in life deserves to be considered as at once the exquisite bliss, and pre-eminent duty of a mother, it is this,—to watch the dawning disposition and capacity of a favourite child; to discover the earliest buds of thought; to feed with useful truths the inquisitiveness of a young and curious mind; to direct the eyes, yet unsullied with the waters of contrition, to a bounteous benefactor; to lift the little hand, yet unstained with vice, in prayer to their Father who is in Heaven: But so, it is. The child, as soon as released from the bondage of the nurse, and needs, no longer a careful eye to look after its steps, and guard it from external injury, is too often surrendered to instructors, some of whom are employed to polish the surface of the character, and regulate the motions of the limbs; others to furnish the memory, and accomplish the imagination, while religion gets admission as she can, sometimes in aid of authority, and sometimes in a Saturday's task, or a Sunday's peculiarity, but how rarely as a sentiment.—Their little

hearts are made to flutter with vanity, encouraged to pant with emulation, persuaded to contract with parsimony, allowed to glow with revenge, or reduced to absolute numbness by worldliness and cares, before they have ever felt a sentiment of devotion, or beat with a pulsation of sorrow for an offence, or gratitude for a benefit, in the presence of God. Believe me, mothers, you have no right to expect that the sense of religion will be infused by the labors of others.

When parents have ceased to be teachers, religion has ceased to be taught.

## THE GOD OF NATURE.

Lift your views to that immense arch of heaven, which encompasses you above—Behold the sun, in all its splendor, rolling over your head by day, and the moon by night, in mild and serene majesty, surrounded with that host of stars, which present to the imagination an innumerable multitude of worlds. Listen to the awful voice of thunder. Listen to the roar of the tempest and the ocean. Survey the wonders that fill the earth which you inhabit. Contemplate a steady and powerful hand, bringing round spring and summer, autumn and winter, in regular course—decorating this earth with innumerable inhabitants—pouring forth comforts on all that live—and, at the same time overawing the nations with the violence of the elements, when it pleases the Creator to let them forth. After you have viewed yourself, as surrounded with such a scene of wonders—after you have beheld, on every hand, such an interesting display of majesty, united with wisdom and goodness, are you not seized with solemn and serious awe?—is there not something that whispers within, that to this Creator homage and reverence are due, by all the rational beings whom he made? Admitted to be spectators of his works, placed in the midst of so many great and interesting objects, can you believe that you were brought here for no purpose, but to immerse yourselves in brutal, or, at best, in trifling pleasures; lost to all sense of the wonders you behold; lost to all reverence to that God who gave you being, and who has erected this amazing fabric of nature, on which you look only with stupid and unmeaning eyes?—No—let the scenes which you behold prompt correspondent feelings. Let them awaken you from the degrading intoxication of licentiousness, into nobler emotions. Every object which you view in nature, whether great or small, serves to instruct you. The stars and the insects, the fiery meteor and flowing spring, the verdant field and the lofty mountain, all exhibit a Supreme Power, before which you ought to tremble and adore; all preach the doctrine, all inspire the spirit of devotion and reverence. *Regarding then the work of the Lord*, let rising emotions of awe and gratitude, call forth from your souls such sentiments as these: "Lord, wherever I am, and whatever I enjoy, may I never forget thee, as the author of nature! May I never forget that I am thy creature and thy subject! In this magnificent temple of the universe, where thou hast placed me, may I ever be thy faithful worshipper, and may the reverence and fear of God be the first sentiment of my heart." *Blair.*

## VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

It may seem like literary heresy, to call in question the excellence of such a popular and interesting work, as the Vicar of Wakefield. Yet it has always appeared to me liable to very strong objections, which militate against the judgment of the writer. That it has many uncommonly brilliant passages, elegant descriptions, and just and appropriate sentiments, is beyond a doubt. And what is of infinitely more importance, it is equally true, that the moral is excellent. But can the warmest admirer of Goldsmith deny that the character of Burchell is injudiciously drawn? that his conduct is radically wrong in one most important point, and in utter discordance with the beneficence ascribed to him? He sees a family, with whom he contemplates an alliance, beset by villainy of the most flagrant kind; and tamely looks on, when, by raising his little finger in their defence, he could have saved them from destruction, and crushed their oppressor to the earth. The letter which he writes to put them on their guard, is so studiedly ambiguous, that it did not require the arrant delusion under which the ill-fated family labored, to intepret its contents entirely to the prejudice of the writer. Indeed this is by far the most obvious construction that any indifferent person would put upon it. And, when taxed with baseness, and perfidy of the vilest kind, he does not condescend to exculpate himself, but allows them to consider his guilt as tacitly admitted. He then departs, loaded with their detestation; and leaves the helpless and interesting victims to fall into the toils scarcfully spread out to ensnare them. This is a radical error, and proves Goldsmith to have been extremely injudicious in the management of the plot of his tale.

Early Autumn in New England.—What can be more beautiful or attractive than this season in New England? The sultry heat of summer has passed away; and a delicious coolness, at evening, succeeds the genial warmth of the day. The labors of the husbandman approach their natural termination; and he gladdens with the near prospect of his promised reward. The earth swells with increase of vegetation. The fields wave their yellow and luxuriant harvests. The trees put

forth their darkest foliage, half shading and half revealing their ripened fruits to tempt the appetite of man, and proclaim the goodness of his Creator Even in scenes of another sort, where nature reigns alone in her own majesty, there is much to awaken religious enthusiasm. As yet, the forests stand clothed in their dress of undecayed magnificence.—The winds that rustle through their tops, scarcely disturb the silence of the shades below. The mountains and the vallies glow in warm green, or lively russet. The rivulets flow on with a noiseless current, reflecting back the images of many a glossy insect, that dips its wings in their cooling waters. The mornings and evenings are still vocal with the notes of a thousand warblers, who plume their wings for a longer flight. Above all, the clear blue sky, the long sunny calms, the scarcely whispering breezes, the brilliant sunsets, lit up with all the wondrous magnificence of light, and shade, and color, slowly setting down into a pure and transparent twilight.—These, these are days and scenes, which even the coldest cannot behold without emotion; but on which the meditative and pious gaze with profound admiration; for they breathe of holier and happier regions beyond the grave.—*Judge Story.*

The following is copied from a Snuff Box made from a part of one of the beams of the Glasgow Cathedral, the only building of the kind in Scotland that was saved from destruction at the Reformation:—"Respect me for what I have been. Once I was a young and hopeful plant of nature: in the course of years I became tall, the birds of the air were happy under my shadow, and returned me their sweetest notes for my protection; by the hand of man I was cut down, and stripped of nature's robes: I afterwards became an arch in the Cathredral of Glasgow, and for upwards of seven hundred years have been a cover to the teachers of that sanctuary: I have screened alike the saint and sinner from the stormy blast: but now I am an outcast from the house of God, become a gazing stock in the hands of man, and a part of my remains made a snuff box—1824."

Miseries of a Stutterer.—A short time ago, a gentleman in the west of Scotland, had occasion to sink a well in his garden. After the well had been completed to a considerable, but necessary depth, he ordered a tradesman to be sent for to perform some operation at the bottom of the well. The gentleman was afflicted, in an uncommon degree, with an impediment in his speech; and it so happened that the messenger brought a person who spoke as unintelligibly as his master. While the tradesman was occupied in the well, the gentleman unfortunately paid him a visit, and looking over the parapet, roared out "D-d-do yu-yu-you thith-thith-think yu-yu-you wi-wi-will ma-ma-k' a goo-goo-d jo-jo-b o' tha-tha-t? The other responded, 'T-'t-t's a da-da-damn'd awk-awk-ward one-b-b-ut I'll-d-d-do m-m-my be-be-best for't. The gentleman, who is of a peculiarly sensitive and irritable disposition, no sooner heard the reply, than, without saying a word, he ran to a heap of stones that remained unused in the building of the well, and seized the largest, and was about to fling it on the head of the innocent mechanic, when his arms were seized by a by-stander, who explained to, and convinced the enraged employer that his workman did not mean to insult him. The result was, the gentleman being glad that he had escaped the commission of murder, and that there was another who was as bad a speaker as himself, that, after the work was completed, the two orators sealed their amity by a hearty drinking bout.

Brief Sentences.—To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit. There is an heroic innocence as well as an heroic courage. There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself has its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue. It is wiser to prevent a quarrel before hand than to revenge it afterwards. It is much better to reprove than to be angry secretly. No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good. The discretion of a man defers his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression. Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit. A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly. A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear who dares to die.

Old Age.—Every one wishes to reach a good old age, but few persons wish to be thought old. The love of the vanities of this world, and the fears of death, are the cause of the first: and the imperfections which accompany age, and render men a load to themselves and others, are the reasons of the second.

If we properly consider the subject, we shall readily conclude, that an honourable old age is the crown of a virtuous life, and that the white locks of an old man, free from reproach, are the laurels with which time has crowned him, and an homage paid to his virtues. Every old man, who leads a life agreeable to his age, merits respect, and the number of his years ought to be considered as so many steps he has risen above the follies of youth.

It sometimes, however, happens, that vice, though it generally quits us with age, still lurks in the heart of the old man, and gains sufficient influence to rekindle his passions. We must not then be astonished if such an old age, separated from virtue, becomes the object of universal contempt.

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1828.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Ibrahim Pacha has left the Morea, with the greater part of his troops. Garrisons were left in a few fortresses, before which the troops of the French expedition immediately sat down and summoned the governors to surrender; they replied that they were not at war with either France or England, and could not surrender the fortresses in their charge, but should not commit any hostilities. The French commander, the Marquis de Maison, issued orders for taking the places, and returns a long account to his government of the ardor of his troops, the fine order and discipline of their movements, and the great vigor, daring and courage with which they took the enemy's works, &c.—But, good reader, we cannot discover from the accounts that any resistance was made by the Turks, beyond the throwing a few stones upon the heads and persons of some of the French pioneers, who in one instance ventured to approach within stone's throw of the walls incautiously, no blood was shed, the gates were peacably forced, (as a man would cut through a door with an axe) and the troops having won for themselves immortal laurels by this valorous exploit, march quietly into the midst of the place, take up their quarters, and the Turks civilly consent to surrender, after their gates are vanquished. It is the merest boy's farce for a campaign that can possibly be imagined, and forcibly reminds us of the days of yore, when snow-forts were constructed, assailed and defended with snow-balls, by us and others, whilom school-boys.

The Emperor Nicholas has obtained possession of the fortress of Varna, it is said, in a way not very creditable to his arms, by bribing Jussuf Pacha, one of the commanders of the Turkish forces, to surrender his troops.—This buying out an enemy after such formidable preparation and so many flourishing bulletins, is but a miserable get off.

The anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers was celebrated in this town by a number of gentlemen; an appropriate address was delivered by one of the company. A song, prepared for the occasion by a gentleman of this town, we present to our readers in the next page.

The County Commissioners meet in this town on Tuesday next.

The Court of Common Pleas adjourned on Saturday last, after a session of three weeks. Judge Strong presided the first week of the term, and Judge Cummings the two remaining. All the business upon the old docket was finished. There were but few criminal cases.

COINCIDENCE.—Col. Aaron Benjamin and Maj. Joseph Wheaton, who served in the same line, and fought in the same battles during the Revolution, and who also fought the battles of their country in 1813-14, who both received appointments in the Treasury Department, were located in the same room, and constantly associated together, both died on Sunday the 23d ult. About two years since Major W. came to the office, laboring under strong mental derangement. Col. B saw him home, and on his return said "he believed the Maj. and himself were about to follow their companions to the tomb." About mid-day he remarked that he would go home to Hartford, Conn. and die among his children. He did so: Maj. Wheaton never returned to take his place in the office, and both sank to rest on the same day.

The Springfield Republican of the 17th inst. complains that within 6 or 8 weeks several stores in different parts of the town have been broken open and robbed. On the 12th inst. two brothers named Stevenson, were examined and committed for trial; goods, &c. having been found upon them. They are believed to belong to a gang of rogues.

Salt water has been obtained in Susquehanna county, Pa. by boring to the depth of 550 feet. It is thought that sufficient salt will be obtained from the spring to supply the county. 50 gallons of water afford one bushel of salt.

## Married,

In Andover, on Thursday last, by Rev. Mr. Badger, Mr. Samuell Morrill, of this town, to Miss Hannah Abbot, of Andover.

In Portsmouth, Mr. John M. Merrick, of Hardwick, to Miss Harriet L. Underwood.

## Died,

In this town, of the typhus fever, Dec. 5th, Lt. Carter Elliot, in the 48th year of his age.

In Grafton, Lt. Ezekiel Brigham, aged 81

Mrs. Martha Adams, wife of Mr. Joseph Adams.

In Paxton, Nov. 22, Hiram Buffington, only son of Isaac Anthony, aged 2 years and 5 months.

## POETRY.

### PILGRIMS DAY, DEC. 22, 1828.

BY EMORY WASHBURN, ESQ.

Fill high the cup to-days of old,
And fill with generous wine,
The heart should warm, while tales are told
Of days of *auld lang syne.*

Shall others, while in friendship met,
The absent bring to mind,
And we, on this glad day, forget,
Our sires of *auld lang syne?*

No; while the circling years shall move,
And virtue is divine,
Their sons, their memory still shall love,
And that of *auld lang syne.*

The Pilgrim's name shall be their boast,
His grave a holy shrine,
Till slaves on Plymouth's rock-bound coast
Forget an *auld lang syne.*

And there shall Freedom love to light
Anew, her torch divine,
And fancy dare her boldest flight
'Mid scenes of *auld lang syne.*

This day recals the fearless soul,
The strong, the liberal mind,
The holy zeal that spurned control,
Of men in *auld lang syne.*

To them we pledge the brimming cup,
Let none the pledge decline,
'Tis "Pilgrims Day"!—drink—drink it up!
To men of *auld lang syne.*

Nor them alone—a pledge is due
To woman soft and kind,
Of love so warm, of faith so true—
Our mothers of *lang syne.*

And when some antiquary's skill
Shall trace the moss dimm'd line,
To read of hearts, then cold and still,
That glow'd thus warm, *lang syne,*

May he a willing tribute pay
To each true heart and kind,
And pledge *us* on the "Pilgrims day"
With those of *auld lang syne.*

### TWENTY-TWO.

I'm twenty-two—I'm twenty-two—
They gaily give me joy,
As if I should be glad to hear
That I was less a boy.
They do not know how carelessly
Their words have given pain,
To one whose heart would leap to be
A happy boy again.

I had a light and careless heart
When this brief year began,
And then I pray'd that I might be
A grave and perfect man.
The world was like a blessed dream
Of joyous coming years—
I did not know its manliness
Was but to wake in tears.

A change has on my spirit come,
I am forever sad;
The light has all departed now
My early feelings had;
I us'd to love the morning grey,
The twilight's quiet deep,
But now like shadows on the sea,
Upon my thoughts they creep.

And love was like a holy star,
When this brief year was young,
And my whole worship of the sky
On one sweet ray was flung;
But worldly things have come between,
And shut it from my sight,
And though the star shines purely yet,
I mourn its hidden light.

And fame! I bent to it the knee,
And bow'd to it my brow,
And it is like a coal upon
My living spirit now—
But when I pray'd for burning fire
To touch the soul I bow'd,
I did not know the lightning flash
Would come in such a cloud.

Ye give me joy! Is it because
Another year has fled?—
That I am farther from my youth,
And nearer to the dead?—
Is it because my cares have come?—
My happy boyhood o'er?—
Because the visions I have lov'd
Will visit me no more?

Oh, tell me not that ye are glad?
I cannot smile it back;
I've found no flower, and seen no light
On manhood's weary track.
My love is deep—ambition deep—
And heart and mind *will* on—
But love is fainting by the way,
And fame consumes ere won.

### THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
For thou art all too pure to linger here;
Life's joyous sands to thee have fleetly run,
And sorrow's hand hath made thy being sear;
Thy girlhood was a pure and artless dream,
And many a sunny hope has thrill'd thy breast,
And many an air-blown bubble gilt life's stream,
Flash'd for a moment—broke, and sunk to rest—
Emblems of youth and loveliness were they,
And like hope's fairy visions pass'd away.

I would that thou wert dead, forsaken girl,
That high pale brow enshrin'd within the tomb,

For as with gentle winds still waters curl,
So fades at sorrow's touch young beauty's bloom—
Thou art too pure and fair for this cold earth,
A thing too guiltless long to dwell below,
Thy voice has lost its cadences of mirth,
The glory has departed from thy brow—
And youth's pure bloom has left thy virgin heart,
And beauty like a phantom will depart.

I would that thou wert dead, for life to thee
Is as a broken reed—a wither'd flower;
Dark shadows rest upon thy destiny,
And storms of fate around thy fortunes lower—
Wedded to one thy bosom cannot love,
Banished from him thine every thought employs,
Thou art in heart a bruised and wounded dove,
And earth to thee can yield no future joys,
Wearily passes life and time with thee,
A dusky shadow dims thy destiny.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
And thy bright spirit disenthrall'd of clay;
E'en as the dew-drop wastes beneath the sun,
Thus by disease thy being wastes away—
Oh, who that knew thee when thou wert a child,
With a glad voice and heaven unfolding eye,
A creature as the snow flake undefiled,
With a bright lip and cheek of rosy dye,
Oh, who that knew thee then, can see thee now
Nor wonder for the beauty of thy brow.

I would that thou wert dead, and sanctified—
Thy spirit with high elements is fraught,
And that which scorn and cruelty defied,
The lingering stealth of pale disease has wrought—
Yes death is near thee now, sweet Genevieve,
And thou shall haste to meet him with a smile;
It is in vain thy gentle sisters grieve,
Thy soul shall soon flee by each starry isle,
That glitters brightly through the calm blue skies,
Like white lids lifted from pure spirits' eyes.

Thou soon shalt die, sweet martyr, and the earth
Will nurture gentle flowers above thy grave,
Sweet emblems of thy being and thy birth,
With cypress leaves around thy tomb shall wave—
And when the pensive stranger wanders nigh
His lips shall waft a tributary prayer,
For her who soon shalt prematurely die,
For her whose seraph form shall moulder there—
Farewell, sweet Genevieve—'tis sad to part,
Farewell, thy beauty shrouds a breaking heart.

*Philad. Monthly Magazine.*

THE LATE MATURIN.—A gentleman once called on this eccentric but talented divine, who found him in his study, perusing the letters of his literary correspondents. "The perusal of letters from our absent and deceased friends," said Maturin, "often creates reflections that are painful to memory and friendship. I seldom in my life felt more gloomy than at this moment." "Engaged as you appear to be," replied his friend; "'tis natural that a number of recollections should revive in your mind, but I trust they are associated with no bitter or painful reflections?"—"I have more to complain of than the degeneracy of friendship. Do I not," continued the dramatist, "look more gloomy than usual?"—"I must confess you do," replied the visitor, "but I hope you have no serious reason for appearing so?" "I have many reasons to appear gloomy, nay, more, to be discontented, when I reflect, that, as curate of St. Peter's, I have only a hundred and thirty pounds a year, while the bishop's cook is allowed a hundred and fifty."

Burke's habits at table were temperate, preferring the lighter to the stronger wines, in opposition to Johnson's gradation of liquor, "Claret for boys, Port for men, and Brandy for heroes." "Then," said Burke, "give me Claret, for I like to be a boy, and partake of the honest hilarity of youth."

A GOOD HEART.—A good heart feels for the misfortunes of others, and commiserates all those, whom inability prevents him from assisting. He, who possesses a good heart, puts the best face upon little errors, and is ingenious in concealing the defects of mankind. He considers the defects of his neighbor as a letter of recommendation, and endeavors to persuade himself, that misery is a sacred thing. If his eyes be shut to the weaknesses of others, his ears are also deaf to the malevolent insinuations of evil minds. His tongue moves only in the praises of every one, and he is mute when called upon to support the malediction of others. He endeavors to promote universal felicity, and sincerely rejoices when he has it in his power to extend it. It is with grief he sees differences among friends, and he spares neither time nor pains to bring them to a right understanding of each other.

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## ORIGINAL.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

Instead of the multitude of Novels which young persons are suffered to read, I would recommend history, biography, books of travels and voyages. The study of history is generally very interesting, and by a judicious system of reading it may be rendered of great advantage. History spreads before us the actions of distinguished men, the origin, rise and progress of nations, the peculiar traits and circumstances of each age, as well as the principal events. To those who are preparing for a public life it is of essential use, because they can here trace those minute causes which have given the first impulse to the great undertakings, both of men and nations. The experience of all ages and of all nations is collected and spread before the inquiring eye on the page of history. It is a matter of no small curiosity, to trace the progress of the human mind from its first faint dawning of reason, step by step, through the various stages of science to the finished education ; and it is a subject of as great interest to read the progress of nations and countries through the past ages, to see how slowly they have advanced to their present perfection in arts and sciences. Mankind are naturally emulous and ambitious, and we all, after having read the life of any distinguished person feel a desire of rivalling their good deeds and avoiding their bad. Far better were it for a person to confine himself to the plain sober facts recorded in history, and the lives of eminent individuals, than to wander through the flowery pages of fiction. The consciousness which a person feels that the greater part, if not all, that is told in biography and history is correct, would more than balance the pleasure of reading the highest wrought scene of fiction.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

There is an untiring propensity to action in the human mind, implanted by the God of Nature, that continually excites us to be busy in some employment or other. This propensity of the mind, properly guided, makes the learned man, and the virtuous and moral; it forms the warrior as well as the artisan ; and, if entrusted to the guidance of chance or accident, it alike makes the pickpocket, the rogue and the villain. How necessary is it therefore, that the youthful mind, while it is yet pure and unpolluted by the contaminating influence of vicious examples, should be properly directed ; that the principles of right and wrong should be deeply and firmly inculcated. To the want of this early attention to the morals of children may be traced most, if not all those offences and crimes that fill our prisons with the violators of the laws of God and man. The education of a child may be commenced at a much earlier period than is generally supposed. Scarcely does the child begin to lisp its first words ere its mind is capable of some instruction—"just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." As he grows older, and his strength of mind increases, the quantity and quality of instuction should also be increased.

The mind should not be suffered to lie idle, waste and desolate for want of instructions for months and years, when it is capable of receiving and retaining much. I would not be thought to convey the absurd idea that books may be used as soon as a child can utter half-formed words ; no, far be it from me to advance such an idea. It is at this tender period that the mother's influence and example,and her instructions by mouth avail more than would a host of masters and their books. Early instruction to a child will save to parents much trouble when he is older. If we wish to train a plant to a particular shape, or to grow in a given direction, we commence the training of it at as early an age as possible, and while it is yet tender and pliant. It is so with the human mind, a child may be trained to virtue and wisdom, or may be suffered to run waste and follow every vicious example he pleases. It is education, not genius, that makes the man of worth.

## SELECTED.

### NOVEL READING.

*Extract from Pelham.*

"Ma foi," cried Mons. de G., (who was a little writer, and a great reader of romances) "why you would not deprive us of the politer literature, you would not bid us shut up our novels and burn our theatres." "Certainly not !" replied Vincent ; "and it is in this particular, that I differ from certain modern phi-

losophers of our own country, for whom, for the most part, I entertain the highest veneration. I would not deprive life of a single grace, or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant; if among my flowers there is a snake, I would not root up my flowers, I would kill the snake. Thus, who are they that derive from fiction and literature a prejudicial effect? We have seen already—the light and superficial; *but* who are they that derive profit from them? They who enjoy well regulated and discerning minds: Who pleasure? *all mankind!* Would it not therefore be better, instead of depriving some of profit, and all of pleasure, by banishing poetry and fiction from our Utopia, to correct the minds which find evil, where, if they were properly instructed, they would find good!

Whether we agree with Helvetius, that all men are born with an equal capacity of improvement, or merely go the length with all other metaphysicians, that education can improve the human mind to an extent yet incalculable, it must be quite clear, that we can give sound views instead of fallacious, and make common truths as easy to discern and adopt as common errors. But if we effect this, which we all allow is so easy, with our children; if we strengthen their minds instead of weakening them, and clear their vision, rather than confuse it, from that moment, we remove the prejudicial effects of fiction, and just as we have taught them to use a knife, without cutting their fingers, we teach them to make use of fiction without perverting it to their prejudice. Common sense is all that is necessary to distinguish what is good and evil, whether it be in life or in books: but then your education must not be that of public teaching and private fooling: you must not counteract the effects of common sense by instilling prejudice, or encouraging weakness; your education may not be carried to the utmost goal: but as far as it does go you must see that the road is clear. Now, for instance, with regard to fiction, you must not first, as is done in all modern education, admit the disease, and then dose with warm water to expel it; you must not put fiction into your child's hands, and not give him a single principle to guide his judgment respecting it, till his mind has got wedded to the poison, and too weak, by long use, to digest the antidote. No; first fortify his intellect by reason, and you may then please his fancy by fiction. Do not excite his imagination with love and glory, till you can instruct his judgdment as to what love and glory *are*. Teach him, in short, to *reflect*, before you permit him full indulgence to *imagine*.

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If we are *wise*, we may thank ourselves; if we are *great* we must thank fortune.

What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or talent; they will more than supply all. No attention is too minute, no labor too exaggerated, which tends to perfect them. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree, viz., he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require, possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but opportunity to become "*great*."—*Pelham.*

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Our neighbors of his majesty's province of New Brunswick, have viewed the newspaper warfare upon the late Presidential question in quite a different light from those engaged in the contention. It would seem that it has afforded them some amusement, at least, we judge so, from the tenor of the following remarks, copied from "The Weekly Observer:"

"When the Presidential question was set at rest, we began to feel something like sympathy for our contemporaries on the other side of the Lines, thinking that they would be sadly in want of materials for their pages which had been for so long a time almost wholly occupied with matter relating to that great national question. We observe, however, that in one shape or another it still makes its appearance. It may soon be said of some Editors, that "thrice they slew the slain." Others are engaged in endeavoring to justify their conduct in taking a certain side in the late grand controversy, and reprobating those who were opposed to them. A third party are full of speculations as to the probable character and results of the new Administration. And it will not surprise us to witness the subject of the *next* President brought upon the tapis, at no distant period, there being no way of getting along without the aid of that paramount theme of polemical disquisition. It is in fact, kept, as sportsmen keep a bagged fox, to let loose whenever they want a *run*. Much good may it do them! We thank our stars that our resources are of a more abundant and less exceptionable character.

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## NARRATIVE OF A CONVICT.

The following Narrative was given by Thomas Williams, of Bampton, who was apprehended for being at large in the country, after having been transported to New South Wales, but who produced his discharge and pardon. "*November*, 1826.

"I was sentenced to transportation for life having been convicted of a capital felony (sheep stealing,) at the Taunton Assizes, in 1825. I sailed for New South Wales in the Medway transport, Captain Wright, and upon my arrival at Sydney, as I had been all my life employed in the farming business, I was sent about forty miles up the country, to take

charge of about fifteen hundred sheep, belonging to a gentleman, who was a magistrate, of the name of Lawrence.

"Just before I arrived, great depredation had been committed by some runaway convicts, who had formed themselves into a gang of ten men; they were the terror of the country—they were armed with muskets, pistols, and swords, and made no scruple, if the least resistance was offered to their plunder to murder a whole family. A proclamation had been issued by the Governor, offering a reward of one hundred guineas, and a free pardon, to any convict who assisted or was instrumental in taking either of these men, dead or alive; and my master had told me to keep a good look out for them, because my situation was near their haunts.

"The place to which I was sent to live was the most lonely and dismal one I ever saw in my life. I lived in a rude hut, almost in the midst of a wood, and without a chance of seeing a fellow creature for weeks together. I had my allowance of flour, tea, and other common necessaries sent to me once a month—all the animal food I had was mutton, which I killed as I wanted it; I had no other instrument of defence than a hook. In this lonely state I used to think upon my wife and children in England, until I was almost mad—death itself would have been welcome to me; and I determined to risk myself in endeavouring to take one of these 'bush-rangers,' whenever I could get an opportunity. In the season of sheep-sheering the shepherds were collected together from their different stations, and travelled from one flock of sheep to another to shear them. About two months after my being upon my station, the sheep-shearing took place, and six other men with me went to shear the different flocks. As we were returning, we met by accident with the bush-rangers, and never did I see such a set of terrible fellows: they were all armed with guns and pistols, and as soon as they saw us they said we must go to a neighbouring farm with them, which they forced us to do. The farmer and his son and children were obliged to give up all they possessed to these devils, who kicked and drove them about in search of what they wanted, and threatened to shoot the farmer if he murmured at what they did. They ate and drank and carried away whatever they liked. After we had left this farm they let us go our way again, but told us if ever we mentioned that we had seen them, or gave any information about them, they would surely kill us. I had an opportunity of knowing them well during this meeting, and could have indentified either of them again.

"A few days after this, one of my companions, who lived near a station where some military were quartered, gave information of his having seen the men; and, in consequence of such information, the bush-rangers were surprised on the banks of a river, where they were resting themselves, by a party of soldiers, and eight of them out of the ten were either killed or taken prisoners. The other two escaped by swimming, but lost their firearms. My fellow-servant, who gave the information, received the hundred guineas and his free pardon.—About a fortnight after this, I was one morning surprised by the appearance of a man, who came creeping cautiously out of the wood near my hut. When he saw me, he asked me, in a most submissive manner if I would give him something to eat, as he was very hungry, and had not had any food for two days. I did not immediately recognize him as one of the bush-rangers, as he was so much altered, but I told him I would give him some meat, if he would go with me into my hut; this he refused to do, and I went and brought him some mutton from my hut. After he had the meat, he asked me if I knew the names of the bushmen who had been taken. I said I did not know the names of those who had been taken, but that the two men who had escaped were called Richard Donne and Michael Cody. The man said, my name is Michael Cody—have you seen any thing of Donne? I said I had not; but very soon afterwards, whilst Cody and I were talking, we heard a whistle; upon which Cody started and said, that is Donne's whistle, and he returned it, when Donne came out of the wood, and met Cody. Being then two to one, their conduct was quite changed. Donne had a pistol and a sword; they ordered me to give them what mutton I had killed, and I was obliged to comply. They then said they should call on me again on the following day, and told me to kill a sheep to have ready for them when they came. As there were several detachments of military upon the look out for these men, I went in the evening in search of them, but I could not find them.

"On the following day the bush-rangers did not come according to their appointment, but the day after Michael Cody came alone. He asked me if I had seen Donne; he said he expected him every minute, as he had fixed to meet him there. In the mean time Cody desired me to get ready some mutton chops. I had made up my mind, as I said before, to risk my life to get my liberty. When I first saw Cody, I resolved to make an attempt to take him, though he was a much stronger man than I am. I now began to think that this, perhaps was the only opportunity I might have—but still Donne might come to his assistance; and then I knew that my life was gone. However, I now thought upon my wife and children in England, and I made up my mind. When Cody there desired me to make up a fire to fry his mutton chops, I went out for some wood and brought in with it a strong cord which I threw down carelessly on the floor. Cody waited a long time for his companion, but he did not come—the chops were ready, and I placed them before Cody and he began his meal. He asked me to put a kettle

of water on the fire to make him some tea. When the tea-kettle boiled I was at some distance from it, and Cody being nearer I desired him to take it off the fire. He rose from his seat and stooped to take off the kettle—as he was in the act of doing so, I came suddenly behind him and struck him with my fist with all my force behind the ear—he fell forward with his head against the rough stones of the wall of my hut, and I got upon him and struck him three or four blows upon the head. We struggled a long time together, and once I really thought he would have mastered me, but at length got the better of him. I got my cord and bound his hands behind him, and his feet tied to his hands. My greatest fear had been all through the struggle that Donne might arrive, and then I knew that my doom would have been settled.

"I never felt myself so free as when I found myself in the open country on my way to a farmer's house, about five or six miles distant, where I knew I could gain assistance, for there were four or five able-bodied men, who had fire-arms. I soon got there, and three of them took their arms and came back with me. We found Cody still lying on the floor—he had bled a great deal from the wound he received in his forehead when I first struck him, but he would soon have gained his liberty if we had not come. He was now secured and taken away to the military station—tried, convicted and executed.

"It was said that these bush-rangers had murdered upwards of one hundred and fifty innocent people, besides plundering, burning, and destroying property to an immense amount. I received from the Government one hundred guineas and my free pardon, and I returned to England in the same ship that took me out. If I had remained in New South Wales I might have had a large allotment of land, and I could have reaped much greater advantage from the exploit than I did. Cody had been distinguished as the most daring as well as the most cruel of all these outlaws, and his name was a terror to all the country settlers. He had been the leader of the gang, and if he had not been taken there is no doubt he would have formed another party. The inhabitants, therefore, would have rewarded me liberally if I had applied to them, but I thought of my home, and I was in a great haste to see it again."

The above account conveys a very inadequate idea of the story as told by Williams. He is a fine athletic man, about forty, very intelligent and clear in his description, and there is a determination and earnestness in his manner of telling his story and fighting the outlaw over again, that carries conviction with it that he is relating nothing but what is perfectly true. J. W.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON AND HABITS OF CROMWELL.—Sir Philip Warwick describes Cromwell in his house as being very ordinarily apparelled: "for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hatband, his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance was swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour. Yet I lived," he adds, "to see this very gentleman—whom out of no ill will to him, I thus describe—by multiplied good successes, and by real though usurped power, having had a better tailor, and more converse with good company, in my own age, when, for six week's together I was a prisoner in his sergeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a majestic deportment and comely appearance. Even, however, during his most humble state, the eyes of the discerning discovered a promise of his future exaltation. Hampden said to Lord Digby—'that sloven will be the greatest man in England.'—"The following is Wellwood's character of Cromwell:—"He had a manly, stern look, and was of an active healthful constitution, able to endure the greatest toil and fatigue. Though brave in his person, yet he was wary in his conduct, for, from the time he was first declared Protector, he always wore a coat of mail under his clothes. His conversation among his friends was very diverting and familiar, but in public reserved and grave.—He was sparing in his diet, though sometimes would drink freely, though seldom to excess. He was moderate in all other pleasures, and for what was visible, free from immoralities, especially after he came to make a figure in the world. He writ a tolerable good hand, and style becoming a gentleman; except when he had a mind to wheedle under the mask of religion, which he knew how to do when his affairs required it. He affected for the most part a plainness in his clothes; but in them, as well as in his guards and attendance, he appeared with magnificence and pomp upon public occasions. No man was ever better served, nor took more pains to be so. As he was severe to his enemies, so was he beneficent and kind to his friends. And if he came to hear of a man fit for his purpose, though ever so obscure, he sent for him and employed him; suiting the employment to the person, and not the person to the employment. And upon this maxim in his government, depended in a great measure his success."

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## TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING.

"Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents, that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book,

and had as much plumb-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plumb-cake, and remained a child. 'Never,' says the Greek tragedian, 'reckon a mortal happy, till you have witnessed his end.' A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth!—When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Tho' not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nature of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on suprisingly in his learning.—The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. 'What a genius will Master Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him;' said she, to her husband. 'Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him.'—'And why, my love—'Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar.' 'And that's true enough, my dear!' said the schoolmaster's wife. So because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form! They took our hero from school.—'What profession shall he follow?' said his mother. 'My first cousin is the lord chancellor,' said his father, 'let him go to the bar.' The lord chancellor dined there that day; Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer. 'Send him to the bar!' said he, 'no, no, that will never do!—send him to the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer.' 'And that's true enough, my lord!' said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the regiment —— of dragoons. Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was therefore, a very indifferent horseman, they sent him to the riding school, and every body laughed at him. 'He is a d—d ass!' said Corporal Horsephiz, who was very ugly; 'a horrid puppy!' said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; 'if he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!' said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good looking; if he does not ride better, we will cut him!' said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet, 'I say Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding master,) make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack.' Pooh sir, *he* will never ride better.' 'And why the d—l will he not?' 'Bless you Colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!' 'True!' said Corporal Horsephiz. 'Very true!' said Lieutenant St. Squintem. 'We must cut him!' said the Colonel. And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut. Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the —— regiment, and challenged the Colonel. The Colonel was killed! 'What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!' said the Colonel's relations. 'Very true!' said the world. The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle.—'He is very clever,' said they both; 'and may do yet.' So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragoon—conned pamphlets and reviews; got Ricardo by heart; and made notes on the English constitution. He rose to speak. 'What a handsome fellow,' whispered one member. 'Ah, a coxcomb,' said another; 'never do for a speaker,' said a third, very audibly. And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heared!* Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed. 'Told you so,' said one of his neighbors. 'Fairly broken down,' said another. 'Too fond of his hair to have any thing in his head,' said a third, who was considered a wit. 'Hear, hear,' cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down; he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had began worse; and many a country member had been declared a phœnix of promise upon half his merit. Not so, thought the heroes of corn laws. 'You Adonises never make orators!' said a crack speaker with a wry nose. 'Nor men of business, either,' added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's. 'Poor Devil,' said the civilist of the set. 'He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker. By Jove, he is going to speak again! this will never do; we must cough him down.' And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down. Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's—'We have nothing to leave you,' said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having enjoyed it. 'You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress. 'I will,' said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hair-lip and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus, then, our hero paid his addresses. Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. 'Easy to see his intentions,' said one; 'a handsome fortune hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!'—'handsome is that handsome does,' says another'—'he was turned out of the army and murdered his Colonel;'—'never mar-

ry a beauty,' said a third,—' he can admire none but himself,'—' will have so many mistresses,' said a fourth ;—' make you perpetually jealous,' said a fifth ;—' spend your fortune,' said a sixth ;—' and break your heart,' said a seventh. Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said ; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him ;—but suffered him to get into debt with his tailor, and his coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found ; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Cheswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of the other ; but not until they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for. Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus ;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business :—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. 'If I make you my heir,' 'I expect you will continue the bank.' 'Certainly, Sir !' said the nephew. 'Humph !' grunted the Uncle; 'a pretty fellow for a banker !' Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. 'It is a dangerous thing,' said she timidly, ' to marry a man so admired—will you always be faithful !' 'By heaven,' cried the lover.—'Heigho !' sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumillion entering, the conversation was changed. But the day of the marriage was fixed ; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle. By Apollo,how handsome he looked in it ! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolence—'Cheer up, my Ferdinand,' said she ; 'for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumillion !' 'Adorable condescension ?' cried our hero ; 'but Lord Rufus Pumillion is only four feet two, and hair like a peony.'—'All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy !' was the reply. Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will. 'I leave,' said the testator (who I have before said was a bit of a satarist) 'my share of the bank,and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to'—here Mr. F. Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*—'my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrous, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew, Ferdinand, my heir ; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty ; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker ; his good looks will, no doubt, win him an heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him to buy a dressing case, a thousand pounds.' 'A thousand devils !' said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. 'Lies,' says the Italian proverb, have short legs ;' but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terrible long ones ! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal. 'I wish you every happiness,' said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—'but my friends are right ; you are much too handsome for a husband !' And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumillion. 'Alas ! sir,' said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of parliament, he was jogging along in a hackney coach bound to the king's bench —'Alas ! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prision !' "—*Literary Souvenir, by Alaric A. Watts.*

## COCHIN-CHINA.

It may be said, that the Cochin-Chinese are a well flogged nation ; and one might expect that the universality of this brutal system would render them not only servile, obsequious, and cowardly, but also timid, gloomy, and suspicious ; but, in the latter respect at least the case is quite the contrary : and the lower orders of the Cochin-Chinese, as far as we could judge from outward appearance, seemed to be vain, cheerful, and goodhumoured, obliging and civil, beyond all Asiatic people whom we had seen.—*Crawfurd's Embassy.*

While we were entering the court yard of the Minister's house, we saw a company of comedians, who had been exhibiting, as upon the first occasion. It seems that they were not perfect in their parts,or at least that their performance did not satisfy the taste of the great man. They were accordingly undergoing the universally panacea for all breaches of moral, social, and political obligation,—for all errors of omission or commission; that is to say—the bamboo. The first object that caught our attention was the hero of the piece lying prone on the ground, and receiving punishment in his full dramatic costume. The inferior characters,in due course received their share also, as we afterwards ascertained from hearing their cries,

while we sat with the Minister. This conference virtually terminated the diplomatic intercourse of the Mission with the Cochin Chinese Court.—*Idem.*

Their Cochin Chinese majesties appear to provide for their remains more carefully than for their living persons:—"The late king, for example, constructed a splendid mausoleum, and laid out extensive gardens, as a place of interment for himself and his favorite Queen, upon which thousands of his subjects were occupied for years. The following account of these gardens was given to us. They are situated in a romantic part of the mountains, and about ten leagues to the north of the Capital. The tombs are the least splendid part of this undetaking, which consist besides, of spacious gardens and groves, laid out in walks and terraces, and as it is said with no mean taste. In the course of this splendid undertaking, hills were levelled, mounds thrown across from one hill to another, —canals and tanks dug, and spacious roads constructed. The Queen, a woman of great beauty and merit, who had accompanied her husband in his exile in Siam,—in his retreat among the desert islands, in the Gulf of that name, and who was besides his constant campanion in all his war like expeditions by sea and land, was buried here seven years before our visit. Four years afterwards, the king himself was placed by her side. The same spot before being decorated in the present magnificent manner, was also the ancient burying-ground of the predecessors of the present race of kings. The place was represented to us as a delicate and a romantic spot, exceeding in beauty every other scene in the country. We wished for permission to pay it a visit, but were politely informed that the king was always reluctant to permit the visits of strangers, whose presence, he said, might trouble the repose of the spirits of his ancestors —*Idem.*

The people of Cochin China have the following singular fancy in regard to eggs.—"One of the Cochin Chinese eggs. When we expressed some susprise at the appearance of this portion of the repast, one of our Cochin Chinese attendants observed, with much *naivete*, that hatched eggs formed a delicacy beyond the reach of the poor, and were only adapted for persons of distinction. On inquiry, we in fact found that they cost some thirty per cent. more in the market than fresh ones. It seems, they always form a distinguished part of every great entertainment; and it is the practice, when invitations are given out, to set the hens to batch; the fete takes place about the tenth or twelfth day from this perod, the eggs being then considered as ripe, and exactly in the state most agreeable to the palate of a Cochin Chinese epicure."—*Idem.*

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SCANDAL—*A Fragment.*—'There are people,' continued the corporal, 'who can't even breathe without slandering a neighbor.'

'You judge too severely,' replied my aunt Prudy: 'no one is slandered who does not deserve it.'

'That may be,' retorted the corporal, 'but I have heard very slight things said of *you*.

The face of my aunt kindled with anger.—'*Me*!' she exclaimed, '*me*!—slight things of *me*! what can any body say of *me*?'

'They say? answered the corporal gravely, and drawing his words to keep her in suspense, 'that—that you are no better than you ought to be.'

Fury flashed in the eyes of my aunt.

'Who are the wretches?'

'I hope they slander no one who does not deserve it,' remarked the corporal, jeeringly, as he left the room.

"The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived. She was sensibly injured.—True, she had her foibles. She was peevish and fretful. But she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The Pope himself could not boast more piety. Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should her neighbors slander her? She could not conjecture.

"Let my aunt be consoled. A person who can live in this world without suffering slander, must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention."

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## Married,

In Northborough, on the 31st ult. Mr. William E. Davis, to Miss Almira L. Sherman, both of Northborough.

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## Died,

In Marlborough, on the 2d inst. Mr. Joel Felton, aged 68.

In Sutton, Dec. 22, Miss Mehitabel Stockwell, aged 66.

In Leicester Dec. 21, Mrs. Hannah Bowen, wife of Ebenezer H. Bowen, aged 29.

## POETRY.

### THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes, with flower and bee,--
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—The flowers we sow'd,
Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me?

He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee,
The face that once like spring time smil'd
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief, bright life of joy—
Such unto him was given;
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.

And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?—
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had lov'd him more!

### A VISION OF MIRZA.

*Written on the death of an Infant Boy.*

On a desert shore methought I stood,
As the closing day withdrew:
And wide o'er the ocean's solitude
The twilight dimly grew.

The troubled sea was rolling dark,
And the tempest gathering fast,
When I spied a slender little bark
On the stormy billows cast.

One lonely weight was all its freight,
And he seemed to weep and mourn,
For he looked like one on a journey gone,
Where the travellers ne'er return.

But still he rowed amid the blast,
And slowly he bore away
Through the wizard gloom that, all o'ercast,
On the water's bosom lay.

I sighed to think of the hapless wight,
On this sea of perils thrown;
For the sky was dark with the cloud of night,
And he rode the waves alone.

"O how shalt thou the boisterous shock
Of wind and tide repel:
Or guide thy course through reef and rock,
Or signs of danger tell?

"Thy bark is light to tempt the storm
With a mariner so young,
While blackening clouds of phantom form
Are round the welkin hung.

"Before thee far extends the deep,
Nor shore nor haven nigh;
And thou hast no watch tower on the steep,
No star in the moonless sky.

"Behind thee fast recedes the land,
Between high rolls the wave:
And all unskilled is thy little hand
The angry surge to brave.

"Unknown, untravelled is the bourne
Of the land thy oar must win:
And the night is long e'er dawn of morn
On the dreary path begin.

"Some angel-hand, on the distant strand
Or golden mountains high,
A beacon rise to point the land.
When thy hour of peril's nigh."

The bark, now far in the wave's embrace,
Was faintly sinking away;
When the scowl of heaven grew bright apace
With the purpling break of day.

And the hills of a green and fairy land
Appeared on the verge of the deep;
And strains were heard of some holy band,
Like music in midnight sleep;

And spirits bright, as orbs of light,
In shining throngs were seen,
With crowns of gold in their robes of white,
And palms of evergreen.

They beckoned him on with angel smiles,
Away to their bowers of bliss:
And they hailed him home to their sunny isles,
With the songs of paradise.

They led him by pure and living streams,
And wiped his weeping eyes;
And they bound his hair with radiant beams,
And gems of a thousand dyes.

In glittering ranks they moved, all bright
And glorious to behold;
Each one in his panoply of light,
With a lyre of burning gold.

And sweet were the heavenly strains that broke
O'er the ocean's azure swell;
But the airs they sung, and the words they spoke,
A seraph's lips must tell.

For quick as thought fled sea and sky,
And the music charmed no more;
I wished for the wings of a dove, that I
Might fly to that happy shore.

THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 22. JANUARY 24, 1829. VOL. I.

## ORIGINAL.

FOR THE TALISMAN.

### THE UNSTABLE MIND.

MR. EDITOR:—I have from my youth upwards been of a versatile turn of mind, or (as I prefer the expression) a universal genius. I could never endure to read one author for any length of time. Sometimes I would study history for a day or two with great industry and attention, and then, perhaps, break suddenly off and read novels or poetry, for as long a time. Mathematics would interest me for a period, and I would be wholly absorbed in some difficult question for hours, but the charms of a newspaper story, would divert me from a train of mathematical operations and investigation, if my eye happened to fall upon one of these chronicles of the passing time. I have dipped more or less into all sciences, and have acquired a smattering of various languages, ancient and modern, and might pass among the "profanum vulgus" for a physician, a student of divinity, a lawyer and perhaps for an artisan. But there is a sort of restless, uneasy temperament of mind, either natural to me from childhood or become so by long habit, that drives me as it were from one pursuit to another, without any definite object in view, save a kind of undefined expectancy of happiness or pleasure in something which is not yet acquired. My pursuits in active life have been as diversified as my reading was various and diffuse. I soon grew weary of my native village, and desired to see more of the world. Some golden vision or fanciful elysium drew me from country to country; I wandered far from home, but was still restless. Sometimes I thought that all I had ever wished of happiness was within my reach, but like "the baseless fabric of a vision," it eluded my grasp.—Amusements have been as various with me as my studies. A friend once lent me "Izaac Walton's" treatise upon Angling. I read it with interest, and the plain, simple dialogues between Piscator and Viator quite won upon me. I was uneasy (I might say unhappy) until I had with much trouble and expense, procured fishing tackle, I hastened to ensnare the speckled trout and others of the finny tribe; I succeeded beyond expectation, and made one of my sweetest meals from the fruits of my toils; but the charm was broken, I never went a fishing a second time. A treatise on shooting and training dogs, came in my way, here was employment for a season, I labored, (believe me good reader, it is labor) diligently, and shot more game than any sportsman in the vicinity, and had the best dogs and finest guns the country could afford; one season, however, sufficed for this amusement. I met, during a travelling excursion, a beautiful and accomplished girl. I fancied myself in love, and took unwearied pains to please the fair one, hung upon her accents, treasured up her most trifling expressions, wrote sonnets upon her blue eyes and auburn hair, made my head ache in learning and nearly dislocated my jaws in uttering the botanical names of flowers, &c. for her instruction, while pursuing the study of botany. The charm lasted a few months, then dissolved, and I wondered what I had ever seen attractive in the lady. In short I have tried every variety of occupation and amusement, and find none that affords a permanent satisfaction. And now Mr. Editor in conclusion of this long and dull narration, I come to the point which induced me to appear on paper, to request you to point out some occupation that may rid me of this everlasting ennui. J. B.

J. B. has indeed consulted us upon a difficult point, one that requires a more intimate knowledge of human nature and the affairs of the world than the Editor pretends to possess. As violent diseases are frequently subdued by powerful remedies when administered with care and skill, the Editor would venture to suggest to J. B. to get a wife, with all convenient dispatch, it is an experiment which may, perhaps, prove of service to him. *Ed.*

### THE YOUNG VICTIM.

"The Autumn wind rushing
Wafts the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest."

*Moore.*

"A brother's and a sister's love is much."

*Willis.*

When we behold the pale hand of death drawing his shroud over those who have passed through a long and virtuous life; when

we see the venerable patriarch, whose head is whitened by the changes of time and whose limbs, paralysed by age, are no longer capable of fulfilling their offices; when we see these, the aged and majestic ones of earth sinking quietly to their peaceful and eternal habitation, the grave, we may not mourn with that sorrow to which decaying youth is entitled, for they have passed through the world and its vicissitudes, have tasted its pains and enjoyed its pleasures, and now "they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." But when we behold the young, the gay, the innocent and the beautiful, slowly delivering up the energies with which they have been endowed to the cold hand of disease, and, like morning flowers before the scythe, dropping prematurely away, to moulder 'dust to dust,' the heart will feel its sensibilities awaken, to mourn that such should be the fate of man.—'Tis true they are taken from a world in which every situation is fraught with numberless sorrows and temptations, but they are also hurried from its enjoyments, from the participation of those pleasures which childhood ever pictures upon futurity; taken from the social circle of friendship, in which their conversation had just commenced to impart its interest, snatched from the bosom of an affectionate father, a beloved mother, and from all the ties of kindred. But while we are considering the enjoyment which they might have realised and imparted to others, we ought not to forget that they have entered upon an everlasting existence, where sorrow never enters to annoy, or affliction troubles the heart.'

Mary Ann Mowbray, at the age of seventeen, although young in years, was old in affliction; her heart had been severely tried, ere the mature strength of womanhood had given her power to quell the adverse tempests of life. She had entered upon this stage of being, blessed with every thing of a temporal nature that promises or gives enjoyment to mankind. Earth yields no blessings ruperior to those tasted by an innocent and an upright heart. Man's brightest pleasure is in the pursuit of virtue. Mary's heart was innocent, virtuous, unpolluted. Endowed with all the gentle qualities, the finer passions, the tender sensibilities of our nature. Her's was an only brother, with whom she had been educated by affectionate parents; with him she had come up rejoicing through the bright and promising spring time of life; in Edwin, her soul, fraught with all the affections of a sister, had pictured out the highest state of human goodness. Branches of the same stock, they lived and grew together. In his lofty forehead, at that season when he was just verging upon premature manhood, she fancied that she read the delineations of future greatness. Edwin Mowbray was worthily entitled to the love of his kindred and the friendship of all his acquaintance. The general features of conduct which marked his life were such, that were an enemy, if he might have had one, could barely discover one solitary instance of doing wrong, to mar his character. This is no exaggeration; every person I presume, if he will examine the circle of his acquaintance, will discover some whose characters are as free from censure as that of Edwin Mowbray. Human nature is not so totally depraved but that there are many, who from the natural goodness of their disposition, together with an education calculated to promote every thing that is good, are, we may assert, almost fruitless. Man may well be proud of such examples, and well, indeed, would it be for him, if he would make the conduct of such people his guide, and their virtuous qualities a goal to his ambition.* His early taste for education and his thirst for literary acquirements led him to devote so great a portion of his time, and apply himself so closely to these pursuits, that he hastened that debilitating disease which had for along time threatened to bear him, at some future day, beyond the things of this changeable world. Mary Ann beheld with the keenest pangs of sorrow, the slow but sure progress af the fatal malady, when in its first stages, and she long cherished the hope that it might be counteracted by proper attention and that Edwin might again be restored to health, to happiness and to the circle of his anxious friends.—Edwin's debility increased so slowly that its course might not be traced, from day to day, by those who were inmates of the same dwelling, but if they measured its progress by the lapse of weeks, the change which they discovered he had undergone, convinced them that fatality was stamped upon the disease, and that they must soon deliver up one who had been as a shining light among them, and follow him to the cold grave. Edwin felt, sensibly felt the reality of his situation; a secret voice whispered in his heart that this world should soon be no more to him. He breathed the balmy atmosphere of spring, fragrant as it was with the perfume of many flowers, and his soul taught him to believe that it was for the last time. He heard in the minstrelsy of the zephyr mournful tones of music, which, he was conscious, would soon be a requiem over his grave. During the early part of his illness, ere the dread power had brought him to his death bed, he often sat wrapped in a reverie of thought at his window, looking forth upon the landscape that lay in summer's richness before him, to enjoy its beauties, which, if he was not taken from them, would themselves soon fade away. He was thus sitting one afternoon, breathing in his soul the holy calmness and serenity that was flung over the earth. His affectionate and watchful sister was also sitting near him, often turning towards him an eye that spoke of gloomy forebodings in

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* Edwin, formed as he was to arrive at early maturity, seemed also destined to become a victim to early decay. His constitution, naturally delicate, had fallen a prey to his own ambition.

the heart. "This," said Edwin, breaking a long silence, "this is the state of man." "I have tasted, my sister, I am well assured, the purest joy that this world can afford; I have not lived to mingle in the broils and contentions of the busy world, or to find my spirits depressed by the afflictions that necessarily await on man, I feel that my destiny is fixed, that the earth shall never again come forth to my view in the renovated apparelling of spring. Life seems but a waning taper, like the sun fast verging towards its goal. All the anticipations, my sister, which we have so fondly nurtured and conversed upon concerning the days of futurity, are now to be destroyed. I cannot anticipate any thing for the future in this world, but I can taste enjoyments if they are vouchsafed unto me. And how congenial to my heart is the quietude of the present scene; it reminds me of the days when we have gone out together into the fields and forests, in the untarnished hilarity of youth." The tears rolled fast but silently down the cheeks of Mary Ann; her feelings were wrought to an uncontrollable height; her sorrow awakened a sympathizing sigh in the bosom of Edwin, and he paused. "But, Mary Ann," continued he after a few moments, "we must not look entirely upon the darker side of existing circumstances, or arraign our own selfish judgment against that of Him who guides and governs all with an arm of undeviating justice.—He does not afflict man only as it is for his own good, to aid in working the purification of his heart. Let us remember and be thankful for the almost unbroken happiness with which our past days have been blessed, and whatever may await us in the future, bow submissively to the yoke, and bear the burden without repining."

Mary Ann felt a holy calmness, like resignation, come over her heart with a soothing influence at these words, and her tears again were sealed to their fountains. Her feelings had not been wrought to such a pitch that she had spoken; she knew that Edwin was aware of his situation, and that his heart was in preparation for the approaching change; she therefore did not desire to prolong a conversation that would only increase her painful reflections. Time passed along, and sober autumn brought his golden sheaves and yellow leaves upon the earth. Decay, old autumn's fatal compeer, manifested his power not only over the vegetable world, but also over the animal kingdom. The disease which had so long preyed upon the health of Edwin, seemed fast approaching its crisis; and before the reign of winter, his disembodied spirit had passed to that world where decay is never known, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary soul finds rest." He died in that enthusiastic season of life when the hopes of manhood's morning were brightest, when the world exhibited its fairy scenes in their most gaudy coloring, and every thing that tends to bind the young and ardent heart to this world, looked the most inviting. Mary Ann was not sensible of the magnitude of her deprivation at first; but, as day after day passed away, the loneliness of her situation became more and more apparent. But, in her solitude of heart she found a pleasure in the performance of any trifling thing that reminded her of Edwin; in perusing those books he had loved to read, and in hoarding all the little relics he had left. Often during the succeeding spring, when the high moon was flinging her mellow lustre over the landscape, did she go forth to muse and weep over the grave of the brother whom she had loved; and, as often when the earth was sleeping, and the wind murmured not through the forest, her sweet voice, rendered more lovely by its mournful and touching pathos, was heard creeping out upon the atmosphere and dying away, like the melody of a bird, while she chaunted the following

*LINES.*

When the tired roe-buck, at the dawn
Of evening seeks his den,
And finds his dearest, loveliest gone,—
Fallen by the hunter-men,

What then can mitigate his woe?
What happiness restore
To his lone bosom, who shall know
On earth such friends no more?

He seeks no comfort, but away
In solitude he goes,
And weeps, throughout the cheerless day,
The weight of all his woes.

His fate is mine, I must go on
Joyless and broken hearted,
Through bitter years, for he is gone,
The loved one has departed.

My brother, o'er thy "storied urn"
A sister fondly weeps;
A father and a mother turn
To mourn o'er him who sleeps.

Yes, brother of my better years,
Whom friendship could not save,
A father's, mother's, sister's tears,
Fall o'er thy grassy grave.

Yes, I did love thee, and all things
Of life did love with me,
And nature, with thy sister, sings
A sad farewell to thee.

CLARENCE.

## SELECTED.

FROM THE EMERALD.

### POLITENESS.

"*I am extremely glad to see you.*"—There are more lies contained in these few words, than in all the written speeches in a lawyer's office; and still, the expression is on the tip end of every one's tongue. Imagine yourself seated in your *sanctum sanctorum*, wrapped

up in the study of some favorite author, or communing with the hallowed nine—when, lo! in pops a creditor, and throws a bucket of ice-water upon your *burning* thoughts! "Ha! my dear friend, I'm extremely glad to see you." There's a thumper for you to answer for!

Miss is preparing for a party; the carriage is waiting at the door—and still she lingers before the mirror adjusting her rich tresses, (i. e. beau catchers,) when in comes a *dear* friend; biting her lips with vexation, at the same time forcing a smile, she exclaims "ah! I'm extremely glad to see you!" That's another thumper.

Madam has pickles or sausages to make, and is up to her ears in pots and kettles, when Mrs. Somebody enters with her six little ones, all dressed off as neat as if they'd just been freed from six months imprisonment in a bandbox. "Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you!" It's a thumper—it's a downright lie; in her heart she wishes her and all her brood to ——. I'd liked to have said it.

When I hear a person say—"do call again and see me," it sounds very much like "John shew the gentleman out."

If I hear a man say he is *sorry* for the losses of his *dear* friend, I generally translate it, "hold fast is a good maxim."

There is no such thing, as sincere politeness; to be what the fashionable world terms polite, we must, necessarily, be hypocritical. The true characteristic of sincerity is bluntness, and a sincere man will never have the *back-ache*.

BENEDICT.

## OLD AGE.

Every one wishes to reach a good old age, but few persons wish to be thought old. The love of the vanities of this world, and the fears of death, are the cause of the first; and the imperfections which accompany age, and render men a load to themselves and others, are the reasons of the second.

It sometimes happens, that vice, though it generally quits us with age, still lurks in the heart of the old man, and gains sufficient influence to rekindle his passions. We must not be astonished if such an old age, separated from virtue, becomes the object of universal contempt.

## BRIEF SENTENCES.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow. To mourn without measure is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility. Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows. Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom. He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself. It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many. No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor. The coin that is most current among mankind is flatterry; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

## ENGLISH PROVERBS.

In every work begin and end with God. The grace of God is worth a fair. He is a fool who can not be angry; but he is a wise man who will not. So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose. It is wit to pick a lock and steal a horse; but it is wisdom to let them alone. Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin. Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down thy hedge. Half an acre is good land. Cheer up, man, God is still where he was. Of little meddling comes great ease. Do well, and have well. He who perishes in a needless danger, is the devil's martyr. Better spare at the brim, than at the bottom. He who serves God is the true wise man. The hasty man never wants woe. There is a God in the almonry. He who will thrive must rise at five. He who has thriven may sleep till seven. Prayer brings down the first blessing, and praise the second. He plays best who wins. He is a proper man who hath proper conditions. Better half a loaf than no bread. Frost and fraud have always foul ends. Good words cost nought. A good word is as soon said as a bad one. Little said soon amended.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

## YOUNG PHILOSOPHY—HOPE.

Guard well thy thoughts—YOUNG.

Nothing more strikingly displays the fettered greatness of the human mind, than expectation—that ambitious desire of the soul to swell itself beyond the limits of the present. Prying anxiously into the obscurity of the future, fancy embodies from the mist some phantom hope, that often beckons us to our destruction. It is the attractive power of these expectations that persuades man to activity and exertion. Like the declivity that draws the rock down the side of the mountain, it attracts him rapidly, and often unreflectingly, down the path of life. The chill of disappointment cannot cool his ardour: for as each pleasure to the longings of his diseased nature proves vain, he the more eager-

ly essays a new remedy. Still, "Hope enchanting smiles, and waves her golden hair."—As expectation is the director of most human efforts, it is evident, that it must be greatly instrumental in modulating the moral character. Hope is ever on the alert to give the disposition's career its bent. But this mighty projector renders her aid, indiscriminately, to vice or virtue. If the object of her votary be evil, she will flutter before him, and dazzling his eyes with a prospect of success, seduce him onward in the path of guilt. But with the virtuous, she brightens into angelic sweetness. She then confirms the purity of the character,

'Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way.'

This principle pervades the whole human race, from the prince to the peasant,

'For Hope is swift and flies on swallow's wings;
Kings she makes Gods, and meaner creatures kings.'

And it becomes necessary that so universal a spring of human action should be diricted to a path, where the character may safely follow. The subjects of emulation should ever be such, as to make excellence desirable. There is a strange repugnancy in the human character to witness another's superiority; and this passion is frequently extended to their vices as well as their virtues. How important must it be then, to accustom the mind to the contemplation of really great actions! The revolutions of England, America and France, which have so shattered the foundations of tyranny, were produced, not so much by actual oppression, as by the resplendency of the Greek and Roman examples. As the dominion of expectation is so powerful, the fancy should only be allowed to range in those fields of anticipation, where she may glean something to excite the love of virtue, or urge in the race of honour.

There is an extravagancy of hope which frequently unhinges and disorganizes the character; and to which the ardour of youth is most liable. That vacuum of the mind which is so ready in compassing its airy nothings, to expand beyond the limits of probability, should be circumscribed so far as it is susceptible of restraint, by reason. The flood of evils which flow in when the unchained fancy becomes its purveyor, must at length inundate the rugged virtues of reality. The duties of life are mostly of that unromantic cast, which fancy, made fastidious by the intemperance of hope, revolts at. And even were these homespun virtues connected by nature with the most tender and delicate associations, yet the extravagance of Hope would direct her to newer and wilder objects. The mind dazzled with long expatiating on the marvellous and ideal, turns to the cold, and often contemptible, but not less unavoidable, realities of life, with disgust and aversion. "Hope *humbly* then."

The premature enjoyments of hope generally weakens those powers, which are requisite for the acquirement of their reality. The intellect of its follower becomes enfeebled with its ideal food, and dwindles into an imbecility, so wavering and variable, that even hope despises and forsakes it. His attention is drawn from the steps on which he now stands, and which it is necessary to ascend, to the halo which gilds the pinnacle. The means are forgotten in contemplating the effect. A future which does not and never will exist, swallows up the moments of his life; and if, at last, convinced of his folly, he lowers his glance to real life, he finds that he has so long breathed in the rarified atmosphere of hope, that he cannot respire in dull and heavy reality. He indulges hope in inaction, until it is confined to indolence and indolence to imbecility. He contemplates his flight, until his intellectual sinews are contracted, and his ability to soar has departed. Then he discovers that the brilliant mists of hope which had encompassed his intellect, had rotted his energies piecemeal away.

But the luxury of hope not only weakens the mental powers, but it infects the disposition. The mind seems to curdle into bitterness, while basking in the beam of hope.

'Happy it is not;
For what it has not, still it strives to get,
And what it has, forgets.'

The delay, frustration, or even the unsatisfying fulfilment of his expectations, vexes its votary to a continual state of exasperation. The contrast between his fancy's picture, and the reality, to whose rigid aspect he has given added deformity, overpowers him, and the gloomy despondent sinks into the grave, the fittest veil and receptacle of his weakness. Therefore—

"Be at enmity
With *cozening* hope."

Jan. 2, 1820. ARION.

## ABSENCE OF MIND.

What the world calls an absent man, is generally either a very affected one, or a very weak one; but whether weak or affected, he is in company, a very disagreeable man. Lost in thoughts, or possibly in no thought at all, he is a stranger to every one present, and to every thing that passes; he knows not his best friends, is deficient in every act of good manners, unobservant of the actions of the company, and insensible of his own. His answers are quite the reverse of what they ought to be; talk to him of one thing, and he replies as of another. He forgets what he said last, leaves his hat in one room, his cane in another, and his sword in a third; nay if it was not for his buckles, he would even leave his shoes behind him. Neither his arms nor his legs seem to be a part of his body, and his head is never in a right position. He joins not in the general conversation, except by fits and starts, as if awaking from a dream; I attribute this either to weakness or affectation. His shallow mind is possibly not able to attend to more than one thing at a time; or he would be supposed wrapt up in the investigation of some very important matter. Such men as Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke, might occasionally, have some excuse for absence of mind; it might proceed from that intenseness of thought that was necessary at all times for the scientific subjects they were studying; but for a young man, and a man of the world, who has no such plea to make, absence of mind is a rudeness to the company, and deserves the severest censure.

## AUTHORS.

'So sensible,' says he, 'was even the calm Newton to critical attacks, that Whiston tells us he lost his favor, which he had enjoyed for twenty years, for contradicting Newton in his old age; for no man was of a more fearful temper.' Whiston declares that he would not have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's Chronology in his life time, 'because I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him; as Dr. Bently, Bishop Stillingfleet's chaplain told me, that he believed Mr. Locke's thorough confutation of the Bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity, hastened his end.' Pope writhed in his chair from the light shafts which Cibber darted on him; yet they were not tipped with the poison of the Java-tree. Dr. Hawkesworth *died of Criticism;* a malady which some would make contagious among authors. Singing-birds cannot live in a storm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME AND THE PRESENT.—If we may credit the court-wit of Queen Elizabeth's time, the fopperies of that day nearly equalled those of the present. He thus describes them.—"We use much bombast and quiltings to seem better formed, broader shouldered, smaller waisted, and fuller thighied than wee bee; wee barbe and shave often, to seeme younger than wee bee; wee use perfumes, both inward and outward, to seeme sweeter than wee bee; use courteous expressions, to seeme kinder than wee bee; lowly obeyances, to seeme humbler; and sometimes grave and godly communication, to seeme wiser and devouter than wee bee."

"*What is Man?*—This question recurred to my mind with a peculiar force, as I sat gazing at the starry heavens, lighted up by the mild beams of the moon on the evening of one of our long summer days. The noble Susquehannah rolled at my feet; beyond were dark, tall forests; hills rising on hills; and the enchanting prospect was terminated by a distant mountain, towering far above the rest.—On my left lay a small village; the smoke had ceased to issue from the chimnies of its dwellings, and the citizen to parade the streets. All nature was buried in profound repose. What is man? again sounded in my ear. He is, I mentally exclaimed—he is a strange being. Always changing, he never pursues one course steadily. At one time you see him follow his plough with a cheerful and happy countenance, the possessor of all that can make life desirable. Again, that cheerful cot has been visited by war; the demons of wrath have pillaged and burnt to the earth his once happy home. And where is he now? In the ranks of his countrymen, on the red field of battle—dashing on to the conflict, determined to revenge the wrongs that have been heaped upon him by the sanguinary foe.—Now he lies upon the bloody plain, "helmet cleft and banner lost;" pale and ghastly is the countenance that was once animated by the hopes of victory, and sunken is the eagle eye whose lightning glance could electrify and bring thousands to the deadly charge. That hand, which "waved the brand in war, hangs nerveless at his side," the form which thousands loved and looked up to for succour, has become a prey to the croaking raven, and the screaming vulture. Sad thought! Yet it

nother takes his place,and the chasm is filled:" A few years roll o'er our heads, and ere the hand of time has whitened the locks of his compeers, the names of the hero, or the sage, are forgotten; and too often, for the benefit of mankind, their virtues are buried with them.

Such is man. One day he bestrides the world; and on the next he is laid in the dust. But, although he is certain that death must come, he makes no preparations to meet his approach; but, like the gilded butterfly, spends his summer continually on the wing in pursuit of pleasure; but he seeks in vain; and death comes and finds him still unhappy. See the pale student trim his lamp at the still hour of midnight, wasting his frame and racking his brain, so that he may obtain future honors; see him again at the bar or in the pulpit, "lightning in his eye and thunder gathering on his brow," as he addresses the delighted audience. He is on the pinnacle of fame, and admiring thousands bow as he passes. But he is still the strong bound slave of fickle fortune, and to-morrow he is trodden under foot. And, in short, in whatever situation that singular being, called a man, is placed, he is rarely, if ever satisfied.—How is it? and why is it thus? Is there no situation—no line of conduct which he can pursue, by which comparative happiness will be obtained.—There is—and 'tis as clear as the light of the sun at meridian. But he will not pursue this path, although good men of every age and nation have used their influence in endeavoring to persuade him to adopt it.—And it is this which perplexes me. I have mused upon the circumstances and marked man down as the most singular being in existence.

## WINTER.

December came: his aspect stern
Glared deadly o'er the mountain cairn;
A polar sheet was round him flung
And ice-spears at his girdle hung.
O'er frigid field, and drifted cone,
He strode undaunted and alone:
Or, throned amid the Grampians gray,
Kept thaws and suns of heaven at bay,"
[Introduction to 'the Queen's Wake,' by J. Hogg.]

Such is the splendid description of December, given by the Ettrick Shepherd, than which we do not remember ever to have seen any thing more poetic. But his portrait must be confined to those winters we knew when we were boys, and not our modern ones, when, if the heavens be overcast, it is more in sorrow than in anger. Now-a-days winter creeps upon us so gradualiy, with sunshine smiles upon his brow, and in such a green old age, that we can scarcely recognize him as the same old gentleman who used to pay us a visit, all rigidity and stiffness, with an eternal scowl, upon his features, his elf locks hung with icicles, and breathing forth the nipping blast. Formerly he came "with polar sheet around him flung," now he makes his *entree* like a very Niobe, dissolved in tears.

Although the old fashioned winter had some crustiness about him, and great coldness in his manner, he used to bring in his train a host of comforts, to which his presence added double zest. There was after the skating and snow balling, sleighing, and other et cetera of the day were done, the snug fire side with the family circle drawn closely around it, the apples and nuts, and perhaps the pitcher of fine clear cider, to give food for conversation, and subject for the merry jest. Then, the joyous tale went round in all the hilarity of health, while old and young appeared disposed to enjoy themselves and laugh at the storm that raved without. With bodies braced by the keen air and exercise, and hearts filled with glee, the very whistling of old Boreas seemed to join in our gaiety and mingle in the chorus of our mirth. And about Christmas too, what a fund of fun, filling the stocking, watching for the Bell-snickle, and Heaven knows how many other pranks. All these have passed away with the old-fashioned winter, and primness and propriety have succeeded them.—Children now no longer seem to be children, mewed up in a corner with frames relaxed, they seem to dread the blast that in olden time would have been thought a vernal gale. Instead of roughing it through hail, snow and hail, snow, and rain, and just popping in to warm their benumbed fingers, and then out again to mingle in their merry work, the drawing-room, well heated, must be the scene of their amusements; and if they happen to make a sortie into the open air, it is only to run back again with a shudder.

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1829.

No foreign news of any note has been received of late. The Emperor of the Russias has had, it is said, a narrow escape from falling into the hands of the Turks, while sailing on the Black Sea: a furious storm arose, and it was with difficulty the vessel was kept from driving on the Turkish shore. Hostilities have been suspended for the winter between the Russians and Turks.

Don Miguel, the usurper of the Crown of Portugal, has been nearly killed by the upseting of a carriage which he was driving. It is stated that his life is still dispaired of.

The boats of the United States Ship of War Erie, have captured a Buenos Ayrean Privateer in the harbor of St. Bartholomews, she was suspected of piratical doings.

To our correspondent, J. B. we return our thanks, and would solicit further communications.

The Publishers of the Talisman, encouraged by the liberal patronage extended towards them, give information, that at the commencement of the second volume, they shall enlarge their publication, to the size of a whole sheet, which will be presented in a quarto form, once a fortnight. The terms will be one dollar and twenty-five cents, and if paid in advance, one dollar a year. It is contemplated to publish the first number next week, which will be forwarded to the subscribers of the present volume. Such as wish to discontinue, will give information previous to the publication of the second number, which will be on the 18th of April.

The Village Register will continue to be published at convenient intervals, with such improvements as the state of the town shall require.

## Married,

In Weathersfield, Vt. 4th inst. Mr. Oliver K. Hovey to Miss Fanny Martin; Mr. James Martin to Miss Henrietta Lawton; Mr. Joshua Martin, 3d, to Miss Elizabeth W. Richardson; Mr. William P. Nichols to Miss Prudence Martin! The above persons were members of one household, residing under the same roof.

## POETRY.

*From the Western Souvenir.*

MARIA LOUISA AT THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

"And she proud Austria's mournful flower."

BYRON.

Rest, warrior! on that sea-girt isle,
Wild tempests hymn thy dirge;
O, better than the high raised pile,
Thy grave amid the surge!
It seemed another Delos rose,
Called from the ocean by thy foes;
As if the utmost verge
Of the old world could yield no space,
Fit for a hero's resting place.

Kings saw the unarmed stranger come,
And the mail'd host gave way;—
The voice of revelry was dumb,
The sceptre powerless lay;
The halls of an imperial line,
Pomp, power, the throne, the world were thine!
It was thy very play
To wrest the loftiest wreath of fame,
And deck a brow without a name.

And in that hour of god-like pride,
When monarchs bow'd the knee,
Methinks the victor should have died,
Nor known captivity;—
Yet it was well, like the great sun,
Thy course did end as it begun,
Upon the chainless tide;
The youth was cradled on the wave,
And its fierce waters clasp thy grave!

I would not wake thy slumbers now,
All lowly as thou art;
Nor place again upon thy brow,
The crown that crush'd thy heart!
No bitterness of death was left,
When of thy wife and child bereft,
—Captivity's first smart—
Piecemeal, they meted out thy doom,
Thou living tenant of a tomb.

Rest, warrior! though no column tell
The story of thy death,
Earth's mightiest shall remember well
Of him that sleeps beneath.
And he, who scarce with infant hand,
Unsheaths his father's battle brand,
May earn as green a wreath,
And teach how poorly they were free,
When the damp sod closed over thee.

S. S. BOYD.

INVOCATION TO THE ECHO OF A SEA SHELL.

*By A. A. Watts.*

Fond hearts and true the beautiful and brave—
Childhoods's bright hair—the veteran locks of grey;
Foeman and friends, sink down to one wide grave,
And none are spared to tell us where they lay.
Where are the lost and loved so many seek?
Speak, I conjure thee, speak!

How dost thou answer? with a low sweet dirge—
Sad as the booming of the sullen main,
The far-off warnings of the restless surge,
When storms are growing into strength again!
Perchance a region for the glorious dead,
Youth, beauty, valor fled.

Whate'er thy source and purpose, I rejoice
To list thy mystic murmurings, soft and dear:
To me thou seemest like a still, small voice,
By conscience whispered in my world-vex'd ear,
To lead my soul from grovelling things of earth,
To hopes of loftier birth.

WORCESTER TALISMAN.

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☞ Agents paying *five dollars* will be entitled to receive SIX copies.

☞ Letters, intended for THE TALISMAN, must be *post paid* to insure attention.

GRIFFIN AND MORRILL....PRINTERS.

THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 23. FEBRUARY 7, 1829. VOL. I.

## ORIGINAL.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, &c.
*Shakspeare.*

True there is a tide in the affairs of men, but when was there an Editor known to be in its current, floating prosperously on its waves, his patrons pleased, his pockets full and himself at peace with all the world? Never within the memory of man has such an event happened, at least, history has recorded none such nor has tradition handed down an example.

If there is ought of profit accruing, your publishers take the cash, look grum, and talk of the great expense of printing and a score of other items, which serve to swell the aggregate, like the tailor's stay, tape and buckram. Ay! but you Editors have all the Credit, the honor &c. of a successful work. We deny this conclusion of the public as erroneous.—The editor has all the ratings and fault finding bestowed plentifully and gratuitously on him, all the credit is monopolized by the publishers. Suppose the position true that an editor has all the credit of a successful paper.—"Can honor set to a leg? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No." Truly if this honor, this reputation is such a passable commodity, so tangible and full of satisfaction; I will experiment upon it, face my tailor and beard my shoemaker with it, when they next present their interminable bill of items. Here sir, receipt me your bill for thread, wax, and leather quickly, and I make over to you in full discharge thereof, all the credit I gained by writing that essay, or this paragraph. "Are you mad Mr. J. B." shouts Crispin, "do you think I can feed my family, or pay my workmen with this." Ay! as well as I can pay mine host with it! or purchase a new coat, which I am even now wanting, or get a pair of boots that will not gape ominously in the face of their wearer, shewing a fearful array of peg like teeth. I may well thank my stars I have but one to care for, only one that can be starved by my exertions to live. J. B.

## SELECTED.

It may be interesting to our readers to know something of the mineral treasures of Great Britain: the following extract will show how abundantly that country is supplied with coal.—Ed.

Coal.—Coal was known and partially used, at a very early period of our history. I was informed by the late Marquis of Hastings, that stone hammers and stone tools were found in some of the old workings in his mines at Ashby Wolds; and his lordship informed me also, that similar stone tools had been discovered in the the old workings in the coal mines in the north of Ireland. Hence we may infer that these coal mines were worked at a very remote period, when the use of metallic tools was not general. The burning of coal was prohibited in London in the year 1308, by the royal proclamation of Edward the First. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the burning of coal was again prohibited in London during the sitting of Parliament, lest the health of the knights of the shire should suffer injury during the abode in the metropolis. In the year 1643 the use of coal had become so general, and the price being then very high, many of the poor are said to have perished for want of fuel. At the present day, when the consumption of coal in our iron-furnaces and manufactories, and for domestic use, is immense, we cannot but regard the exhaustion of our coal-beds as involving the destruction of a great portion of our private comfort and national prosperity. Nor is the period very remote when the coal districts which at present supply the metropolis with fuel, will cease to yield any more. The annual quantity of coal shipped in the rivers Tyne and Wear, according to Mr. Bailey, exceeded three millions tons. A cubic yard of coal weighs nearly one ton, and the number of tons contained in a bed of coal one square mile in extent and one yard in thickness, is about four millions. The number and extent of all the principal coal-beds in Northumberland and Durham are known; and from these data it has been calculated that the coal in these countries will last 360 years. Mr. Bailey, in his surveys of Durham, states that one third of the coal being already got, the coal districts will be exhausted in 200 years. It is probable that many beds of inferior coal, which are now neglected, may in future be worked; but the consumption of coal being greatly increased since Mr. Bailey published his survey of Dur-

ham, we may admit his calculations to be an approximation to truth. * * *

Mr. Bakewell then states the inaccuracies of Dr. Thompson's calculations on this subject, (in the Annals of Philosophy,) and compares them with those of Mr. Bailey and Mr. Winch; and, after making allowance for the waste of coal at the mouth of the pit, and the quantity of coal left unwrought in the mines, he concludes that the period when the coal mines of Northumberland and Durham will be exhausted (giving it the longest duration) cannot exceed 360 years from the present time.

It cannot (says the author) be deemed uninteresting to inquire what are the repositories of coal that can supply the metropolis and the southern countries, when no more can be obtained from the Tyne and the Wear.—The only coal fields of any extent on the eastern side of England between London and Durham, are those of Derbyshire, and those in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The Derbyshire coal-field is not sufficient of magnitude to supply for any longer period more than is required for home consumption and that of the adjacent countries. There are many valuable beds of coal in the West Riding of Yorkshire which are yet unwrought; but the time is not very distant when they must be put in requisition to supply the vast demand of that populous manufacturing country, which at present consumes nearly all the produce of its own coal mines. In the midland counties, Staffordshire possesses the nearest coal district to the metropolis of any extent; but such is the daily consumption of coal in the iron-funaces and founderies, that it is generally believed this will be the first of our town coal-fields that will be exhausted. The thirty-feet bed of coal in the Dudley coal-field is of limited extent; and in the present mode of working it, more than two thirds of the coal is wasted and left in the mine. If we look to Whitehaven or Lancashire, or to any of the minor coal fields in the west of England, we can derive little hope of their being able to supply London and the southern counties with coal, after the import of coal fails from Northumberland and Durham. We may thus anticipate a period not very remote, when all the English mines of coal and iron-stone will be exhausted; and, were we disposed to indulge in gloomy forebodings, like the ingenious authoress of 'the Last Man,' we might draw a melancholy picture of our starving and declining population, and describe some manufacturing patriarch travelling to see the last expiring English furnace before he emigrated to distant regions. Fortunately, however, we have in South Wales, adjoining the British channel, an almost exhaustless supply of coal and iron-stone, which are nearly unwrought. It has been stated that this coal-field extends over about 1200 square miles, and that there are twenty-three beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is 95 feet, and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or 65,000,000 tons per square mile. If from this we deduct one half for waste and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we shall have a clear supply of coal equal to 32,000,000 tons per square mile. Now if we admit that five millions of coal from the Northumberland and Durham mines is equal to nearly one-third of the total annual consumption of coal in England, each square mile of the Welch coal-field would yield coal for two years' consumption; and as there are from one thousand to twelve hundred square miles in this coal-field, it would supply England with fuel for two thousand years, after all our English coal-mines are worked out.

Mr. Bakewell states, however, that a considerable part of the coal in South Wales is of an inferior quality, and is not at present burnt for domestic use.—*Lond. Lit. Gazette.*

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PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1828.

The battle of Navarino and the liberation of Greece by the French troops.

The invasion of Turkey by the Russians, and the unexpected vigour and success of the Turks in defence.

The usurpation of Don Miguel in Portugal and the submission of the Portuguese.

The fall of the minister Villele and his party in France, and the comparative triumph of liberal principles throughout the French government.

The rapid changes in the British ministry, and the final ascendency and elevation of the Duke of Wellington.

The repeal of the Test Acts by the British Parliament; the election of O'Connell, in Ireland to the exclusion of Fitzgerald; the diffusion and completion of the project of Catholic Association in that country; the general progress in Great-Britain of the cause of Catholic emancipation or religious right.

The peace between Buenos Ayres and Brazil, including the establishment of the independent states of Monte-Video, under the auspices of Great-Britain.

The convulsions in the Republic of Colombia; the overthrow of her constitution; the assumption of the supreme power by the military chief, Bolivar.

The various revolutions in Peru and Chili adverse to the power and plans of Bolivar, and the subversion of his Bolivian Constitution in Upper Peru; the declaration of war between Colombia and Peru.

The conspiracies and rebellions in Mexico; the failure of Bravo's plot and his banishment; the election of Pedraza to the exclusion of Gen. Victoria; the insurrection of Gen. Santa-Anna.

In the U. States—the adoption of a Tarif deemed exceptionable by all parties; the violence of the opposition to it in the South; the proceedings thereon of the legislatures of S. Carolina and Georgia; the violence of the

contest for the office of President; the abuse of the liberty of the press by incessant invective and calumny; the publication of private letters; the reports of private conversation; the election of Gen. Jackson to the exclusion of Mr. Adams; the general and easy submission to the will of the majority; the new evidence of almost universal trust in the efficacy of our institutions and the spirit of the country. The chief glory of the end of the year 1828, is the situation of this Union.—*Nat. Gaz.*

## MOURNING.

"Black is the sign of mourning," says Rabelais, "Because it is the colour of darkness, which is melancholy, and the opposite to white which is the colour of light, of joy, and of happiness."

The early poets asserted that souls, after death, went into a dark and gloomy empire. Probably it is in consonance with this idea that they imagined black was the most congenial colour for mourning. The Chinese and the Siamese choose white, conceiving that the dead become beneficent genii.

In Turkey mourning is composed of blue or violet; in Ethiopia, of gray; and at the time of the invasion of Peru by the Spaniards, the inhabitants of that country wore it of mouse colour. Amongst the Japanese, white is the sign of mourning, and black of rejocing. In Castile, mourning vestments were formerly of white serge. The Persians clothed themselves in brown, and they, their whole family, and all their animals were shaved. In Lycia, the men wore female habiliments during the time of their mourning.

At Argos, people dressed themselves in white, and prepared large feasts and entertainments.

At Delos, the people cut off their hair, which was deposited upon the sepulchre of the dead. The Egpytians tore their bosoms, and covered their faces with mud, wearing clothes of the colour of yellow, or of dead leaves.

Amongst the Romans, the wives were obliged to weep the death of their husbands, and children that of their father, during a whole year. Husbands did not for their wives, nor fathers for their children, unless they were upwards of three years old.

The full mourning of the Jews continues for a year, and takes place upon the death of parents. The children do not put on black, but are obliged to wear during the whole year the clothes which they had on at the death of their father, without being allowed to change them, let them be ever so tattered. They fast on the anniversary of his death every year.—Second mourning lasts a month, and takes place on the demise of children, uncles and aunts. During that period they dare neither wash themselves, shave, nor perfume themselves, nor even cut their nails.

They do not eat in common with the family and the husband and wife live separately.—Slight mourning continues only for a week, and is worn on the decease of a husband or of a wife. On returning from the funeral obsequies, the husband, wearing his mourning habits, washes his hands, uncovers his feet, and seats himself on the ground, remains in the same posture, and continues to groan and weep, without paying attention to any occupation, until the seventh day.

The Chinese, when they are in mourning, wear coarse white cloth, and weep three years for the loss of the departed. The magistrate no longer exercises his functions, the counsellor suspends his suits, and husbands and wives, as with the Jews, live apart from each other, Young people live in seclusion, and cannot marry till the end of the three years.

The mourning of the Carribbees consist in cutting off their hair, and in fasting rigorously until the body purify; after which they indulge in debauches, to drive all sadness away from their minds.

## PAINE AND FRANKLIN.

We are indebted for the following interesting reminsences, to the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

The first literary magazine ever published in the colonies, was printed and edited by Benjamin Franklin. It was entitled "The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle." The first number appeared in January, 1741, and, according to Thomas, the work was continued only six months. At the same time came out, in opposition to Franklin the American Magazine, or a monthly view of the British Colonies, printed and sold by Andrew Bradford.—This publication was even shorter lived than its competitor; proving conclusively, that the time for periodical litature had not yet arrived. We meet with no other project of the kind, until October, 1757, when appeared the American Magazine under the auspices of Dr. Smith, already noticed. The publication of this ceased at the expiration of one year.—In 1769 a small paper, of little value, entitled the Penny Post, was published by Benjamin Mecom. His design was to print it weekly, but it came from the press in an irregular manner. The American Magazine, by Lewis Nichols, was commenced in 1769, and ended with the year. To this work was subjoined the transactions of the American Philosophical Society. The Royal Spiritual Magazine, or the Christian's Grand Treasu-

ry, was begun in 1771, and published monthly, for a few months only, by John Mac Gibbons. In January, 1775, was commenced the Pennsylvania Magazine, or American Monthly Museum, for which Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense, was one of the principal writers. It was published by Robert Aitken, upon whose authority Thomas has recorded a characteristic anecdote of the indolent propensities of Paine. He had engaged to furnish monthly, a certain quantity of original matter for the Museum; but it was often difficult to prevail on him to comply with his engagement.

In one of these indolent fits, while the press was waiting, Aitken went to his lodgings, and complained of his neglect. "You shall have matter in time," coolly answered the other; but the printer, entertaining doubts, insisted on proceeding immediately to business. Paine accordingly went home with Aitken, and was soon seated at a table, with writing apparatus, and a decanter of brandy—"without which," says Aitken, "he would never write." The first glass put him in a strain of thinking; the printer feared the second would disqualify him, or render him untractable; but it only enlivened his mind; and when he had swallowed the third glass, he wrote with great rapidity, intelligence and precision; and his ideas appeared to flow faster than he could commit them to paper. What he penned from the inspiration of brandy, was perfectly fit for the press, without any alteration or correction. It may be presumed that his attacks on christianity were written under similar excitement.

Paine was born at Thretford in Norfolk, in the year 1737, where he received a common English education, and was brought up to the business of his father, who was a stay-maker. By the advice of Franklin he came to America, and arrived in Philadelphia about the close of 1774. His pamphlet, entitled "Common Sense," which was written at the suggestion of Dr. Rush, appeared in January, 1776; and the legislature of Pennsylvania rewarded the author with 500 pounds. He also obtained a grant of land in the province of New York. In 1790 he went to London, and in March of the following year, excited some notice by the "Rights of Man," written in answer to Edmund Burke. This drew a prosecution upon him, and he fled to France, where he was chosen a member of the National Assembly; but in the time of Robespierre was thrown into prison, and narrowly escaped the guillotine. During his imprisonment, which continued eleven months, he finished his infamous "Age of Reason." After his liberation, in November, 1794, he wrote some political pamphlets, one of them a scandalous attack on the character of General Washington. His political writings were exceedingly popular and beneficial to the American cause. He returned to America in 1802, and died June 8, 1809. His grave has been outraged, and his bones have been removed across the Atlantic, for political purposes. It was no uncommon practice among the ancients, to exhibit the bleeding and marred corpse of a favorite, to excite the popular fury, and it seldom failed of success; but we question whether the same combustible tendency exists in the dry bones of a disorganizing politician. The experiment, in the present instance, proved abortive. It is the first on record, and we trust that it may be the last.

## THE TATTLER.

There is not a being that moves on the surface of the habitable globe, more degraded, or more contemptible, than a tattler. Vicious principles want of honesty, servile meanness, despical incidiousness form his character.—Has he wit? In atemping to display it, he makes himself a fool. Has he friends? By unhesitatingly disclosing their secrets, he will make them his most bitter enemies. By telling all he knows, he will soon discover to the world that he knew dut little. Does he envy an individual? His tongue, fruitful with falsehoods, defames his character. Does he covet the favour of any one? He attempts to gain it by slandering others. His approach is feared—his person hated—his company unsought—and his sentiments despised, as emanating from a heart, fruitful with guile, teeming with iniquity, loaded with

envy, malice and revenge. Are there any parents, who wish a son of this description? Let them encourage him in the beginning of his career. Listen to every tale he tells—declaim in his presence against the subject of it—condemn the slandered unheard—and if their desires are not gratified, it will prove an exception in the common course of nature.

OBSERVATION.

## LONDON STREETS.

BY J. B. VANSHAICK.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In light, then lost amid the forestry
Of masts, a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tip-toe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge dun cupola, like a fool's cap crown
On a fool's head, and this is London town.

*Don Juan.*

When Dr. Kitchener concoctod his very excellent 'maxims for locomotion,' by some singular oversight he omitted giving particular instructions to facilitate the progress of the uninitiated thro' that uncompromising thing, a London crowd. The art of effecting a safe and tolerably rapid passage through human shoals, is no mean accomplishment in peripatetic navigation. A friend first called my attention to the theory of the thing, in some very laconic advice; 'Throw your shoulders forward, sink your polite habit of yielding to others, and wait for nobody—at your present rate, you will be two hours getting through Temple Bar.' He was right, and I experienced the benefit of 'throwing my shoulders forward, dispensing with my politeness,' &c.

But on a first visit to a crowded street, the Strand and Fleet Street, for instance, it is almost impossible to keep the attention undistracted by the various objects around, instead of directing it to the important business of the moment, *videlicet*, a safe progress. Ever and anon, the hapless absentee is disagreeably aroused by a powerful collision with a chimney-sweep, a blind beggar or some equally unpleasant specimen of humanity. An incipient street-walker may proceed from Charing Cross to Ludgate-Hill, and see nothing but the shop windows on one side of the street. His most intimate friend may pass him unnoticed, and the most bewitching *soubrette* may trip by him unappreciated. He is liable to half an hour's embargo from a conglomeration of the lovers of the fine arts, collected at the window of a print-shop. Unskilled greenhorn! he could not go off the curb without muddying his trowsers, or brush through the throng without tearing off his vest buttons.

If he has never been run over, or consciously in danger of it, he will peril his life in crossing the street by the ill-timed security of his faculties. If, fortunately, his perceptions have been awakened without mortal injury, he thenceforth flies across like a frightened maniac, darting uneasy glances at carts and coaches not within pistol-shot. I saw such a man once turn pale and tremble at being aroused from a reverie by an accidental touch on the shoulder from a plank carried by a porter. He, probably, for a moment, thought that it was either a 'bum bailey,' or an insult, and that he must go to jail or fight.

It is a most unfortunate habit for a beginner to walk, to fall into these fits of abstraction, which the mere consciousness of being in London is apt to induce. They are dangerous to Mr. John Raw, until he has acquired the art of locomotion on safe principles. An old stager may tickle his fancy, if he chooses, in building castles all the way from Bishopsgate to Holborn. He can indulge with ease and convenience. But nearly every body runs against a novice when under such hallucination, and almost all who do, observe his countenance lighted up with the complacent smile of some agreeable vision of broad day. The consequence is, that the *canaille*, having no sympathy with this sort of enjoyment, make no ceremony of cursing him heartily, for 'a rum one—not awake yet!' An unitiated will traverse the business parts of the metropolis without raising his eyes above the level of the shop-windows, unless, perhaps, he went purposely to see St. Dunstan's strike.

On the contrary, behold the experienced peripatetic; how delightfully he glides along; his practised and comprehensive eye takes in a thousand objects at a glance; his intense, but momentary stare, returns as much information to the head-quarters of his mind, as the contemplation of minutes would do for the green horn. In traversing either of the grand arteries of London, he will see a hundred queer people, odd things, and often humorous little adventures, which would escape less experienced vision. Does he incline to stop? He fences himself in with a knowing adjustment of his umbrella or his cane in a *noli me tangere* style, most worthy of imitation. Is a street to be crossed? His rapid eye takes inventory of the impediments, and with a firm step, and not undignified haste, he traverses safely a Charybdis of carts and coaches, where an ignorant pilot would probably be wrecked. Such is the force of habit, that he may even harbor a reverie in the heart of the city. Though his mind should for a moment abandon the helm, his body sways with its accustomed skill, and his head would duck aside from intuition if approached by a threatening projection.

Should he be on the look out for a friend? Not an individual can pass him unscrutinized, and he would detect the flap of a coat that he was acquainted with in the most crowded

part of the metropolis. Such is his habit of observation, that he could tell, if asked, the inscription on the pump in Cornhill in front of the Exchange, though he perhaps never stopped to read it all through at once. Everybody that has walked at all knows how multifarious are the impediments to a rapid and comfortable progress. 'Horrible, most horrible,' are the ills and disagreeable accidents which beset the path of the pedestrian in London. The disgusting importunity, and almost unquenchable zeal with which you are assaulted by the 'grimed and greasy' sweeper of a crossing, whom your most fervent protestations cannot convince that you carry no copper; the practical announcement of 'no thoroughfare,' from a long line of ten or twelve horses, with a coal-wagon, which they drag across your path from an archway, at the pace of a wounded snake; detention, unavoidable as it is annoying, by the '*jamque jamque magis cunctantem*' of coaches and drays which choke the streets, apparently masoned together by the design and hearty good will of their respective drivers, and, like a new parliament, with a far-off prospect of their dissolution; the risk of being beheaded without a trial, by some reckless bearer of a beam, who approaches from behind, unconscious as he is careless of your danger—these are some of the less evitable perils which environ the lounger. To these, however, experience can be opposed with advantage; but as for 'the one hundred thousand transient persons,' I pity them. According to Mr. Leigh, there is always that number in London, most of them respectable 'walking gentlemen.' Poor devils! to be turned loose into the sluices of population, without proper 'rules of action' for their instruction. Permit us to give you a few hints. If you are walking east of Soho Square and Charing Cross, never 'lay to' from motives of courtesy or humanity to women or children. If you are a tall man, walk over them; if a short, force between.

If a child gets between your legs, do not stop to let it disengage itself, but catch it up, and carry it to the next vacant shop-door or blind alley, where you can put it down without any diminution of speed.

Be not too ambitious of taking the wall; stick to the 'outside edge;' humility is often, like virtue, 'its own reward;' not but that you must have the faculty of twirling like a caterpillar; you might as well expect to go through the world without making enemies, as to go through the Strand in a right line.

Learn to adjust your umbrella, your elbows, and the knuckle of your middle finger, so as to form a *chevaux-de-frise* for the protection of the rest of your person; one may then read *nemo me impune* in your face.

If you come to a shoal at a print-shop window, and are doubtful of your physical powers to effect a passage, select some broad-shouldered pilot, and stick close in his wake.

If you are to cross where there is a throng of vehicles, Fleet Market, for instance, or Ludgate Hill, take the opportunity when a great many are about doing so at the same time; for, though you will find plenty who would drive over a single individual, few have the hardihood to ride down half a dozen at once.

Give a penny to a sweeper at a crossing, if you have it, but if you have it not, the best way is to cross rapidly without paying any attention to the claimant. 'Fine words butter no parsnips' with them, and they pursue a kind-hearted man with redoubled vehemence.

The characteristic maxim of a Londoner must be something like a translation of *saute qui peut;* for your real knowing one cannot be decoyed into listening to shabby-genteel beggars, with long rigmarole stories, who beset innocent strangers. The first symptoms of attention is downright encouragement to vagrancy. Eschew it, therefore, and go on your way, asking nothing, and giving accordingly. Palpable beggars you shun of course.

Avoid carefully 'the too violent exercise of being hustled in the street.' A safe place is a tradesman's shop; it is better always to resort to it upon the appearance of any commotion, even if it be at the expense of purchasing something you do not want.

Taking a pinch of snuff, looking at your watch, using your handkerchief freely of a warm day, are luxurious habits, to be dispensed with as much as convenient, when walking east of Northumberland House. Piccadilly, except in the neighborhood of the White Horse Cellar, is a sort of debatable ground, where the rules are to be exercised *a la discretion.*

But in Portland Place and Grosvenor Square, and such like streets, they are mostly unnecessary. Oxford Street, of a morning, is generally used by a tolerably genteel set of promenaders; but St. James's Street and Bond Street are ultra-tonnish, and the simple rule is to dress as fashionably, look as dull, and behave as properly as you can, and then you will stand a very good chance of not being noticed.

As for Thames Street, Fish Street Hill, Smithfield, Covent Garden, Billingsgate, Thornhaugh Street, and the like, if any curious American visits them, he must rely altogether upon the discretion of the moment for his propriety of proceeding. Our countrymen delight to see every thing in the way of queer sights, and with a knowing guide, they would explore London with high relish. I have seen them at the Cider Cellar, the Royal Saloon, and the Finish, but never heard of any who had penetrated to the Shilling Hotel in St. Giles, where the knives and forks are chained to the table, and clean straw and lodging-room may be had at two pence per night.

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MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Yesterday, two portly good humored dames were holding a public colloquy in Whipple street. One said

to the other, "Why these Portuguese, I don't like 'em—I don't understand any of their gibberish—not I—I am sure ours is the right language; for as for the sun, moon, and stars, I am sure this the right names for them, and they were always called the same, and always will be, and our English names be the only right ones for all these things."

A Mr. Brown, of Edinburgh, has satisfied himself that plants, wood, and even *rocks*, are composed of congeries of living atoms!

"That man himself, the food he consumes, the clothes he wears, the buildings that shelter him, the air, perhaps, which he breathes, the dust that flies around his head, the solid earth that lies under his feet; with all the plants and animals it nourishes, are but so many groups or masses of animated beings; that matter, so far from being inert or dead, is pregnant with *unextinguishable* life in all its forms; that *the whole globe, in short, is literally alive.*"

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it.—*Addison.*

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1829.

We deem it an unpleasant and thankless task to criticise new publications—one in which it is difficult to please even a part of the reading community, for no one pretends to please all. The idea of Sterne, upon a good natured reader, is strongly expressive of that kind of satisfaction which many take in carping at the productions of the author they are reading. "I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands, be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore," says he, and it is a remark worthy to be kept in remembrance by all who read for amusement.—These remarks premised, will save us a long detail of reasons, &c. for liking some of the works recently published, and disliking others—We like the "Western Souvenir," and "Pelham," and think "Zillah, or a Tale of the Holy City," to be a feeble and inferior work, one that is unworthy so much notice as has been bestowed on it.

## ITEMS.

An elegant silver monumental Vase has been presented to Gen. Lafayette by the Midshipmen of the United States frigate Brandywine. It was executed in Paris, under the direction of Mr. Barnet our Consul, and presented to the General by His Excellency Mr. Brown.

Cupid and Hymen drive bargains with such rapidity at Gloucester, Mass. that rent has has risen from 6 to 10 per cent.

Elsie Whipple, whose husband was shot in Albany two or three years since by Strang, her paramour, and who came near being hung with him, was recently married in New Brunswick, N. J. to a Mr. Nathaniel Freeman.—They were once school-mates in that place.

Some of the wags attribute the accident which befel Don Miguel to his having taken Madeira.

A human skeleton, supposed to be an Indian has been found in Haverhill, Mass. in a garden on the bank of the Merrimack, a quarter of a mile west of Haverhill Bridge. The Essex Gazette thinks it has seen there 200 years—it was found in a gully, washed out by the late heavy rains.

Six manufacturing companies were incorporated by the last legislature of North Carolina.

The third trial for Representatives to Congress in the fifth district of Vermont has failed. It is said to be the anti-masonic feeling which produces these results.

A grandee and peer of Spain has latterly been breaking stones on a high road in the neighbourhood of London, at the rate of 1s. a day, to support his wife and three children.

Men reckon themselves possessed of what their genius inclines them to, and so find all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach.—*Spectator.*

Applause and admiration are by no means to be counted among the necessaries of life.
*Johnson.*

Placid and soothing is the remembrance of a life passed with quiet, innocence, and elegance.—*Steele.*

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate, or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind.
[*Addison.*

Captiousness and jealousy are easily offended: and to him who studiously looks for an affront, every mode of behavior will supply it.—*Johnson.*

Peevish displeasure, and suspicions of mankind, are apt to persecute those who withdraw themselves altogether from the haunts of men.
[*Blair.*

## POETRY.

### THERE'S JOY WHEN THE ROSY MORNING.

BY SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

There's joy when the rosy morning floods
The purple east with light;
When the zephyr sweeps from a thousand buds
The pearly tears of night:
There's joy when the lark exulting springs
To pour his matin lay,
From the blossomed thorn when the blackbird sings,
And the merry month is May.

There's joy abroad when the wintry snow
Melts as it ne'er had been,
When cowslips bud, and violets blow,
And leaves are fresh and green;
There's joy in the swallow's airy flight,
In the cuckoo's blithsome cry,
When the floating clouds reflect the light
Of evening's glowing sky.

There's joy in April's balmy showers,
'Mid gleams of sunshine shed,
When May brings forth a thousand flowers
To deck the earth's green bed:
There's joy when the pale, pale moon comes out,
With all her starry train
When the woods return the reaper's shout,
And echo shouts again.

There's joy in childhood's silvery voice,
When the laugh rings blithe and clear,
And the sounds that bid young hearts rejoice,
Are music to the ear:
There's joy in the sweet romance of youth,
Ere care a shadow throws
Across the radiant brow of truth,
To mar the soul's repose.

There's joy in the youthful lover's breast,
When his bride by the altar stands.
When his trembling lips to hers are pressed,
And the priest has joined their hands.
There's joy—deep joy—in the mother's heart,
When she clasps her first-born son,
And the tears of holy rapture start
To bless the lovely one.

There's joy—above—around—beneath—
But 'tis a fleeting ray;
The world's stern strife, the hand of death,
Bid mortal hopes decay:
But there's a deeper joy than earth
With all her charms can give,
Which marks the spirit's second birth,
When man but dies to live.

### THE SPIRIT'S LAND.

The Spirit's land—where is that land,
Of which our fathers tell?
On whose mysterious, viewless strand,
Earth's parted millions dwell!
Beyond the bright and starry [illegible],
Creation's flaming space rem[illegible],
Beyond the measureless career,
The phantom flight of thought.

There, fadeless flowers their blossoms wave,
Beneath the cloudless sky;
And there the latest lingering tear
Is wiped from every eye;
And souls beneath the trees of life,
Repose upon that blessed shore,
Where pain, and toil, and storm, and strife,
Shall never reach them more.

And yet, methinks, a chastened woe
E'en there may prompt the sigh—
Sweet sorrows we would not forego
For calm unmingled joy,
When strains from angel harps may stray
On heavenly airs of mortal birth,
That we have heard, far, far away,
Amid the bowers of earth.

Ah! then, perchance, their saddening spell,
That from oblivion saves,
May wander like a lorn farewell,
From this dim land of graves;
And, like the vision of a dream,
Shed on the disembodied mind
Of mortal life a dying gleam,
And loved ones left behind.

Yes—yes, I will, I must believe
That nature's sacred ties
Survive, and to the spirit cleave,
Immortal in the skies;
And that imperfect were my bliss
In heaven itself, and dashed with care,
If those I loved on earth should miss
The path that leadeth there.

George Selwyn, travelling in a stage coach, was interrupted by the frequent impertinence of a companion, who was constantly teasing him with questions, and asking him how he did. 'How are you now, sir?' said the impertinent. 'Very well,' said Selwyn; 'and I intend to continue so all the rest of the journey.'

FOUR ROADS.—A gentleman on horseback finding himself at a spot where four roads met, asked a countryman who was working on one of them, where it run to. Clodpole raising himself from his stooping posture, scratching his head, replied with a grin, 'I doesn't know where it *runs* to, Zur, but we find it here every morning.'

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 24 FEBRUARY 21, 1829. VOL. I.

## MISCELLANY.

### HANNAH BINT.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

The Shaw, leading to Hannah Bint's habitation, is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice; that is to say, a track of thirty or forty acres covered with fine growing timber—ash, and oak, and elm—very regularly planted; and interspersed here and there with large patches of underwood, hazel, maple, birch, holly, and hawthorn, woven into almost impenetrable thickets by long wreaths of the bramble, the briar, and the briar-rose, or by the pliant and twisting garlands of the wild honey-suckle. In other parts, the Shaw is quite clear of its bushy undergrowth, and clothed only with large beds of feathery fern, or carpets of flowers, primroses, orchises, cowslips, ground-ivy, crane's-bill, cotton-grass, solomon's seal, and forget-me-not, crowded together with a profusion and brilliancy of color, such as I have rarely seen equalled even in a garden. Here the wild hyacinth really enamels the ground with its fresh and lovely purple; there,

"On aged roots, with bright green mosses clad,
Dwells the wood-sorrel, with its bright thin leaves
Heart-shaped and triply folded, and its root
Creeping like beaded coral; whilst around
Flourish the copse's pride, anemones,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow."

The variety is much greater than I have enumerated; for the ground is so unequal, now swelling in gentle ascents, now dimpling into dells and hollows, and the soil so different in different parts, that the sylvan Flora is unusually extensive and complete.

A sudden turn brings us to the boundary of the Shaw, and leaning upon a rude gate, we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. The pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

The living and moving accessories are all in keeping with the cheerfulness and repose of the landscape. Hannah's cow grazing quietly beside the keeper's pony; a brace of fat pointer puppies holding amicable intercourse with a litter of young pigs; ducks, geese, cocks, hens, and chickens, scattered over the yard; Hannah herself sallying forth from the cottage-door, with her milk-bucket in her hand, and her little brother following with the milking stool.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint, (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John; indeed, in our parts, he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack,) was a drover of high repute in his profession. No man, between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skilfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and high-roads, as Jack Bint, and Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, black, with a little white about the muzzle, and one white ear, was as well known at fairs and markets, as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together, better than any shepherd's dog on the road—Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition.

A rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple; then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face, and poor Jack, a thoughtless, but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, looked at his three motherless children with the acute misery of a parent, who has brought those whom he loves best in the world, to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's death, which event had occurred two or three years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two broth-

ers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry; but which forms the surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage, and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and, without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded, after settling their trifling affairs, to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew, also, that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely, was a rich and liberal cattle-dealer in the neighborhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah had no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way—"a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by instalments, but that she would not promise!" and partly amused, partly interested by the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow in the Shaw common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good nature—half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so much, that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now, Hannah showed great tact in setting up as a dairy-woman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment, in this neighborhood, is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessaries of housekeeping. To your thoroughbred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and newlaid eggs grow, so to say, in the country—form an actual part of its natural produce—it may be some comfort to learn, that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is; the farmers' wives have ceased to keep poultry, and that we unlucky villagers sit down of to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thick milk, and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milk-maid. She changed away some of the cottage finery, which, in his prosperous days, poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home, the China tea-service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the more useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry—for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and oziers; erected, under his sister's directions, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron, the lord of the manor) until it became so ample, that the produce not only kept the pig, and half-kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandize to the indefatigable directness of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity-school, where he made great progress—retaining him at home, however, in the hay-making reaping, and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favorite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out clever at his book,) that it is the general opinion of the village, that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under-gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. Her cow, her calves

her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered.—She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin. Not but Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betters. Why should she not? The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold, from the first, that she would come to no good, and could not forgive her for falsifying her prediction; and Betty Barnes, the flattering widow of a tippling farmer, who rented a field, and set up a cow herself, and was universally discarded for insufferable dirt, said all that the wit of an envious woman could devise against Hannah and her Alderney; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbor, who had, whilom held entire sway over the Shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so good-natured and genial a person could grumble, when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buck wheat destined to feed his noble pheasants. Nobody that had been accustomed to see that paragon of keepers, so tall and manly, and pleasant looking, with his merry eye, and his knowing smiles, striding gaily along, in his green coat, and his gold laced hat, with his noble Newfoundland dog, (a retriever is the sporting word,) and his beautiful spaniel flirt at his heels, could conceive how eskew he looked, when he first found Hannah and Watch holding equal reign over his old territory, the Shaw common.

Yes! Hannah hath had her enemies; but they are passing away. The old woman at the lodge is dead, poor creature; and Betty Barnes, having herself taken to tippling, has lost the few friends she once possessed, and looks, luckless wretch, as if she would soon die too!—and the keeper?—why, he is not dead, or like to die; but the change that has taken place there is the most astonishing of all—except, perhaps, the change in Hannah herself.

Few damsels of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sun-burnt hair, and eyes, whose very brightness had in them something startling, over-informed, super-subtle, too clever for her age. At twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared: her countenance, her figure, has shot up into height and lightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed, and curled, and brushed, with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!)—there he stands—holding her milk pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; whilst she is returning the compliment, by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling, and she blushing—he never looking so handsome, nor she so pretty, in all their lives. There they stand, in blessed forgetfulness of all except each other; as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom.—I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

## REMEMBER ME.

There is not two other words in the language that can back a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship than these. Look through your library, and when you cast your eye upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will say—*remember me.* Have you an ancient Album, the repository of the mementoes of early affection?—turn over its leaves, stained by the finger of time, sit down and ponder upon the names enrolled on them; each says, remember me. Go into the crowded church-yard, among the marble tombs, read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones; they too have a voice that speaks to the hearts of the living, and says remember me. Walk in the scenes of early rambles: the well-known paths of the winding streams, the overspreading trees, the green and gently-sloping banks, will recal the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions; they too bear the treasured injunctions—remember me. And this is all that is left at last of the wide circle of our earthly friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our band by the changes of circumstances or of character; in time, we find ourselves left alone with the recollection of what they were. Some were our benefactors, and won us by their favour; others, again, were models of virtue, and shared our praises and admiration. It was thus a little while, and then the chances of the world broke in upon the delightful intercourse, it ceased. Yet still, we do all we can to discharge the one sacred, and honest, and an honourable debt—we remember them. The tribute, too, of remembrance which we delight to pay to others, we desire for ourselves.—The wish for applause; the thirst for fame; the desire that our names would shine down to future posterity in the

glory of recorded deeds, is a feverish, unhappy passion, compared with the unambitious desire to retain, even beyond the span of life, the affections of the warm-hearted few who shared our joys and sorrows in the world. I once read the brief inscription, 'remember me,' on a tomb-stone in a country churchyard, with a tear, that the grave of Bonaparte would not have called forth. But whom do we always remember with affection?—the virtuous, the kind, the warm-hearted; those who have endeared themselves to us by the amiableness of their characters. It is the mind, the disposition, the habits, the feelings of our friends which attach us to them most strongly; which, form the only lasting bond of affection; which alone can secure our affectionate remembrance —Then, if we would be remembered with the kindliest feelings; if we would be embalmed in the memory of those we love; if we desire, that when fortune or fate shall separate us from our friends, they may long think of us, we must possess ourselves the same character we love in others. Never was a more noble line written in the history of man than this—"The first emotion of pain he ever caused—was on his departure."

## OREGON SETTLEMENT.

The mouth of Columbia river, as it was named by white men, or Oregon as the natives call it, seems destined soon to become the scene of busy trade, as it may be apprehended it will in future be times of combat and bloodshed among the rival commercial nations of the earth. Already in fact, has the British government in the true character of Englishmen extended her jurisdiction over all north west America, not already in the occupancy of some other power. And nothing remains for the government of the United States but to take possession of the Rocky Mountains, washed by the Pacific Ocean, and extending back to the 61st degree of North Latitude. One of the objects contemplated in establishing the authority of this government at the mouth of the Oregon, is the assumption and protection of our rights, now seriously menaced by the all-grasping hand of Great Britain.

A voyage to China from the mouth of the Oregon is performed in about thirty days. How splendid is the vision which imagination frames of the greatness and power of the republic; extended, not only by conquest, but by the enterprise of her free citizens from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, united together and chained as it were to indissoluble union, by interests the most powerful and by means of easy internal communication, wonderfully designed by heaven, and still more wonderfully increased by the wisdom and industry of man. Soon shall we see the vast regions west of the Mississippi covered with a population like our own, and supplied with merchandise from a city that shall be formed at the mouth of the Oregon. The rivers will be traversed with steamboats, and the rocky mountains will be scaled with canals and railroads, and it would not be singular if the Merchants of New Orleans should in a few years, open a trade with China by the way of the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Oregon.

*National Advertiser.*

## WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

Our country has been described abroad, as sterile of moral interest. We have, it is said, no monuments, no ruins, none of the colossal remains of temples, and baronial castles, and monkish towers: nothing to connect the heart and the imagination with the past; none of the dim recollections of the time gone by, to associate the past with the future. We have not travelled in other lands. But in travelling over our vast prairies, in viewing our ancient forests, planted by nature, and nurtured only by ages; when we have seen the sun rising over a boundless plain, where the blue of the heavens in all directions touched, and mingled with verdure and the flowers; when our thoughts have traversed rivers of a thousand leagues in length; when we have seen the ascending steam boat breasting the surge, and gleaming through the verdure of the trees; we have imagined the happy multitudes, that from these shores will contemplate this scenery in the days to come; we have thought, that our great country might at least compare with any other, in the beauty of its natural scenery. When on an uninhabited prairie, we have fallen at night-fall upon a group of these mounds, and have thought of the masses of human bones that moulder beneath; when the heart and the imagination evoke the busy multitudes that here strutted thro' "life's poor play," and ask the phantoms who and what they were, and why they have left no memorials but these mounds: we have found ample scope for reflections and associations of the past with the future. We should not highly estimate the mind, or the heart of the man, who could behold these prairies without deep thought.—*Flint's travels.*

MADMAN AND SPORTSMAN.—A physician of Milan, who understood the cure of madmen, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to the knees, some to the girdle, & some to the chin, according to the greater or lesser degree of madness with which they were affected. One of the madmen, who was on the point of his recovery, happened to be standing at the house-door, saw a young nobleman pass, with his hawk upon his fist well mounted, and with the usual equipage of hawking-dogs, falconers, &c. behind him. The madman demanded to know to what use was this preparation, and was courteously answered to kill certain birds.—"And how much," said the madman, "may

be the worth of all the fowls you kill in a year?" The nobleman replied, "five or ten crowns." "And what," said the madman, "may your hawks, spaniels, horses, &c. stand you in the year?" "About five thousand crowns," replied the gentleman. "Five thousand crowns!" replied the madman; and gazing at him a moment with the wild earnestness of an approaching frenzy, he seized him by the shoulder, and forcing him into the pit, immerced him several times in the water, (the usual practice of his master, with his more desperate petients.) Having thus ducked him, he led him back to the door. "Hark'ye, my friend," said he, dismissing him; "take my advice, and make all possible haste from this house—for, should our master come home, he'll drown you but what he will cure you."

LAFAYETTE'S BUST.—A finely executed marble bust of Gen. Lafayette has been presented, by an unknown hand, to Congress, and deposited in one of the rooms of the Library. From whom, or whence it comes no one can tell, but it certainly is a most excellent likeness of the General. It would appear to be the work of P. J. David D'Angers, and inscribed to Gen. Lafayette, 1828. Its proportions are colossal, but the marble is not very fine. On the right are inscribed the following words, taken from his last speech to the President of the United States, September 7th, 1825.

"God bless you, sir, and all who surround us. God bless the American People, each of their States, and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart; such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat."

On the left are the following, taken from his speech in the House of Representatives on the 10th Dec. 1824.

"What better pledge can be given of a persevering national love of liberty, when those blessings are evidently the result of a virtuous resistance of oppression, and of institutions founded on the Rights of Man, and the republican principle of self government."

AFFECTION.—One of the prettiest specimens of Hindoo Poetry celebrates the history of a youth, who soon after his marriage, being compelled to make a long journey, takes leave of his bride in the garden belonging to his house. There he plants a spikenard; and enjoins her to watch over it with the most assiduous care. "As long as this plant flourishes," said he, "all will be fortunate with me; but should it wither away, some fatal misfortune will, assuredly, happen to me." Business, of an important nature, detained the bridegroom from his home for several years. On his return, he assumed the garb of a Hindoo mendicant in order to see whether his wife had been faithful to him or not during absence. Thus disguised, he calls at his house, and being admitted into the garden, beholds his wife lost to every pleasure, but that of weeping over the spikenard, which still flourished under her care.

## A GOOD NAME.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, or precious ointment. It is the richest jewel of the soul—the purest treasure of mortal things afforded. Give me this, deservedly, and I can face frowns of fortune, can be pointed at as the child of poverty, and still know what it is to be happy.—The storm may indeed beat upon me, and the chilling blasts assail me; but charity will receive me into her dwelling, will give food to eat, and raiment to put on, and will kindly assist me to raise a new roof over the ashes of the old one; and I shall again sit by my fireside, and again taste the sweets of friendship and home.

SAYINGS.—The manner of giving, shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself. There is a princely manner of giving, and a royal manner of accepting.

Who forgets, and does not forget himself, in the joy of giving and accepting, is sublime.

Who, at the pressing solicitation of bold and noble confidence, hesitates one moment before he consents, proves himself at once inexorable.

The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.

RED JACKET.—There was a time when we looked upon this chief as a proud remnant of that heroic race whom we must yet honor as lords of the soil. We had even viewed his intemperate habits and his hatred of Missionaries, if not with complacency, at least with charity. The former had the plea of habit, planted by intercourse with whites, and confirmed by an old age spent in that intercourse; the other, the plea of ignorance, and that experience in the insidious arts of white men, which might easily lead stronger minds to spurn what they would offer, however plausible it might seem. But when we see him, the hero of the forest, the oak of his tribe, following the sickening fashion of travelling lecturers—holding talk for money—dancing in museums and theatres, we know not which to despise most, the vanity which moves him, or the cupidity of his flatterers, who hang around him, and make him a mere mountebank for their own profit. Red-Jacket, twenty years ago, would scorn to hold a talk for money, or to exhibit the sacred dances of

his tribe to be stared at by curious and sneering strangers. But his country is in ruins. His warriors are wasting away. —His forests are cut down, and his game has been driven far from his hunting grounds. There are none among the mighty of his tribe to make him glad, or to mourn when he is no more.—*C. Rec.*

FROM THE IRIS.

## ROGER SHERMAN,

Who was alike distinguished as a profound statesman and jurist, was born at Newton, Mass. on the 19th of April, 1721. His parents were obscure but worthy citizens, and had no better education than the slender and limited provision of a common free school, furnished at that early period. At a suitable age he was apprenticed to a Shoemaker, having chosen that trade as the business of his life, and continued to labor in this occupation until after he was twenty-two. He however had a strong and ardent thirst after knowledge, and employed every moment which could be spared from his other avocation in the acquisition of knowledge. It is even said that while laboring he constantly kept a book by him. In 1743, having lost his father, he with his mother removed to New Milford, in the then colony of Connecticut. Here he was associated with his brother in the mercantile business, which gave him a better opportunity to gratify his taste for intellectual improvement; for it appears he made such advances in the several studies of mathematics, that in 1745, he was appointed surveyor of the county of Litchfield, and gained some celebrity in making the necessary calculations for an almanac. These facts would be hardly worth mentioning, except as they show how a powerful mind developed itself unaided by instruction. His clear and comprehensive views of subjects seemed to recommend him to some pursuit in life which would give a more extended field for intellectual exertion, and his friends urged him to embrace the profession of law. He accordingly commenced the study, and in 1754, was admitted an attorney and counsellor. In 1755 he was chosen to represent New Milford in the colonial assembly, and was elected several years in succession. He soon attained to eminence in his profession, and in 1759, was elevated to the bench of the Common Pleas for Litchfield. In 1761, he left that county and removed to New Haven, where he was soon elected a representative, and in 1765, was raised to the bench of Common Pleas for the county of New-Haven. In 1766, he was chosen by the people of Connecticut an assistant, and in the same year was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. He continued to be returned at every successive election an assistant for seventeen years, and remained on the bench of the Supreme Court until 1789, when he resigned his seat. In 1774 he was elected a member of the first Congress, and was continued either a member of the house or senate until his death, in 1793. His name is among those who subscribed the declaration of independence. Such is a mere outline of the public services of one of the fathers of this country. To do justice to a name so conspicious, to point out in detail the able and faithful manner in which he performed the various and burdensome public duties which devolved upon him, would require a biographical notice that would swell into a volume, and a few men deserve a volume more, or would fill it better. He was a man of plain unostentatious manners, but firm and unwavering in his opinions. He discharged the duties of the various offices which he held, to the great satisfaction of the public, and with great honor to himself. His judgement was clear, and so remarkably correct that his colleagues in Congress have said, he never in all the perplexities of that body cast a wrong vote. He was more distinguished for his accurate, comprehensive views of subjects, than for his eloquence; hence he was much employed on committees in the investigation of the most complex and difficult matters, and his opinions were always received with great deference and respect. Of the high estimation in which he was held there needs no other proof than the fact that he was elevated by the people of Connecticut to almost every office within their gift. Of the fidelity and ability with which he discharged his public duties, there

needs no better proof than his re-election to all offices he would consent to take, as long as he would accept them.

On the whole, Roger Sherman was no common man, but seemed to be fitted to the times in which he lived. He was no demagogue, but a friend to the rights of man, and an enemy to the usurpation of political power. He stood forth in times of great peril the advocate of his distressed country and to him and others who had minds that could not be appalled by disaster nor intimidated by threats, must we attribute the blessings we enjoy as a free and independent nation. In 1793, he died at New-Haven, and a monument is erected to his memory in the principal burying place of that city.

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1829.

## HOLMES'S AMERICAN ANNALS.

The venerable Dr. Holmes, of Cambridge, has favored the public with a new and improved edition of this standard work upon American History in two large royal octavo volumes.

The high reputation of the author, and the deserved celebrity of the former edition of this invaluable work, renders it a great acquisition to our Historical Libraries. The great diligence and learning of the author, manifested in collecting materials for the edition of 1805, and his unremitted labors in correcting its errors, and the new treasures acquired by him, will ensure for this work an increased reputation. Upon its first publication, it passed through a large edition here, and another in Great Britain, when it passed the ordeal and received the approbation of the reviewers of the joint stock of English literature, the common property of all who use a common language.

This is strictly an American work, its facts and details not being confined to a particular State nor country, but embraces whatever belongs to the history of our Continent, from its first discovery by Columbus in 1492, to the memorable fourth of July, 1826, the day that the two great authors of our Independence, rendered their final account of what was done for the happiness of millions, to the dread tribunal of Heaven.

The work is chronologically arranged, and every memorable event is placed to its proper year, so that as a book of reference, it is an indispensable requisite to every Historical Library. With such a perfect manual before him, the heretofore lamented ignorance of many of our scholars upon important facts connected with our history, will now be inexcusable. We regret that in a work apparently so carefully compiled, there should be found some omissions of important events, such as that of the battle of the 8th January, 1815, at New Orleans, and some of the minor conflicts previous to the great fight on the 8th. The capture of the frigate President by a British fleet, is omitted.

ERRATA.—By an oversight in reading the proof under the Worcester head in our last number, an article we intended should mean something, was rendered insufferable nonsense. The sentence corrected, reads as follows:—"The idea of Sterne, upon a good natured reader, is strongly expressive of his dislike of that kind of satisfaction which many take in carping at the productions of the author they are reading."

We are indebted to a friend for the notice of Dr. HOLMES' Work in our present number.

A meeting of citizens from several towns in the north part of Worcester County, was held at Whiting's tavern, in Sterling, on the 17th inst. to consider the subject of extending the Blackstone Canal from Worcester to Fitchburg.—Committees were chosen to procure such surveys as may be necessary and to raise funds by subscription or otherwise. We are glad to see this spirit, in our neighbors, and hope they will succeed in their undertaking.

WORDSWORTH.—Wordsworth evidently desires to make poetry inspire religious feelings; and the attempt is worthy of all praise. But there is no such thing as reforming men, talking in a language which they do not understand. If he had consulted the example of that religion which inspires him, he would have chosen the language most familiar to his readers, and edeavoured to adopt their feeling so far as he could without compromising his own. In this way he might have elevated theirs, and rendered a noble service to the cause of human improvement; as it is, he has contributed to the decline of of his art, and done as little as a piller-saint to the welfare of man.

## POETRY.

FROM THE EMERALD.

### BOYHOOD

When I was young—when I was young,
I laugh'd at what the world call'd care;
My lips were alwys dress'd in smiles,
And every thing was bright and fair.
With lazy pace I went to school,
Or fleetly chased the butterfly;
There was no sorrow in my heart,
Joy, sunny joy laugh'd in my eye.

When I was young—when I was young,
I used to join the strippling band,
And bravely storm the snow-redoubt,
By twenty hostile urchins manu'd.
I call'd myself "Montgomery,"
And when I fell—I was no fool,
I'd die just like a "demi-god,"
And then get up and run to school.

When I was young--when I was young,
Love's language darted from my eyes,
I loved to feast on Ellen's lips,
For they were stored with luxuries.
I kiss'd the book she used to read,
I thought of music when she spoke;
I worshipp'd all her tresses bright,
And read my fate in every look.

I'm getting old—I'm getting old,
I cannot, as in boyhood's hours,
Climb proudly up the mountain steep,
Or count the leaves of summer flowers.
I cannot look upon the world
As if 'twere made for me alone;
I cannot claim a single friend,
For those I lov'd in youth are gone.

I'm getting old—I'm getting old,
The sun-bright days of youth are gone,
Care's leaden hand is on my heart,
And I am in the world—alone!
Life's winter is advancing fast,
Ah! where is Ellen? where are they
Who join'd me in my youthful sports?
Just like a dream, they've pass'd away!

### BYRON.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

Creative Fancy! canst thou paint the wild
And mighty grandeur of thy wayward child,
The gifted Byron—canst thou tell, if Death
Apalled the *spirit*, when he checked the breath?
High-hearted bard! in whose capacious mind
The extremes of good and evil were combined;
Common in nothing, and beyond the ken
And judgment of the common herd of men.
Tempestuous passion wrapped thy heart in strife,
And high excitement was thy life of life—
Thy searching spirit and far reaching thought
All that was wonderful in nature caught,
And where thy glance of genius brightly fell,
warmed and quickened with a mystic spell.
Thy words are words of wonder and of fear,
And startle while they fascinate the ear—
Wrapt in the cloudy mantle of thy might,
Thou wast a marvel to our mortal sight;
What art thou now?—the eye seeks thee in vain
Upon the earth, and on thy much loved main.
—'This night o'er Missolonghi's silent walls,
And wherefore sounds not music from her halls?
It is the season of the Paschal feast;
Why hath the echo of the revel ceased?
Behold that chamber, where the shrouded light
Of the dim lamp half glimmers through the night,
The noiseless step, the curtain moved with care
Tell that unsparing Death is busy there.
Look on that couch—behold that faded eye,
Gazed in the fixedness of agony,
Yet, yet, preserving in this awful hour
A portion of its soul-pervading power,
And sternly gazing ere Death dimist light
On the Distroyer, in his hour of might!
Is that the haughty Byron? he who bore
On his high front such majesty before?
Where is the passion, of that noble brow,
Where is its wild and lofty beauty now?
Wan, pale, he lies, while fate's uplifted dart
Flames fearfully above that generous heart?
Away—away! avert the anxious eye,
In silent solitude let genius die:
Let no unhallowed step, nor glance, nor breath
Disturb the sacredness of such a death!
Behold! that wasted hand is clenched in pain,
And fire unearthly lights that eye again;
On that pale cheek the death-sweat gathers fast—
His lip is writhed—that struggle is his last—
The spirit hath departed on its way
To unknown worlds—and—Byron is but clay!

## Married,

In Sterling, by Rev. Mr. Osgood, Rev. William H. White of Littleton, to Miss Sarah B. Foster, youngest daughter of Rev. E. Foster, deceased, and adopted daughter of Alexander Dustin, Esq.

## Died,

In Northbridge, Mr. Samuel Adams, eldest son of Capt. Ayrus Adams, aged 28.

In Leicester, Lieut. John Sargent, aged 60.

In North Brookfield, Jeremiah Bastow, aged 66.

In Berlin, Mr. Jesse Jewett aged 78.

In Jaffery, Mr. Benjamin Hayward, aged 75. He was wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill.

**WORCESTER TALISMAN.**

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 25. MARCH 7, 1829. VOL. I.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE LOVE OF DISTINCTION, OR FAME.

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfeld
The star which rises o'er her steep, or climb?
BYRON.

It may well be questioned whether there is any one of the principles or passions which the Great Creator has implanted in the constitution of our natures, more deeply rooted, than the love of Fame, or the wish of occupying, with the *name* at least, a place in the tablet of human remembrance. The *highest* are not *above* it—the *lowest* are not *beneath* it;—All cling to the hope of distinction, as the drowning man clings to the twig which he thinks will save him from impending distruction.—We see it in the infant—we trace it in childhood—it expands in youth—"grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength."—It twines its multitudinous tendrils around every fibre of the heart—and with an omnipotent power, sways every action. Through life it remains unsubdued, and even in death, the ruling passion of life maintains its ascendency. Too aften, those shadowy forms which hover around the pillow of the dying, instead of wafting to Heaven the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," hear only a sigh of regret that so many schemes for renown have failed, and are compelled to listen to the wish, half-uttered, and half-choaked in the damps of death, that the monumental marble may record their titles, and their names. And what is this fame for which the soldier struggles through fields of carnage? What is this distinction for which the statesman suffers wearisome days and painful nights, and for which he willingly submits to run the gauntlet of public opinion and public scrutiny? What this object for which the politician racks his brain to circumvent and over-reach his antagonist? for which the scholar grows pale over the midnight lamp—and the mere thought of securing which, adds a deeper glow to the cheek, and a richer brilliancy to the sparkling eye of beauty? In the beautiful language of another, it is—

——"A fleeting life, in others breath;
A thing beyond us, even before our death!"

Yet strange as it may seem, this bubble—this empty vapor which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away"—this desire for distinction—(would to heaven it was always of an honourable kind,) is one of the most powerful incentives to action, which operate on the mind of man; and it only needs a proper control, and a suitable direction to its energetic influence, to be productive of the happiest effects. Show me a man whose only object it is to acquire a name at any and every hazard, but who cares not whether the distinction be honorable or otherwise,—who will stop at nothing however despicable—regard nothing however elevated—and shun nothing however degraded which promise to advance his favorite schemes—and I will show you one of the most vacillating, mean, and dangerous of men. On the other hand, let a man be pointed out, who is insensible to the awakening stimulus of distinction—who is regardless of the reward of merit—and he will be found to be a cumberer of the ground—a cypher in creation—a mere piece of animated clay, but to enliven whose inert mass, the revivifying fire was never stolen from heaven—a being fit only to wear out a drowsy, monotonous existence, in the lumber room of animated nature"—then die, and fatten the earth to produce subsistence for some equally intellectual and more useful animal. But such is the tenacity with which we cling to the remembrance of the world—such the instinctive abhorrence which we feel at the idea of being forgotten, that any notoriety, however disgraceful, is preferred by many to unobtrusive, and therefore oblivious merit. The man who burnt the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, avowed his intention of doing something which would *compel* the world to remember him, acted upon this principle.—Many a murderer and highway robber has anticipated with a strange and inhuman satisfaction, the hour when his name and iniquitous exploits would go forth to the world in a sixpenny pamphlet—descend to posterity, and be hung on high to "poison half mankind"—and there are not a few, who would feel comparatively happy, were they certain of their being, for their misdeeds and crimes, like Cromwell and Cataline—"damned to everlasting fame." In every age—in every station of life, in every class of men, individuals may be pointed out,—men rendered memorable in the an-

nals of the world: men whose names have filled the brazen trumpet of fame, to illustrate the truth of these remarks. We need not go beyond the times and age in which we live, to find abundance of instances. For example: One species of distinction which is perhaps more covetted by mankind at large, than any other, is that of the successful warrior and conqueror. This arises from an inherent love of power,—and so strong is this principle, that the voluntary renunciation of that power, after the distinction has been acquired, has always been considered as the most striking instance of self denial on record: and consequently the most glorious. It was this that raised our own Washington so far above the Cæsar of Republican Rome, or the diademed Napolean of imperial France. Washington served his country for his country's good.—*He* wished distinction, but he sought it in building a peaceable, prosperous and powerful nation. *He* desired a name—but he wished it engraven on the hearts of his countrymen and not on marble colums, or pyramids of granite. Napoleon sought distinction, but it was of a different kind. His was to be gathered on the field of battle—sought in the cannon's mouth—and its memorials traced in lines of blood, over the green surface of half the globe. There is, too, the fame and distinction which belong to literature—a distinction of the most enviable and honourable kind, when directed to worthy objects—but of an influence destructive as the simoon of the desert, when as is too often the case, its gigantic power is exerted to poison the fountains, whether the flowers, & annihilate the hopes which freshen and brighten, and enchant the traveller, along the changeful pathway of life. Who, viewing it in a purely literary light would not prefer the fame of Scott and Irving to that of Voltaire and Paine? Much rather would I share the distinction which awaits the author of the Minstrel, and Old Mortality than that of the author of the Henriade, or Charles the Twelfth: and gladly, were it at my option, would I exchange the "bad eminence" of the author of the Age of reason, and Common Sense, for the pure and unfading laurel which freshens on the brow of him who sketched the Young Italian, or the inimitable Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

There is one other kind of distinction I shall mention without apology—one less sought and less prized, it is true, more elevated and ennobling; and as much higher than those kinds of fame to which I have alluded, as the zenith is above the nadir. Mere mortal distinction forms no part of its object—the benefit it confers is immortal—the amaranthine wreath that encircles the brow of its votaries, is not made of the perishing materials which form the garlands of time; but it is woven of blossoms plucked from the tree of life, and the unfading flowers which are sprinkled over the sapphire courts of Heaven. Such is the fame of Brainard, of Whitfield, of Martyn and Newell—bright, unspotted, and unfading, as the enduring Mosiac.

If we would wish for evidence to convince us of the folly of seeking for fame in the ordinary acceptation of the term, let us listen to the voice of antiquity and we shall hesitate no longer. From the chambers of the Pyramids, from the catacombs of Thebes—from the Cyclopean fountains of Tyre and Argos,—from the shatered capitals of the Acropolis, and the crumbling columns of Pæstum, is heard a voice deep toned as the solemn and majestic march of ages, and hollow and prophetic as from the fragments of an earlier and nearly forgotten world. Where are the founders and builders of these stupenduous works? Where the conquerors and Kings who have swayed the sceptres of empires in these dilapidated palaces and temples? What were the names of those, who, when enclosed in their mountain mausoleums, fancied they might bid defiance to the oblivious stream of *Time?* Alas! their names are blotted out! Time touched with his withering finger the monuments they had destined for immortality, and they crumbled to the earth! The dust of the imperious Nebuchadnezzar is trodden by the wolf and the hyena and fanned by the lonely wing of the owl and the bittern. Bats cluster and brood in the tombs of the Ptolemies—and asses quench their thirst in the Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great—who vainly sighed for more worlds to conquer!—And Rome! the imperial mistress of the world, who proudly styled herself the "Eternal City," whose magnificence, even in ruins, is still the wonder and astonishement of the earth! what a lesson on the transitory nature of human greatness and grandeur, and its concomitant fame may be read within the walls? Streets once thronged by the millions of Roman citizens, are swept of their inhabitants by the depopulating *Malaria*. Earth accumulates in the area where republican Rome in the vast Coliseum beheld the agonies of the dying gladiator—Culinary vegetables are raised in dust which once lived—the poor remains of patricians, consuls, and Cæsars! and cattle graze in the forum which once resounded with the eloquence of Cato and Cicero! Such are the changing destinies of nations, such the doom of that posthumous reputation which mankind are so anxious to secure, that by too many it is thought to be cheaply purchased at the expense of every thing which renders mankind amiable and their conduct honorable.

We have then arrived at these conclusions: that the love of eminence and distinction is one of the most powerful springs of human action—that properly directed and controlled, it is of incalculable service to mankind—that history furnishes an antidote for that feverish anxiety for power and distinction which we sometimes witness—that no reliance, will, unless based on virtuous and honourable actions, be more permanent, than the transient meteor

which blazes for a moment athwart the sky—and that a tenfold curse rests on him, who prositutes the noble and exalting emulation which the Creator has implanted in our bosoms, to vile and ignoble purposes—who abuses acquired power for the purpose of oppression—converts the sweet and fragrant flowers of literature into the deadly nightshade, and the hopes and consolations of Religion and virtue, into gall, and wormwood. L. G. C.

*Philadelphia*, 1829.

## EXTRACTS FROM "THE DISOWNED."

"How little, when we read the work, do we care for the author! How little do we reck of the sorrow from which a jest has been forced, or the weariness that an incident has beguiled! But the power to fly from feeling, the recompense of literature for its heart-burnings and cares, the disappointment and the anxiety, the cavil and the 'censure sharp,'—even this passes away, and custom drags on the dull chain which enthusiasm once so passionately wore! Alas, for the age when, in the creation of fiction, we lose the bitterness and barrenness of truth! The sorrows of youth, if not wholly ideal, borrow at least from the imagination their color and their shape. What marvel, then, that from the imagination come also their consolation and their hope? But now, in manhood, our fancy constitutes but little of our afflictions, and presents to us no avenues for escape. In the toil, the fret, the hot, the unquiet, the exhausting engrossments of maturer years, how soon the midnight lamp loses its enchantment, and the noon-day visions their spell! We are bound by a thousand galling and grinding ties to this hard and unholy earth. We become helots of the soil of dust and clay; denizens of the poluted smoke, the cabined walls, and the stony footing of the inhospitable world. What *now* have our griefs with the 'moonlit melancholy,' the gentle tenderness of our young years? Can we tell them any more to the woods and waterfalls? Can we make for them a witness of the answering sea, or the sympathizing stars? Alas! they have now neither commune nor consolation in the voices of nature or the mysteries of romance; they have become the petty stings and the falling drops, the irritating and vexing littlenesses of life; they have neither dignity on the one hand, nor delusion on the other. One by one they cling around us, like bands of iron; they multiply their links; they grow over our hearts; and the feelings, once too wild for the very earth, fold their broken wings within the soul. Dull and heavy thoughts, like dead walls, close around the laughing flowers and fields that so enchanted us of yore; the sins, the habits, the reasonings of the world, like rank and gloomy fogs, shut out the exulting heavens from our view; the limit of our wandering becomes the length of our chain; the height of our soarings, the summit of our cell. Fools—fools that we are, then, to imagine that the works of our later years shall savor of the freedom and aspirations of our youth; or that amidst all which hourly and momentarily recals and binds our hearts and spirits to the eternal '*self*,' we can give life, and zest, and vigor, to the imaginary actions and sentiments of another!"

"Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings; we are pleased, and we laugh; hurt, and we weep; we vent out little passions the moment they are excited; and so much of novelty have we to *perceive*, that we have little leisure to *reflect*. By and by, fear teaches us to restrain our feelings: when displeased, we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished; we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger, alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit: the promise made is not fulfilled, the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope wilfully disappointed; we are surrounded by systematised delusion, and we imbibe the contagion. From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so early do we learn the two main tasks of life to suppress and to feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innâte.

* * * *

"As the pretty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings—even so may *a single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the Bark of Knowledge in the vast seas of Time.* * * *

"Never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area: the world can only judge by generals; it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiæ, seldom their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend."

"'I believe,' answered Mordaunt, 'that it is from our ignorance that our contentions flow; we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred; but of the thing debated *upon*, we remain in the profoundest darkness. Like the laborers of Babel, while we endeavour in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth, remains forever unâdvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge i the universal language which shall re-unite us. As, in their sublime allegory, the Romans signified, that only through virtue we arrived at honor, so let us believe, that only through knowledge can we arrive at virtue!' 'And yet,' said

ers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry; but which forms the surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage, and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and, without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded, after settling their trifling affairs, to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew, also, that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely, was a rich and liberal cattle-dealer in the neighborhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah had no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way—"a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by instalments, but that she would not promise!" and partly amused, partly interested by the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow in the Shaw common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good nature—half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so much, that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now, Hannah showed great tact in setting up as a dairy-woman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment, in this neighborhood, is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessaries of housekeeping. To your thorough bred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and newlaid eggs, grow, so to say, in the country—form an actual part of its natural produce—it may be some comfort to learn, that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is; that farmers' wives have ceased to keep poultry, and that we unlucky villagers sit down often to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thin milk, and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milkmaid. She changed away some of the cottage finery, which, in his prosperous days, poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home; the China tea-service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the more useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry—for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and oziers; erected, under his sister's directions, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron, the lord of the manor) until it became so ample, that the produce not only kept the pig, and half-kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandize to the indefatigable directness of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity-school, where he made great progress—retaining him at home, however, in the haymaking reaping, and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favorite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out clever at his book,) that it is the general opinion of the village, that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an undergardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. Her cow, her calves,

piqued herself, began to cut it up by first taking off the leg. Madam, cries my friend, if I be permitted to advise, I would begin by cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come off more easily. Sir, replies the widow, give me leave to understand cutting up a fowl—I always begin with the leg. Yes, madam, replies the lover, but if the wing be the most convenient manner, I would begin with the wing. Sir, interrupts the lady, when you have fowls of your own, begin with the wing if you please, but give me leave to take off the leg: I hope I am not to be taught at this time of day. Madam, interrupts he, we are never too old to be instructed. Old, sir, interrupts the other—who is old?—When I die of age, I know of some that will quake for fear. If the leg does not come off take the turkey to yourself. Madam, replied the man in black, I do not care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off: if you are for the leg first, why you shall have the argument, even though it be as I say. As for the matter of that, cries the widow, I do not care a fig whether you are for the leg off or on, and friend for the future keep your distance. O, replied the other, that is easily done; it is only removing to the other end of the table, and so madam, *your most obedient humble servant.*

## BRAVERY.

Bravery and liberality are two qualities which seldom fail to attract the esteem of mortals: the first displays a contempt of life, and the second regards riches with an eye of indifference: two things to which men in common show the strongest attachment.

However, the excess of either merits contempt: for, whenever we lose sight of prudence, the first becomes temerity, and the second prodigality—two vices as prejudicial to our hapiness as they are contemptible in the eyes of the wise. Temerity prevents a man from thinking of the true value of life, and exposes him to the dangers of death on the most trifling occasions, while prodigality, not reflecting on the bitterness of want, prostitutes itself to contempt inseparable from poverty: When bravery is not accompanied by the virtues, it places a man in an awkward situation, since courage can be displayed only against enemies.

When the sword of war is sheathed, bravery then languishes.

## TEMPER.

The temper of mankind is so inconsistent, that he who to-day loads us with caresses, may to-morrow conceive for us a hatred which breathes nothing but our ruin: so that the confidence we have placed in a person whom we considered as a valuable friend, may one day, when his sentiments for us change, forge those words which we have incautiously entrusted him with, into arrows that may deeply wound us. The daily experience this world affords us, admits no doubt of the truth of this observation. However great our friendship or esteem may be of any man, prudence directs us to be very cautious, and to make our own bosoms only the repository of the latent secrets of our hearts. The old proverb truly says, "The words of a wise man lie at the root of his own tongue; but those of a fool play on the tip of it."

AMERICAN RUSTIC HOSPITALITY.—Returning from one of these excursions, I was overtaken by the night, and found my path obstructed by a deep inlet from the river, which, being choked with logs and brush, could not be crossed by swimming. Observing a house on the opposite side, I called for assistance. A half naked, ill-looking fellow came down, and after dragging a canoe round from the river, with some trouble, ferried me over, and I followed him to his habitation, near to which our boat was moored for the night. His cabin was of the meanest kind, consisting of a single apartment, constructed of logs, which contained a family of seven or eight souls, and every thing seemed to designate him as a new and unthrifty settler. After drinking a bowl of milk, which I really called for by way of excuse for paying him a little more for his trouble, I asked to know his charge for ferrying me over the water, to which he good-humoredly replied, that he "never took money for helping a traveller on his way." "Then let me pay you for your milk." "I never sell milk." "But," said I, urging him, "I would rather pay you, I have money enough." "Well," said he, "I have milk enough, so we're even; I have as good a right to give you milk as you have to give me money."—*Judge Hall's Letters from the West.*

## TIME IS AN UNSEEN, A NOISELESS TRAVELLER.

It is not the object of any one of our senses. We can trace the features and the movements of almost every object that is dear to us, pleasing to our fancy or gratifying to our feelings. But we cannot trace the movements of time.—They are hidden in impenetrable darkness.—Covered with mysteries we cannot unravel. All we know of the movements of time, is from its loss. We behold the threatening Heavens, the big black cloud rolling onward, armed for destruction. We see the proud waves lifting up their billowy foam far up in ether.—The thunder rolls furiously, and we tremble. The vivid lightnings flash and glare upon us in forky flames, and we involuntarily close our eyes with terror—but the lapse of time is silent and unseen.—It steals along invisible to mortal ken, without a sound, noiseless as the football of fabled sprite or disembodied ones. As it journeys towards Eternity, the flowers of spring wither, the beauty of summer fades, the richness of Autumn passes away. Its effacing fingers almost imperceptibly furrow the face of

beauty, and fritter away the stamina of the human constitution. Although unseen in its flight, yet it never ceases to carry us forward, borne up upon its silken wing, till we plunge into unknown regions, where our fellow traveller accompanies us, bearing along with him the history of our unprofitable lives, inscribed in the characters of living light.—*Maffitt.*

## LIVING BY THE WITS.

London abounds with sharpers who obtain licenses to become pawnbrokers, hawkers, and pedlars, and auctioneers; others who raise money by pretending to be discounters of bills and money brokers; cheats who set up gaming houses; and unlicensed insurers of lottery tickets; Jews who pretend to buy old clothes and metals; people who sell provisions and other articles by false weights and measures; swindlers who contrive to defraud tradesmen of goods; cheats who take genteel lodgings under false names; who personate tradesmen, servants, or gentlemen's footmen; who associate to make a prey of the ignorant; who attend inns at the time coaches and wagons are loading and unloading; who go from door to door soliciting contributions to charitable societies; female sharpers, fortune tellers, and among the rest, female bankers. These last accommodate barrow women and others who sell fish, fruit, &c. with five shillings a day (the usual durable stock in trade) for the use of which twelve hours they obtain a premium of sixpence, when the money is returned in the evening, receiving thereby at this rate, about seven pounds ten shillings a year, on every five shillings they lend out. In contemplating this scheme of banking, trifling as it may seem to be, it is impossible not to be struck with the immense profits which arise from it. It is only necessary for one of these female sharpers to possess a capital of seventy shillings with fourteen steady customers, in order to realize an annual income of *one hundred guineas.*

A Trick.—One of the most eminent watchmakers in Paris became deranged, from prosecuting the idea of perpetual motion. His derangement was characterised by this singularity, he believed he had been guillotined, that his head had been mixed with those of some other victims, and that the judges, repenting of their cruel verdict, had ordered the heads to be replaced on their respective bodies. By some mistake, he conceived that the head of one of his unfortunate companions had been placed upon his shoulders; and this idea haunted him night and day. A convalescent, of a lively and jocular turn, was engaged to play the following trick upon the artist:—Their conversation was directed to the celebrated miracle of St. Dennis, who carried his head under his arm, and kissed it as he went along. The watchmaker vehemently maintained the possibility of the fact, and endeavored to confirm it by an appeal to his own case. His companion burst out into a loud laugh, and said to him, in a tone of mockery, "Why you fool, how could St. Dennis contrive to kiss his own head? was it with his heel?" This unexpected repartee struck the lunatic forcibly; he retired quite confused, amidst the laughter that it produced; and he never after spoke of the misplacement of his head.

## BON MOTS.

A horseman stopped at Harding's, opposite Fair Mount, and, without dismounting, called for a pint of beer. He liked it, and took another. After the second,—"Landlord, whose beer is this?" "Perot's, sir." "It is excellent stuff---I'll get off and try some."

"Have you heard, Sir," said Boswell to Dr. Johnson, "have you heard, Sir, that Foote has been kicked at the Coffee House in Dublin?" "Why, no sir," said the Doctor, "I had not heard it. It is a proof, Sir, that the fellow is rising into public notice—when he was here nobody thought him worth kicking."

The Beggar.---A beggar, asking charity of a gentleman, told him, that he was a poor tradesman. "I should rather think," said the gentleman, "you were a *solicitor.*"

A Cordial Welcome.---A porter meeting an old acquaintance one day, in the street, (a good humored merry fellow) insisted on his going with him to take a glass of *spirits.* "Ah!" said the other, "you always give your friends a *cordial* welcome."

A thank ill-placed.---"How do you do, sare?" said a Frenchman to an English acquaintance. "Rather poorly, thank you," answered the other. "Nay, my dear sare," said the Frenchman, "don't thank me for your illness, I cannot help it."

Cheap Publication.---An Irishman seeing a work advertised, entitled "Endless Amusement," remarked, that it would be a cheap work to whoever could live *long enough* to read it.

Pope's oath was, "God mend me,"—A link-boy, to whom he had refused a penny looking at his diminutive crooked statue, cried out, "God mend you, indeed! it would be less trouble to make a new one."

Every man has in his own life follies enough—in his own mind, troubles enough—in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough—in his own fortune, evils enough—without being curious after the affairs of others.

If you never judge another till you have calmly observed him, till you have heard him, heard him out, put him to the test, and compared him with yourself and others, you will never judge unjustly, you will only repair whatever precipitately has escaped you.

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1829.

By speaking favorably of the western Souvenir, we do not intend to be understood as preferring it to all the other annuals published this year, nor as undervaluing the merits of others. We wish not to detract a single grain from the credit acquired by any hireling scribbler in other works of a like ephemeral nature. We are willing they all should enjoy, to the utmost, the paltry modicum of praise bestowed upon them by the public, and swell with the puffings of brother fools till their vanity is satisfied, if it be possible to satiate its cravings. We shall express our opinion of new works fully and decidedly whenever we think proper. Should we like a new publication, or dislike it, we shall say so, though the whole rabble of captious Zoiluses that the country contains, are arrayed in opposition to our opinion.

Another work by the author of Pelham, has been published, called "The Disowned." It is superior, we think, to its predecessor. We know of no late writer of novels who has embodied so much good sense, deep thought, intimate acquaintance of human nature, and clothed his ideas in more splendid language than the author of Pelham. A single chapter of Pelham or the Disowned, is worth, in our estimation, a library of such books as Zillah. In this last we found such an abundance of improbable circumstances, overwrought colorings, unnecessary episodes, and pedantic nonsense, as to disgust us with the work. The historical part of Zillah is accurate, and the description of Jewish and Roman manners, and customs, are correct, according to the best accounts we have, and these are the only redeeming traits about the work, and dull enough they are, in all conscience, as pourtrayed by the author.

The sketch of the life of Roger Sherman, published in our last number, and credited to "The Iris," was an original article in the late "Worcester Magazine," as we are informed by one of the editors of that work.

## ITEMS OF NEWS, &c.

An Engineer is now engaged in surveying and taking the levels on the contemplated route for a Canal from Fitchburg, to intersect the Blackstone Canal at Worcester. It is stated that a silver mine has been discovered in the Island of Cuba.

*Leather Stocking.*—Simeon Kendall, the reputed prototype of Cooper's inimitable "Leather Stocking" in the Pioneers, is said to be now living in Ohio. The anecdotes related of his adventures, are said to be almost incredible.

The following persons were elected town officers of Worcester, on Monday last.

*Selectmen.*—Pliny Merrick, Thomas Chamberlain, Benjamin Butman, Alpheus Merrifield, Lewis Chapin.

*Assessors.*—Silas Brooks, Thomas Chamberlain, and Frederick W. Paine.

*Town Clerk.*—Benjamin Chapin.

The Court of Common Pleas for the March term, commenced on Monday last. Judge Strong presided. There was a larger number of entries than has ever been known at any previous Court in this County.

## Married,

In this town, the 2d inst. by Rev. Mr. Hoadly, Mr. Benjamin B. Hill, to Miss Laurelia Bingham.

In Northboro', Feb. 25, Mr. Artemas Crawford, of Bolton, to Miss Lemira Whittemore, of the former place.

In Newburyport, Mr. John S. Dodge to Miss Eunice Cheever.

In New-York, Mr. William Clark, Printer, to Miss Mary Morris, both of N. York.

## Died,

At her dwelling-house, London, on the 23d December, Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis, aged 103—lived 67 years in the above mentioned dwelling.

At Northboro' Feb. 23, Mrs. Caty Newton, wife of Mr. Ephraim Newton, aged 46. This is the only death that has occurred in N. during the last five months.

In Sterling, February 21, Mr. Samuel Stuart, aged 52.——The patience and fortitude manifested in his protracted illness, furnished great consolation to his surviving friends and afflicted family.

In Charlton, on the 16th ult. Mrs. Dilla, wife of Daniel Bacon, aged 60 years.

In Boston, Feb 26, Mr. Isaac Ridler, aged 21. He was a member of the (Boston) Engine Company, No. 15.—His death was occasioned by exposure and fatigue at the late fire in Charlestown. He was the only support of his widowed mother and numerous family, who will severely feel his loss.

his tribe to be stared at by curious and sneering strangers. But his country is in ruins. His warriors are wasting away. —His forests are cut down, and his game has been driven far from his hunting grounds. There are none among the mighty of his tribe to make him glad, or to mourn when he is no more.—*C. Rec.*

FROM THE IRIS.

## ROGER SHERMAN,

Who was alike distinguished as a profound statesman and jurist, was born at Newton, Mass. on the 19th of April, 1721. His parents were obscure but worthy citizens, and had no better education than the slender and limited provision of a common free school, furnished at that early period. At a suitable age he was apprenticed to a Shoemaker, having chosen that trade as the business of his life, and continued to labor in this occupation until after he was twenty-two. He however had a strong and ardent thirst after knowledge, and employed every moment which could be spared from his other avocation in the acquisition of knowledge. It is even said that while laboring he constantly kept a book by him. In 1743, having lost his father, he with his mother removed to New Milford, in the then colony of Connecticut. Here he was associated with his brother in the mercantile business, which gave him a better opportunity to gratify his taste for intellectual improvement; for it appears he made such advances in the several studies of mathematics, that in 1745, he was appointed surveyor of the county of Litchfield, and gained some celebrity in making the necessary calculations for an almanac. These facts would be hardly worth mentioning, except as they show how a powerful mind developed itself unaided by instruction. His clear and comprehensive views of subjects seemed to recommend him to some pursuit in life which would give a more extended field for intellectual exertion, and his friends urged him to embrace the profession of law. He accordingly commenced the study, and in 1754, was admitted an attorney and counsellor. In 1755 he was chosen to represent New Milford in the colonial assembly, and was elected several years in succession. He soon attained to eminence in his profession, and in 1759, was elevated to the bench of the Common Pleas for Litchfield. In 1761, he left that county and removed to New Haven, where he was soon elected a representative, and in 1765, was raised to the bench of Common Pleas for the county of New-Haven. In 1766, he was chosen by the people of Connecticut an assistant, and in the same year was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. He continued to be returned at every successive election an assistant for seventeen years, and remained on the bench of the Supreme Court until 1789, when he resigned his seat. In 1774 he was elected a member of the first Congress, and was continued either a member of the house or senate until his death, in 1793. His name is among those who subscribed the declaration of independence. Such is a mere outline of the public services of one of the fathers of this country. To do justice to a name so conspicious, to point out in detail the able and faithful manner in which he performed the various and burdensome public duties which devolved upon him, would require a biographical notice that would swell into a volume, and a few men deserve a volume more, or would fill it better. He was a man of plain unostentatious manners, but firm and unwavering in his opinions. He discharged the duties of the various offices which he held, to the great satisfaction of the public, and with great honor to himself. His judgement was clear, and so remarkably correct that his colleagues in Congress have said, he never in all the perplexities of that body cast a wrong vote. He was more distinguished for his accurate, comprehensive views of subjects, than for his eloquence; hence he was much employed on committees in the investigation of the most complex and difficult matters, and his opinions were always received with great deference and respect. Of the high estimation in which he was held there needs no other proof than the fact that he was elevated by the people of Connecticut to almost every office within their gift. Of the fidelity and ability with which he discharged his public duties, there

needs no better proof than his re-election to all offices he would consent to take, as long as he would accept them.

On the whole, Roger Sherman was no common man, but seemed to be fitted to the times in which he lived. He was no demagogue, but a friend to the rights of man, and an enemy to the usurpation of political power. He stood forth in times of great peril the advocate of his distressed country and to him and others who had minds that could not be appalled by disaster nor intimidated by threats, must we attribute the blessings we enjoy as a free and independent nation. In 1793, he died at New-Haven, and a monument is erected to his memory in the principal burying place of that city.

THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1829.

## HOLMES'S AMERICAN ANNALS.

The venerable Dr. Holmes, of Cambridge, has favored the public with a new and improved edition of this standard work upon American History in two large royal octavo volumes.

The high reputation of the author, and the deserved celebrity of the former edition of this invaluable work, renders it a great acquisition to our Historical Libraries. The great diligence and learning of the author, manifested in collecting materials for the edition of 1805, and his unremitted labors in correcting its errors, and the new treasures acquired by him, will ensure for this work an increased reputation. Upon its first publication, it passed through a large edition here, and another in Great Britain, when it passed the ordeal and received the approbation of the reviewers of the joint stock of English literature, the common property of all who use a common language.

This is strictly an American work, its facts and details not being confined to a particular State nor country, but embraces whatever belongs to the history of our Continent, from its first discovery by Columbus in 1492, to the memorable fourth of July, 1826, the day that the two great authors of our Independence, rendered their final account of what was done for the happiness of millions, to the dread tribunal of Heaven.

The work is chronologically arranged, and every memorable event is placed to its proper year, so that as a book of reference, it is an indispensable requisite to every Historical Library. With such a perfect manual before him, the heretofore lamented ignorance of many of our scholars upon important facts connected with our history, will now be inexcusable. We regret that in a work apparently so carefully compiled, there should be found some omissions of important events, such as that of the battle of the 8th January, 1815, at New Orleans, and some of the minor conflicts previous to the great fight on the 8th. The capture of the frigate President by a British fleet, is omitted.

ERRATA.—By an oversight in reading the proof under the Worcester head in our last number, an article we intended should mean something, was rendered insufferable nonsense. The sentence corrected, reads as follows:—"The idea of Sterne, upon a good natured reader, is strongly expressive of his dislike of that kind of satisfaction which many take in carping at the productions of the author they are reading."

We are indebted to a friend for the notice of Dr. HOLMES' Work in our present number.

A meeting of citizens from several towns in the north part of Worcester County, was held at Whiting's tavern, in Sterling, on the 17th inst. to consider the subject of extending the Blackstone Canal from Worcester to Fitchburg.—Committees were chosen to procure such surveys as may be necessary and to raise funds by subscription or otherwise. We are glad to see this spirit, in our neighbors, and hope they will succeed in their undertaking.

WORDSWORTH.—Wordsworth evidently desires to make poetry inspire religious feelings; and the attempt is worthy of all praise. But there is no such thing as reforming men, talking in a language which they do not understand. If he had consulted the example of that religion which inspires him, he would have chosen the language most familiar to his readers, and edeavoured to adopt their feeling so far as he could without compromising his own. In this way he might have elevated theirs, and rendered a noble service to the cause of human improvement; as it is, he has contributed to the decline of of his art, and done as little as a piller-saint to the welfare of man.

## POETRY.

FROM THE EMERALD.

### BOYHOOD

When I was young—when I was young,
I laugh'd at what the world call'd care;
My lips were alwys dress'd in smiles,
And every thing was bright and fair.
With lazy pace I went to school,
Or fleetly chased the butterfly;
There was no sorrrow in my heart,
Joy, sunny joy laugh'd in my eye.

When I was young—when I was young,
I used to join the strippling band,
And bravely storm the snow-redoubt,
By twenty hostile urchins mann'd.
I call'd myself "Montgomery,"
And when I fell—I was no fool,
I'd die just like a "demi-god,"
And then get up and run to school.

When I was young--when I was young,
Love's language darted from my eyes,
I loved to feast on Ellen's lips,
For they were stored with luxuries.
I kiss'd the book she used to read,
I thought of music when she spoke;
I worshipp'd all her tresses bright,
And read my fate in every look.

I'm getting old—I'm getting old,
I cannot, as in boyhood's hours,
Climb proudly up the mountain steep,
Or count the leaves of summer flowers.
I cannot look upon the world
As if 'twere made for me alone;
I cannot claim a single friend,
For those I lov'd in youth are gone.

I'm getting old—I'm getting old,
The sun-bright days of youth are gone,
Care's leaden hand is on my heart,
And I am in the world—alone!
Life's winter is advancing fast,
Ah! where is Ellen? where are they
Who join'd me in my youthful sports?
Just like a dream, they've pass'd away!

### BYRON.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

Creative Fancy! canst thou paint the wild
And mighty grandeur of thy wayward child,
The gifted Byron—canst thou tell, if Death
Apalled the *spirit*, when he checked the breath?
High-hearted bard! in whose capacious mind
The extremes of good and evil were combined;
Common in nothing, and beyond the ken
And judgment of the common herd of men.
Tempestuous passion wrapped thy heart in strife,
And high excitement was thy life of life—
Thy searching spirit and far reaching thought
All that was wonderful in nature caught,
And where thy glance of genius brightly fell,
It warmed and quickened with a mystic spell.
Thy words are words of wonder and of fear,
And startle while they fascinate the ear—
Wrapt in the cloudy mantle of thy might,
Thou wast a marvel to our mortal sight;
What art thou now?—the eye seeks thee in vain
Upon the earth, and on thy much loved main.
—'This night o'er Missolonghi's silent walls,
And wherefore sounds not music from her halls?
It is the season of the Paschal feast;
Why hath the echo of the revel ceased?
Behold that chamber, where the shrouded light
Of the dim lamp half glimmers through the night,
The noiseless step, the curtain moved with care
Tell that unsparing Death is busy there.
Look on that couch—behold that faded eye,
Gazed in the fixedness of agony,
Yet, yet, preserving in this awful hour
A portion of its soul-pervading power,
And sternly gazing ere Death dimist light
On the Distroyer, in his hour of might!
Is that the haughty Byron? he who bore
On his high front such majesty before?
Where is the passion, of that noble brow,
Where is its wild and lofty beauty now?
Wan, pale, he lies, while fate's uplifted dart
Flames fearfully above that generous heart?
Away—away! avert the anxious eye,
In silent solitude let genius die:
Let no unhallowed step, nor glance, nor breath
Disturb the sacredness of such a death!
Behold! that wasted hand is clenched in pain,
And fire unearthly lights that eye again;
On that pale cheek the death-sweat gathers fast—
His lip is writhed—that struggle is his last—
The spirit hath departed on its way
To unknown worlds—and—Byron is but clay!

## Married,

In Sterling, by Rev. Mr. Osgood, Rev. William H. White of Littleton, to Miss Sarah B. Foster, youngest daughter of Rev. E. Foster, deceased, and adopted daughter of Alexander Dustin, Esq.

## Died,

In Northbridge, Mr. Samuel Adams, eldest son of Capt. Ayrus Adams, aged 28.

In Leicester, Lieut. John Sargent, aged 60.

In North Brookfield, Jeremiah Bastow, aged 66.

In Berlin, Mr. Jesse Jewett aged 78.

In Jaffery, Mr. Benjamin Hayward, aged 75. He was wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill.

**WORCESTER TALISMAN.**

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THE

# Worcester Talisman.

NO. 25. MARCH 7, 1829. VOL. I.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE LOVE OF DISTINCTION, OR FAME.

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, or climb?
BYRON.

It may well be questioned whether there is any one of the principles or passions which the Great Creator has implanted in the constitution of our natures, more deeply rooted, than the love of Fame, or the wish of occupying, with the *name* at least, a place in the tablet of human remembrance. The *highest* are not *above* it—the *lowest* are not *beneath* it;—All cling to the hope of distinction, as the drowning man clings to the twig which he thinks will save him from impending distruction.—We see it in the infant—we trace it in childhood—it expands in youth—"grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength."—It twines its multitudinous tendrils around every fibre of the heart—and with an omnipotent power, sways every action. Through life it remains unsubdued, and even in death, the ruling passion of life maintains its ascendency. Too often, those shadowy forms which hover around the pillow of the dying, instead of wafting to Heaven the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," hear only a sigh of regret that so many schemes for renown have failed, and are compelled to listen to the wish, half-uttered, and half-choaked in the damps of death, that the monumental marble may record their titles, and their names. And what is this fame for which the soldier struggles through fields of carnage? What is this distinction for which the statesman suffers wearisome days and painful nights, and for which he willingly submits to run the gauntlet of public opinion and public scrutiny? What this object for which the politician racks his brain to circumvent and over-reach his antagonist? for which the scholar grows pale over the midnight lamp—and the mere thought of securing which, adds a deeper glow to the cheek, and a richer brilliancy to the sparkling eye of beauty? In the beautiful language of another, it is—

———"A fleeting life, in others breath;
A thing beyond us, even before our death!"

Yet strange as it may seem, this bubble—this empty vapor which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away"—this desire for distinction—(would to heaven it was always of an honourable kind,) is one of the most powerful incentives to action, which operate on the mind of man; and it only needs a proper control, and a suitable direction to its energetic influence, to be productive of the happiest effects. Show me a man whose only object it is to acquire a name at any and every hazard, but who cares not whether the distinction be honorable or otherwise,—who will stop at nothing however despicable—regard nothing however elevated—and shun nothing however degraded which promise to advance his favorite schemes—and I will show you one of the most vacillating, mean, and dangerous of men. On the other hand, let a man be pointed out, who is insensible to the awakening stimulus of distinction—who is regardless of the reward of merit—and he will be found to be a cumberer of the ground—a cypher in creation—a mere piece of animated clay, but to enliven whose inert mass, the revivifying fire was never stolen from heaven—a being fit only to wear out a drowsy, monotonous existence, in the lumber room of animated nature"—then die, and fatten the earth to produce subsistence for some equally intellectual and more useful animal. But such is the tenacity with which we cling to the remembrance of the world—such the instinctive abhorrence which we feel at the idea of being forgotten, that any notoriety, however disgraceful, is preferred by many to unobtrusive, and therefore oblivious merit. The man who burnt the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, avowed his intention of doing something which would *compel* the world to remember him, acted upon this principle.—Many a murderer and highway robber has anticipated with a strange and inhuman satisfaction, the hour when his name and iniquitous exploits would go forth to the world in a sixpenny pamphlet—descend to posterity, and be hung on high to "poison half mankind"—and there are not a few, who would feel comparatively happy, were they certain of their being, for their misdeeds and crimes, like Cromwell and Cataline—"damned to everlasting fame." In every age—in every station of life, in every class of men, individuals may be pointed out,—men rendered memorable in the an-

nals of the world: men whose names have filled the brazen trumpet of fame, to illustrate the truth of these remarks. We need not go beyond the times and age in which we live, to find abundance of instances. For example: One species of distinction which is perhaps more covetted by mankind at large, than any other, is that of the successful warrior and conqueror. This arises from an inherent love of power,—and so strong is this principle, that the voluntary renunciation of that power, after the distinction has been acquired, has always been considered as the most striking instance of self denial on record: and consequently the most glorious. It was this that raised our own Washington so far above the Cæsar of Republican Rome, or the diademed Napolean of imperial France. Washington served his country for his country's good.—*He* wished distinction, but he sought it in building a peaceable, prosperous and poworful nation. *He* desired a name—but he wished it engraven on the hearts of his countrymen and not on marble colums, or pyramids of granite. Napoleon sought distinction, but it was of a different kind. His was to be gathered on the field of battle—sought in the cannon's mouth—and its memorials traced in lines of blood, over the green surface of half the globe. There is, too, the fame and distinction which belong to literature—a distinction of the most enviable and honourable kind, when directed to worthy objects—but of an influence destructive as the simoon of the desert, when as is too often the case, its gigantic power is exerted to poison the fountains, whether the flowers, & annihilate the hopes which freshen and brighten, and enchant the traveller, along the changeful pathway of life. Who, viewing it in a purely literary light would not prefer the fame of Scott and Irving to that of Voltaire and Paine? Much rather would I share the distinction which awaits the author of the Minstrel, and Old Mortality than that of the author of the Henriade, or Charles the Twelfth: and gladly, were it at my option, would I exchange the "bad eminence" of the author of the Age of reason, and Common Sense, for the pure and unfading laurel which freshens on the brow of him who sketched the Young Italian, or the inimitable Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

There is one other kind of distinction I shall mention without apology—one less sought and less prized, it is true, more elevated and ennobling; and as much higher than those kinds of fame to which I have alluded, as the zenith is above the nadir. Mere mortal distinction forms no part of its object—the benefit it confers is immortal—the amaranthine wreath that encircles the brow of its votaries, is not made of the perishing materials which form the garlands of time; but it is woven of blossoms plucked from the tree of life, and the unfading flowers which are sprinkled over the sapphire courts of Heaven. Such is the fame of Brainard, of Whitfield, of Martyn and Newell—bright, unspotted, and unfading, as the enduring Mosiac.

If we would wish for evidence to convince us of the folly of seeking for fame in the ordinary acceptation of the term, let us listen to the voice of antiquity and we shall hesitate no longer. From the chambers of the Pyramids, from the catacombs of Thebes—from the Cyclopean fountains of Tyre and Argos,—from the shatered capitals of the Acropolis, and the crumbling columns of Pæstum, is heard a voice deep toned as the solemn and majestic march of ages, and hollow and prophetic as from the fragments of an earlier and nearly forgotten world. Where are the founders and builders of these stupenduous works? Where the conquerors and Kings who have swayed the sceptres of empires in these dilapidated palaces and temples? What were the names of those, who, when enclosed in their mountain mausoleums, fancied they might bid definance to the oblivious stream of *Time?* Alas! their names are blotted out! Time touched with his withering finger the monuments they had destined for immortality, and they crumbled to the earth! The dust of the imperious Nebuchadnezzar is trodden by the wolf and the hyena and fanned by the lonely wing of the owl and the bittern. Bats cluster and brood in the tombs of the Ptolemies—and asses quench their thirst in the Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great—who vainly sighed for more worlds to conquer!—And Rome! the imperial mistress of the world, who proudly styled herself the "Eternal City," whose magnificence, even in ruins, is still the wonder and astonishement of the earth! what a lesson on the transitory nature of human greatness and grandeur, and its concomitant fame may be read within the walls? Streets once thronged by the millions of Roman citizens, are swept of their inhabitants by the depopulating *Malaria*. Earth accumulates in the area where republican Rome in the vast Coliseum beheld the agonies of the dying gladiator—Culinary vegetables are raised in dust which once lived—the poor remains of patricians, consuls, and Cæsars! and cattle graze in the forum which once resounded with the eloquence of Cato and Cicero! Such are the changing destinies of nations, such the doom of that posthumous reputation which mankind are so anxious to secure, that by too many it is thought to be cheaply purchased at the expense of every thing which renders mankind amiable and their conduct honorable.

We have then arrived at these conclusions: that the love of eminence and distinction is one of the most powerful springs of human action—that properly directed and controlled, it is of incalculable service to mankind—that history furnishes an antidote for that feverish anxiety for power and distinction which we sometimes witness—that no reliance, will, unless based on virtuous and honourable actions, be more permanent, than the transient meteor

which blazes for a moment athwart the sky—and that a tenfold curse rests on him, who prositutes the noble and exalting emulation which the Creator has implanted in our bosoms, to vile and ignoble purposes—who abuses acquired power for the purpose of oppression—converts the sweet and fragrant flowers of literature into the deadly nightshade, and the hopes and consolations of Religion and virtue, into gall, and wormwood. L. G. C.

*Philadelphia*, 1829.

## EXTRACTS FROM "THE DISOWNED."

"How little, when we read the work, do we care for the author! How little do we reck of the sorrow from which a jest has been forced, or the weariness that an incident has beguiled! But the power to fly from feeling, the recompense of literature for its heart-burnings and cares, the disappointment and the anxiety, the cavil and the 'censure sharp,'—even this passes away, and custom drags on the dull chain which enthusiasm once so passionately wore! Alas, for the age when, in the creation of fiction, we lose the bitterness and barrenness of truth! The sorrows of youth, if not wholly ideal, borrow at least from the imagination their color and their shape. What marvel, then, that from the imagination come also their consolation and their hope? But now, in manhood, our fancy constitutes but little of our afflictions, and presents to us no avenues for escape. In the toil, the fret, the hot, the unquiet, the exhausting engrossments of maturer years, how soon the midnight lamp loses its enchantment, and the noon-day visions their spell! We are bound by a thousand galling and grinding ties to this hard and unholy earth. We become helots of the soil of dust and clay; denizens of the poluted smoke, the cabined walls, and the stony footing of the inhospitable world. What *now* have our griefs with the 'moonlit melancholy,' the gentle tenderness of our young years? Can we tell them any more to the woods and waterfalls? Can we make for them a witness of the answering sea, or the sympathizing stars? Alas! they have now neither commune nor consolation in the voices of nature or the mysteries of romance; they have become the petty stings and the falling drops, the irritating and vexing littlenesses of life; they have neither dignity on the one hand, nor delusion on the other. One by one they cling around us, like bands of iron; they multiply their links; they grow over our hearts; and the feelings, once too wild for the very earth, fold their broken wings within the soul. Dull and heavy thoughts, like dead walls, close around the laughing flowers and fields that so enchanted us of yore; the sins, the habits, the reasonings of the world, like rank and gloomy fogs, shut out the exulting heavens from our view; the limit of our wandering becomes the length of our chain; the height of our soarings, the summit of our cell. Fools—fools that we are, then, to imagine that the works of our later years shall savor of the freedom and aspirations of our youth; or that amidst all which hourly and momentarily recals and binds our hearts and spirits to the eternal '*self*,' we can give life, and zest, and vigor, to the imaginary actions and sentiments of another!"

"Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings; we are pleased, and we laugh; hurt, and we weep; we vent out little passions the moment they are excited; and so much of novelty have we to *perceive*, that we have little leisure to *reflect*. By and by, fear teaches us to restrain our feelings: when displeased, we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished; we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger, alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit: the promise made is not fulfilled, the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope wilfully disappointed; we are surrounded by systematised delusion, and we imbibe the contagion. From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so early do we learn the two main tasks of life to suppress and to feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innâte.

* * * *

"As the pretty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings—even so may *a single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the Bark of Knowledge in the vast seas of Time.*

* * *

"Never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area: the world can only judge by generals; it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiæ, seldom their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend."

"'I believe,' answered Mordaunt, 'that it is from our ignorance that our contentions flow; we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred; but of the thing debated *upon*, we remain in the profoundest darkness. Like the laborers of Babel, while we endeavour in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth, remains forever unadvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge i the universal language which shall re-unite us. As, in their sublime allegory, the Romans signified, that only through virtue we arrived at honor, so let us believe, that only through knowledge can we arrive at virtue!' 'And yet,' said

to buy a gilded opinion from some mercenary minion of the press.—Some of these occasionally scramble up to transient notoriety, and enjoy for a brief season, what may properly be termed false fame. The injury and contumely reflected upon true genius and real merit, by these pretenders, are immense. In the first place it is necessary, before genius and merit can be appreciated, that the opposite qualities be contemned and decried; consequently, it is also necessary that ere the offals of ignorance, stupidity, and presumption receive award and applause, that true intellect and real mind be misrepresented and oppressed. If, for example, an individual of narrow capacities be ambitious of fame and popular applause, without having the power to gain it justly in any single department of art and science, or literature, he must attempt the acquisition of his object through stratagem. With this policy in view, he will, at every opportunity, decry genius as a phantom, the creation of poetical and enthusiastic fancy, having neither existence nor power. If ambitious to be a poet, yet unpossessed of the essential spirit of inspiration, warmth of imagination or fertility of invention, he will decry all these high faculties, and contend that nature and simplicity consist of such vapidity as is embodied in the writings of trashy doggrel, or unmeaning rant, and these are the chief and highest characteristics of true poetry. He will abuse Byron, Maturin, and Shelley, call Percival diffuse, even to ridiculous excess, and brand Willis an insignificant sentimentalist.—A man who will utter this doctrine, not only committs a species of blasphemy at which a poet would shudder, but at once proves himself divested of all true taste, and one whose mind is swallowed up in damning and unfeeling prejudice. Yet such men sometimes have the arrogance or the ignorance, we can scarce say which, to effect the possession of intellectual power, and of literary reputation, and by this very presumption, to be so far successful as not only to deceive themselves, but also to deceive some portion of the credulous public.—It is astonishing to see what assiduity, reckless vanity, and unblushing effrontery combined, will effect, even when totally disconnected with real merit.—True, the admiration of the vulgar, incapable to appreciate mind or understand thought, is but disgusting incense to the lofty and independent spirit; but there are individuals who have pushed themselves into the literary ranks of this enlightened community, equally gratified with eulogy from hirelings, hypocrits, and idiots, as from those who *can think* and *dare utter* their thoughts. It is when such as these wear the laurel wreath, and are "bellowed into notice by the breath of the mob," that the son of genius turns with a sick heart from the haunts of men, and from the paths of fame, exclaiming, "all is vanity!" It is when such as these, through sordid intrigue or base treachery, fly past the child of merit in the race of honor, that he turns back with curses and scorn upon the world, crying out, "Oh, fame! fame! thou that hast been better worshipped as a God—thou that hast been better than torch-light at the midnight hour—thou after whom my spirit has thirsted until mine eye is sunken and my cheek is pale—thou whom I have ever dreamed the starlight gilding the pinnacle of glory! wherefore have I thus long been thine idolater, if thy light is to shine upon such as these?" But he whose crown of glory has not been earned by his own power of mind, but by his depth of stratagem, is as an owl, whom treacherous eagles have borne high in the air. So long as their pinions shall sustain him, he may hold his course with fear and trembling; but they will soon become weary of their idiot burthen, and he will drop to earth convulsed with horror, and overwhelmed with ruin. Beset with the conviction of his own impotence, and harrassed with timidity as to ultimate exposure and infamy, the horde of sycophants haunt him like ghosts of murdered innocence—his every step through life must be weighed with a coward and cautious soul, and instead of being the child of fame, he will become its victim!

Wo, wo, wo! unto ye who wear laurels which ye never won! Wo unto you who have toiled, grovelled, and became weary, for worthless reputation, and

who live on in daily bread and nightly peril, lest the hunter raise his cry, and ye become his victim.—*ROMEO.*

VIRTUE.—"I would rather shed tears myself than to make others shed them," said a German lady to me one day, without being conscious that it was almost impossible to say or to do any thing more generous. Virtue like this, affords more real content to the heart, than all the enjoyments of the world, which are only sought to consume the tedious, irksome hours, and to drown the anxious cares which molest the bosom of its votaries. Although vice is continually casting her silken nets, and involving within her glittering lines such multitudes of every rank and station, there is not a villain in existence whose mind does not silently acknowledge that virtue is the corner stone of the temple of felicity, as well in the habitations of the bowers of solitude; and that to watch over every seductive desire, whether on approaching, and to conquer vice by the pursuit of useful pleasure, is a victory of the noblest kind, followed by virtue, and rewarded by happiness. Happy is the man who carries with him into solitude the peace of mind which such a victory procures, for he will then be able to preserve it in its genuine purity. Of what service would it be to leave the world, and seek the tranquility of retirement, while misanthropy still lurks within the heart? It is the most important, and ought to be the first and last endavour of our lives to purify and tranquilize the bosom; for when this task is once performed, the happiness of solitude is then secured.—But while any portion of the purturbed spirit of misanthropy sours our minds, and checks the benevolent effusions of our hearts, we cannot acquire, either on lofty mountains or in flowery plains, in dreary solitude or in gay society, that divine content so essential to true felicity. Our retreat from the world must not be prompted by a hatred and malevolence against mankind—we must learn to shun the society of the wicked, without relinquishing our wishes for their felicity.

A Portland paper, in correcting a typographical error, says, "For *conclusione* read *conclusions.*"

## THE TALISMAN.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829.

The present number of our paper completes the first year of its existence. The second volume, our patrons are aware, commences with an enlarged sheet. This alteration in the size of our paper will enable us to present a greater variety of matter, and to publish tales of moderate length without the unpleasant note of "The remainder in our next."

We have endeavored to furnish such selections as might please all our readers; whether we have succeeded in doing this or not, is for them to determine.

We have avoided introducing any thing that might give offence to any party in the political movements of the day, or any order or class of people in the community. Our paper is before the public—for their patronage we rest our claims solely upon its merits, together with a renewed assurance that no exertions on our part shall be wanting to render it an interesting and useful publication: of its comparative cheapness, we need say nothing.

We return our thanks to those who have furnished us with communications, and ask a continuance of their favors. Those who wish to preserve their volume for binding, can be supplied with such numbers as have been lost or mislaid. We are requested by our publishers to say to those who have not paid their subscribtion, that it would be thankfully received.

### ITEMS OF NEWS.

Considerable damage has been done by freshets at the South.

Pirates have again commenced their depredations on our vessels in the West India seas.—The celebrated English Banker, Rowland Stephenson, who recently eloped with a large amount (as is supposed) of the funds of the banking house, of which he was a partner, has been arrested near Savannah, (Georgia) and brought to New York. It seems he was taken without legal process, and forcibly detained and carried to New York, where he was brought before the city recorder upon a writ of habeas corpus, and discharged from the illegal duress, but immediately arrested again upon a capias. However much we might regret that an offender against his country's laws should escape punishment, we still more regret that in seizing the person of the offender, there should

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## STAGES.

### TIME OF DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL.

*Boston and New York Mail Stage*, passes through Worcester every day, at 5 o'clock, P. M. and arrives in Boston at 12, night.—Leaves Boston, at 1, P. M. arrives at Worthington's Hotel, in Worcester, at 8, to supper, and passes directly on to Hartford, New Haven, and New York.

*Stages for Boston*, leave Thomas's Coffee-House, Worcester, every day: at 8, A. M. noon, and 5, P. M.—Arrive from Boston, at 9, A. M. 5, P. M. and 8, P. M. every day, (Sundays excepted.)

*Worcester and Providence Stages*, leave Worcester, for Providence, (R. I.) every day, at 8, A. M.—Arrive from Providence, every day, at 4, P. M. (Sundays excepted.)

*Worcester and Lowell Stages*, leave Lovell's, Worcester, for Lowell, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7, A. M.—And arrive from Lowell every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5, P. M.

*Worcester and Norwich (Ct.) Stages*, leave Worcester, for Norwich, every Monday and Friday, at 7, A. M.—Arrives from Norwich every Thursday and Saturday.

*Worcester and Keene (N. H.) Stages*, leave Worcester, for Keene, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 5, A. M.—Arrives from Keene every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7, P. M.

*Boston and Albany Stages*, via *Springfield and Northampton*, leave Thomas's Coffee-

House, Worcester, for Albany, via Springfield and Northampton, every day,—and via Amherst Colleges, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9, A. M.—Arrive from Albany, via Springfield and Northampton, every day, (Sundays excepted)—and via Amherst Colleges, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at noon.

*Athol and Worcester Mail Stage*, arrives in Worcester every Tuesday afternoon, from Athol.—Leaves Worcester, every Wednesday morning, at 9, A. M. after the arrival of the Stages from Boston.

*Royalston and Worcester Stage* arrives every Tuesday afternoon, from Royalston.—Leaves Worcester, every Wednesday morning, at 9, A. M. after the arrival of the Stages from Boston.

*Post Routes* are established from Worcester to all the principal towns in the county where the Stages do not pass. The Post Riders leave Worcester every Wednesday morning.

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Jubal Harrington.

## PRACTISING PHYSICIANS.

John Green.
Benj. F. Heywood.
Benjamin Chapin.
Oliver H. Blood.

## DENTISTS.

Benjamin Chapin.
Oliver H. Blood.

## MERCHANTS.

*Eng. & W. I. Goods.*
Nathan Heard.
Stowell & Co.
Burt & Merrick.
A. & C. A. Hamilton.
Benj. Butman & Co.
Daniel Heywood.
Charles Boardman.
Wheeler & Thaxter.
George Perrin & Co.
Stone & Harrington.
D. G. Wheeler & Co.
*English Goods.*
Henry M. Sikes.
Elizabeth Denny.
Manning's Store.
*Hard Ware.*
Rice & Miller.

## GROCERIES.

Gardner Paine.
L. Allen.

## BOOKSELLERS.

Dorr & Howland.
Clarendon Harris.

## DRUGS & MEDICINES.

Jeremiah Robinson.
James Green & Co.
Benjamin Chapin.

## BOOT & SHOE STORES.

Earle & Chase.
Allen & Dowley.
Scott & Smith.
B. B. Otis.
Joshua Gates.

## MILLINERS & MANTUAMAKERS.

Fanny Winchester.
Charlotte Robinson.
Nancy Wesson.
Sarah Blair.
Elizabeth Carrico.

## LEAD AQUEDUCT MANUFACTORY.

T. & J. Sutton.

## WATCH MAKERS & JEWELLERS.

P. & D. Goddard & Co.
Boyden & Fenno.
T. & W. Keith.
Otis Corbett.

## HAT MANUFACTURERS.

John P. Kettell & Co.
Joshua B. Tyler.

## MERCHANT TAILORS.

Thompson Kimberly.
W. & A. Brown.
Asa Walker.

## CONFECTIONER.

Alexander G. Vottier.

## SPECTACLE MAKER.

Timothy Keith.

## BRASS FOUNDER.

Luke N. Perry.

## CARPENTERS.

Alpheus Merrifield.
Lewis Bigelow.
Anson Braman.
Zenas Studley.
Jonathan Wentworth.
Thomas B. Eaton.
Erastus Tucker.
Samuel Harrington.
Moses Whipple.
Edward Babbitt.
Ira Bryant.
Elias Carter.
Hammond Howe
Jason Daniels.
——— Henshaw.
Partridge & Allen.
Samuel Warden.
Samuel Warden, Jr.

## MACHINISTS.

William Hovey.
Washburn & Goddard.
William Stowell.
William H. Howard.
White & Boyden.
Stephen R. Tenny.
Wheelock & Rice.

## WHITE SMITH.

John Haynes.

## EDGE TOOL MAKER.

William Trowbridge, Jr.

## CUTLERY MANUFACTURERS.

Varanus Walker.
Samuel F. Bingham.

## BLACKSMITHS.

Levi Howe.
Samuel Boyden.
Joseph Pratt.
Avery Maynard.
Sewall Rice.
Baxter Bartlett.
William Stowell.
Bradley & Fay.
Ebenezer Willington.
Leonard Pool.

## SILVER SMITHS.

Wm. D. Fenno.
Timothy Keith.

### CABINET MAKERS AND FURNITURE WARE ROOMS.
Joseph T. Turner. | Parley Torrey.
Dorance J. Wilder.

### WOOLLEN MANUFACTURERS.
Martin Wilder. | Hatch & Gunn.

### BAKERS.
Elisha Flagg. | Francis Merrifield.

### GUNSMITH.
Orlando Ware.

### *Workers in Copper, Tin, Sheet Iron, &c.*
Caleb Newcomb. | Rice & Miller.

### GRAVE STONE MAKER.
Calvin Darby.

### STONE CUTTERS.
Silas Bailey. | Simeon Hastings.
David Woodward. | Joel Putnam.
William Drury.

### PRINTERS.
Griffin & Morrill. | Spooner & Merriam.
S. H. Colton & Co.

### PAINTERS.
Smith & Western. | A. Maynard.
Bartlett & Rand. | Henry Stiles.

### COACH, CHAISE & HARNESS MAKERS.
Bradley & Fay. | Benjamin Goddard.
Stephen Goddard. | Cyrus Stockwell.

### SADDLE, TRUNK & HARNESS MAKERS.
William Leggate. | Stephen Goddard.
Bradley & Fay.

### WHEELWRIGHTS.
T. & J. Sutton. | Eurotas Gravet.
Oliver Witherby.

### PLOUGH MAKER.
Oliver Witherby.

### CLOTHIERS & WOOL CARDERS.
William B. Fox. | Lewis Thayer.

### PAPER MAKER.
Elijah Burbank.

### WORCESTER IRON FOUNDRY.
Sumner Smith.

### CLOCK MAKER.
Samuel Taylor.

### PROVISION DEALERS & MARKETERS.
Luther Burnett, Jr. | Gould & Patrick.

### WORCESTER BREWERY.
George A. Trumbull.

### WORCESTER DISTILLERY.
Daniel Heywood.

### ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.
Isaiah Thomas, *President.*

### CURRIER.
Levi A. Dowley.

### LIVERY STABLES.
Samuel Congdon & Co.

### ROPE, TWINE & LINE FACTORY.
Peter Shaver.

### MASONS.
Peter Kendall. | Joel Bigelow.
Timo. W. Bancroft. | Benjamin B. Tucker.
Mills & Gorham.

### BRICK MAKERS.
Isaac Morse. | Thaxter & Bailey.
Thomas Olds.

### LUMBER YARDS.
Benj. Putnam & Co. | Howe, Jackson & Co.

### BOOKBINDERS.
Dorr & Howland. | Clark Whitmore.

### TALLOW CHANDLER.
William Brown.

### FIRE ENGINE MANUFACTURERS.
Henry W. Miller & Co.

### LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER.
William Wiswell, Jr.

### CANAL BOAT BUILDER.
Oliver Witherby.

### LAST AND BOOT-FORM MAKER.
John Bixby.

### WORCESTER DYE ESTABLISHMENT.
William B. Fox.

### CHAIR MANUFACTORY.
Henry W. Miller.

*Saddles, Harnesses, Boots and Shoes, manufactured at the House of Correction, by the Convicts.*
John F. Clark, *Keeper.*

### NURSERY & FRUIT TREES.
Oliver Fiske.

### WEIGHERS OF HAY.
Oliver Fiske. | Wm. Harrington.

### TAVERN KEEPERS.
Samuel B. Thomas. | Aaron Howe.
Joseph Lovell. | Reuben Munroe.
Asahel Bellows. | Benjamin Flagg.
Nathaniel Powers. | John Jones.
James Worthington. | Joel Flagg.
Samuel Banister. | Samuel Harrington.
Nathaniel Eaton. | Arthur Adlington.
Charles M. Deland. | William Harrington.

### BARBERS.
Adrian Webb. | Nero Powers.
Robert Locklear. | James Smith.

## MUNICIPAL OFFICERS.

*Selectmen and Overseers of the Poor.*

Pliny Merrick. | John Flagg.
William Eaton. | Thomas Chamberlain.
Benjamin Butman.

## ASSESSORS.

[illegible] Gleason, Jr. | Silas Brooks.
Benjamin Butman.

## TOWN TREASURER.

[illegible] Wilson.

## TOWN CLERK.

Benjamin Chapin.

## COLLECTOR OF TAXES.

William Chamberlain.

## CONSTABLES.

[illegible] Chamberlain. | Luther Burnett, Jr.
[illegible] Clark. | Joseph Lovell.

## REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible] Corbett. | Rejoice Newton.
[illegible] Chapin.

## TOWN AGENT.

[illegible]y Merrick.

## SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

[illegible]rles Allen. | Christ. C. Baldwin.
[illegible]c Goodwin. | Jonathan Going.
[illegible]n M. Earle. | Loammi I. Hoadly.
[illegible]c Davis.

## SETTLED CLERGYMEN.

[illegible]on Bancroft. | Alonzo Hill.
[illegible]athan Going. | Rodney A. Miller.
[illegible]ammi I. Hoadly.

## REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

[illegible]. John Davis.

## SENATOR TO MASS. LEGISLATURE.

[illegible]. Lincoln.

## OFFICES IN THE COURT HOUSE.

*Clerk of the Courts.*

[illegible]jah Bigelow.

*Register of Deeds.*

[illegible]emas Ward.

*County Treasurer.*

[illegible]uel Allen.

*Judge of Probate.*

[illegible]aniel Paine.

*Register of Probate.*

[illegible]philus Wheeler.

## COUNTY ATTORNEY.

[illegible] Merrick.

## CRIER OF THE COURTS.

[illegible] Brooks.

## GAOL KEEPER.

[illegible]el Bellows.

## CANAL COMMISSIONERS.

[illegible] Davis. | John W. Lincoln.
[illegible]in Denny, *Treasurer.*

## OVERSEERS OF THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

Isaac Goodwin | Austin Denny.
Nathan Heard.

## SHERIFF.

Calvin Willard.

## DEPUTIES.

Daniel Upham. | Timo. W. Bancroft.

## JUSTICES.

*Justices of the Quorum.*

Nathaniel Paine. | William Eaton.
Theophilus Wheeler. | Isaac Goodwin.
Isaiah Thomas. | John Davis.
Daniel Waldo. | Pliny Merrick.
Abijah Bigelow. | Samuel M. Burnside.
Rejoice Newton. | Samuel Jennison.
William B. Green.

## APPOINTED TO QUALIFY CIVIL OFFICERS.

Nathaniel Paine. | Theophilus Wheeler.
Oliver Fiske.

## JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Nathaniel Maccarty. | John W. Lincoln.
James Wilson. | Benjamin Chapin.
Samuel Brazer. | Otis Corbett.
William Jennison. | Daniel Stone.
Stephen Salisbury. | Alfred D. Foster.
John W. Stiles. | Emory Washburn.
Artemas Ward. | Isaac Davis.
Austin Denny. | William Lincoln.
Charles Allen.

## NOTARIES PUBLIC.

Theophilus Wheeler. | Isaac Goodwin.

## POST MASTER.

James Wilson.

## WORCESTER BANK.

Danl. Waldo, *Pres.* | Saml. Jennison, *Cashr.*
Henry K. Newcomb, *Accountant.*

DIRECTORS.

Nathaniel Paine. | Rejoice Newton.
Theophilus Wheeler. | George T. Rice.
Saml. M. Burnside. | Frederick W. Paine.

Discount Day, *Tuesday.*

## MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Rejoice Newton, *President & Treasurer.* | Isaac Goodwin, *Secretary.*

DIRECTORS IN WORCESTER.

Abijah Bigelow. | Theophilus Wheeler.
Calvin Willard. | Frederick W. Paine.
Isaac Goodwin.

## COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

Daniel Waldo, *President.* | Oliver Fiske.
Abij. Bigelow, *V. P's.*
Isaac Goodwin, *Sec.* | Saml. Jennison, *Treas.*

*Office in Worcester Bank.—Open from 2 to 5 o'clock, every Wednesday.*

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE MAILS AT THE WORCESTER POST OFFICE.

*Southern Mail*, arrives daily, eleven A. M.; closes daily, 7, P. M. By it letters are mailed for South Leicester, Charlton, Sturbridge, Stafford Springs, Tolland, Vernon, Hartford, and all the Southern States. For Southbridge, Brimfield, Wales, and Holland, closes Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

*Eastern Mail*, arrives daily, half past 7, P. M.; closes daily, half past 9, A. M. Mails for Westborough, Southborough, Framingham, Saxonville, Natick, Boston, Portsmouth, and the Eastern States.

*Springfield Mail*, arrives daily, 12, M. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, via Western; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, via Ware; closes daily, 9, A. M. Mails for Leicester, Spencer, Brookfield, Western, Monson, Palmer, Springfield, West Springfield, and the Western States.

*Northampton Mail*, arrives daily, 12, M. closes daily, half past 8, A. M. Mails for Ware, Belchertown, Northampton, Chesterfield, Worthington, Peru, Patridgefield, Dalton, Pittsfield, and Hancock.

*Waltham Mail*, arrives daily, viz: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6, P. M., and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 9, A. M. closes Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 7, A. M., and Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 11, A. M. Mails for Shrewsbury, Northborough, Marlborough, Sudbury, East Sudbury, Weston to Waltham.

*Amherst Mail*, arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6, P. M.; closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, half past 8, A. M. Mails for Paxton, New Braintree, Hardwick, Greenwich, Greenwich Village, Dana, Enfield, Amherst, Hadley to Northampton. Prescott, Leverett, North Leverett, and Shutesbury Mails close Thursday. Oakham Mail, Saturday.

*Providence Mail*, via Uxbridge, arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 6, P.M. closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 8, A. M. Mails for Millbury, Wilkinsonville, Northbridge, Uxbridge, Centre Uxbridge, Millville, Douglas, Slatersville Smithfield, Lime Rock to Providence.

*Providence Mail*, via Mendon, arrive Wednesday and Friday, 6, P. M.; close Tuesday and Thursday, 8, A. M. Mai for Grafton, Upton, Mendon, South Me don, Blackstone, Waterford, Woonsoc et, Cumberland, Pawtucket to Pro dence.

*Cambridge Mail*, arrives Tuesda Thursday and Saturday, 9, A. M.; cl es Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 1 A. M.

*Keene Mail*, arrives Tuesday Thu day and Saturday, 6, P.M.; closes Mo day and Thursday, 9, P. M.. Sunday, P. M. Mails for Holden, Rutla Hubbardston, Templeton, Winchend Rindge, Troy, Keene, Western part New Hampshire, and State of Vermo

*Lowell Mail*, arrives Tuesday, Thu day and Saturday, 5, P. M.; closes Su day, Tuesday and Thursday 6, P. M. Mails for Boylston, W. Boylston, Felto ville, Sterling, Lancaster, Harvard Litt ton, Westford, Chelmsford to Lowell.

*Sutton Mail*, arrives Wednesday a Saturday, 10 A. M.; closes same da half past 10, A. M.

*Norwich Mail*, arrives Tuesday a Friday, 6, P. M.; closes same days, 9, M. Mails for Ward, Oxford, Sou Oxford, Dudley, Woodstock, Pomf Brooklyn, Canterbury and Norwich.

*Athol Mail*, arrives Tuesday, 6, P. M closes Wednesday, 9, A. M. Mails Holden, Rutland, Barre, Petersham Athol.

*Templeton Mail*, arrives Tuesday, P. M.; closes Wednesday, 9, A. Mails for Princeton, Westminster, Ga ner, Templeton, Royalston, Richm and Fitzwilliam.

*Ashburnham Mail*, arrives Tues 6, P. M., closes Wednesday, 9, A. Mails for West Boylston, Sterling, caster, Bolton, Leominster, Fitchb Lunenburg, and Ashburnham.

☞ The Post Office is open fro A. M. till 9, P. M., week days, an Sundays from 4 till 8, P. M.

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